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THE WORKS

OF

MATTHEW ARNOLD

IN

FIFTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME XIV

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LETTERS

OF

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1848-1888

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

VOLUME II

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

To Miss Arnold

PARIS, *May* 14, 1865.

MY DEAREST FAN—I was delighted with your letter to me, and I would a thousand times rather be at Fox How at this moment than here; indeed, I have never cared for Paris so little, and the work I have to do, though interesting, is very harassing. We went down to Fontainebleau on Thursday evening, as I had a school to see in the neighbourhood. We drove about a little, and then came back to Paris. I had hoped to get off to-morrow night myself, after seeing Flu off in the morning for England, but I cannot. On Wednesday night, however, I hope to be off for certain. I have had to get rid of all my promises of articles for reviews and magazines, for I am too much distracted to write anything that satisfies me. But if I live and come back, and get my report off my

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hands, I will fall to with a will. I dined with the Princesse Mathilde on Wednesday. Sainte-Beuve, who has just been made a senator, was there; but the party was not otherwise interesting. She receives to-night, but I shall not leave Flu to go there. If one is in a place only at very rare intervals, to see people is all one much cares for; to knit close relations with them is not worth while attempting. Indeed, it is impossible. I was much interested by Lowe's speech on Reform.[1] I think I told you that what I saw of him in coming to Paris and going back to London struck me greatly. I found a side in him I did not know was there. I see by extracts from the *Telegraph*, etc., how furious he has made the vulgar Liberals; but he has necessitated a more searching treatment of the whole question of Reform, and the rank and file of English platforms and House of Commons speakers, though, no doubt, they will still talk platitudes, will, at any rate, have to learn new ones. Heaven forbid that the English nation should become like this nation; but Heaven forbid also that it should remain as it is. If it does, it will be beaten by America on its own line, and by the Continental nations on the European line. I see this as plain as I see the paper before me; but what good one can do, though one sees it, is another question. Time will decide.

[1] On the Borough Franchise Extension Bill; May 3, 1865.

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TO JOHN CONINGTON

I was at the same inn at Fontainebleau where Tom and I were with papa twenty-four years nearly ago. We did not go over the Palace then, but arrived late in the evening, and started early next morning—a wet morning, I remember it was. It makes me sad to think I shall not see Fox How this year; but yet dear mamma I must manage to see somehow.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To John Conington [1]

PARIS, *May* 17, 1865.

MY DEAR CONINGTON—Many thanks for your ready kindness—kindness such as you have always been prompt to show me. I leave Paris to-night for Italy, but I cannot go away without a word of thanks to you.

Piles of exercise-books are sent to me to look through, and I wish you could see them with me. The Latin verse is certainly very good; but it is clear that Latin and Greek are cultivated almost entirely with a view to giving the pupil a mastery over his own language: a mastery which has always been the great object of intellectual ambition here, and which counts for more than a like mastery does with us. Perhaps, because it does not count for so much with us, a like mastery is, in fact, scarcely ever attained in England—certainly never at school.

[1] Professor of Latin at Oxford.

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I go to Germany after Italy, and finish with one or two country districts in France.

Swinburne's poem [1] is as you say: the moderns will only have the antique on the condition of making it more *beautiful* (according to their own notions of beauty) than the antique: *i.e.* something wholly different. You were always good to 'Merope,' and I think there is a certain solidity in her composition, which makes her look as well now as five years ago—a great test. The chorus-rhythms are unsatisfactory, I admit, but I cannot yet feel that rhyme would do.—Ever most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, TURIN,
May 19, 1865.

This would be charming if you were but here. The best inn, I think, I have ever been in in my life; the room excellently fitted, and a tub, as in Paris; but the room would make two of the Paris bedroom and sitting-room rolled into one. And Turin is delightful. Things already begin to have the grand air of Italy, which is so much to my taste, and which France is as much without as England. At the end of every street you catch sight of the beautiful low, grand hills on the other side of the Po, or else of the Alps

[1] 'Atalanta in Calydon.'

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all mottled with snow, and with white clouds playing half way down them. I have a feeling that this and Germany are going to suit me a great deal better than France. But I must give you my history. Besides writing to you I had to write a quantity of other letters, but I found time to call on the Mohls, and I am very sorry indeed you did not dine there. It appears there was Mignet there as well as Guizot, and Ranke, and Prevost Paradol, St. Hilaire, and quite a large party. I was off at 7 P.M., and most sincerely I wished that I was going to the Calais, instead of the Lyons station. Of course, the hotel commissionaire had utterly bungled my place. I found I had only an ordinary ticket, and had everything about the coupé to do for myself. I and an elderly Italian merchant from London, a very pleasant man, had a coupé together. I slept pretty well till Dijon. Then I slept no more. But it was light, and after watching the country for some time I read the *Causeries*. At Macon it began to rain hard, and at Culoz, where it for the first time became new to me, it was very wild and stormy. An Italian officer got in at Culoz, a very pleasant companion too, so we were three. All along the Lake of Bourget and by Aix-les-Bains in pouring rain, but I could see how lovely it was, and the lake with the sweet light blue colour, which our English and Scotch lakes never have. It was very interesting and beautiful all the way

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to St. Michel, but it got very chill and blustering. At St. Michel a great confusion to transfer us all to diligences, and I got a middle place in an intérieur, which was detestable; and without a coupé I never again will cross the Alps in anything but a voiturier's carriage. I could see how beautiful it was as we got up the Cenis Valley, and the ground carpeted with flowers, among them I am almost sure narcissuses, but the conducteur would let no one get out; they make great haste, I will say for them. At Lans le Bourg, at the foot of the zig-zags, a bad dinner, then rain off and on, but the mountains mostly clear. Near the top I and a German at last forced the conducteur to let us get out, and I had a good walk to the top. Snow was all round me, but I got a beautiful gentian and a snow-flower, but things are hardly out. At the top we got in again, and down to Susa (the most beautiful descent possible, I believe) in the dark — a wretched way of travelling! At half-past ten off for this place, where I instantly got a carriage and drove here, arriving about twelve, very tired and dirty. I washed and went to bed, had breakfast at ten this morning, and went to see Elliot,[1] who has asked me to dinner to-night, so I cannot go and see the Superga, as I intended. The Minister of Public Instruction is gone to Florence, whither I must follow him to-morrow.

[1] Afterwards Sir Henry Elliot, British Minister at Turin, and Ambassador at Constantinople and at Vienna.

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There I hope to find a letter from you. Write after you get this to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, Rome. Elliot says I shall have heaps of time to go there before the Ministers will be settled.

To the Same

HÔTEL DE FLORENCE, FLORENCE,
Tuesday, May 23, 1865.

You cannot think what a pleasure this letter of yours has been, and will be to me. It is a good account, but I want to hear that you are quite right again. Now I must go back to my journey. I wrote to you the very day you were writing to me. After I posted my letter I had to dress as fast as I could and hurry off to Mr. Elliot's. There was no one but himself, his wife, and Mr. Jocelyn, the first Attaché. Mr. Herries, the Secretary of Legation, and the second Attaché are here. The house is a splendid one, but he has got an equally good one here; it was very pleasant. He said I had certainly better go to Rome for a few days while they were settling at Florence, for the Archives of the different public offices are at present in huge boxes on the bare floors. I dined at the *table d'hôte*, and at nine o'clock started by the train for Florence. You would have said all Turin was going; there was a special Bureau open for tickets to the Government employés, in fact,

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it is an immense migration, and such as there is no example of in modern times, a nation of 22,000,000 changing its capital and transferring its public business. My carriage was quite full —all men, among them the Minister of Grace and Justice; but there was no smoking, there being certain carriages reserved here for non-smokers, as elsewhere carriages are reserved for the smokers; but it is a great humanity to keep some place where one can be free from tobacco smoke, even if there are no ladies, and the Italians set a good example to the French here. It poured all night as if the sky was coming down. I slept moderately. At Bologna our numbers fell off to three, and we began to go through the Apennines. I could just see what a beautiful place Bologna was on the lower slopes of the mountains, but mist and cloud were all round it as they might have been round Kendal. We slowly mounted up and up, the train going very slowly, and the country getting wilder and wilder, but nothing that to my thinking might not, except for the buildings, have been England. At last we got through a tunnel at the top, and the descent was before us. Everything was changed, it was the real Italy; the weather had cleared, it was all sunshine and white clouds; the snow sparkled on the highest Apennines, and round us the hills, covered with chestnut forest, sloped down to the Val d'Arno, which lay beneath us studded with innumerable domes,

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towers, and roofs, and cultivated like a garden. It was for this country I was predestined, for I found everything just as I expected. The cypresses on every height, round every villa or convent, are the effect which pleases me most. But the whole country is a pell-mell of olive, vine, mulberry, fig, maize, and wheat all the way to Florence. We got here about eleven, and I came to this new hotel of which Jocelyn had told me, and which is not in *Murray*. It was Sunday, so then I went to the Duomo, the church I had so often heard of with Brunelleschi's dome. Then I took a bath, then a drive, but a violent rainstorm came on and shut me up in the hotel all the evening. I dined late; yesterday I passed in running about leaving letters and making calls, but the confusion here is immense. I have not yet had time to sée anything, except the outsides of things, beyond the glimpse I had of the inside of the Cathedral; but I shall see the pictures at the Uffizi now, before Herries comes to tell me what the Minister can do for me. I think I shall go to Rome to-morrow. I see a letter from England here takes three days, so write to me *here* to this hotel. Let K. hear of me, I shall write to her soon. I can truly say I would far sooner be with you all at Dover than here, though I like this better than Paris.

Kiss the darlings for me.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

HÔTEL DE FLORENCE, FLORENCE,
May 24, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It will be difficult for Rome itself to delight me more than Florence,—the Cathedral here I prefer to every church I have as yet seen in my life; but it is the look of the place from every point in the environs which so charms me, and for which I have such a thirst that it is difficult for me to attend to anything else. I am too old to travel alone, and I miss Flu here so much that it would be difficult to say that I precisely enjoy myself; but I have a deep and growing sense of satisfaction which was entirely wanting to me in Paris,—a sense that I am seeing what it does me good through my whole being to see, and for which I shall be the better all my life. I have had to run about so for my business that I have had very little time to do any sights properly. I have twice been for twenty minutes to look at Michael Angelo's famous tombs of the two Medici; I imagine there is no work of art here for which I shall care so much. I have also been for about an hour to the Uffizi, and shall go for another hour to-day. I came on Sunday, and to-morrow early I start for Rome. The people here are so interesting, and the intellectual stir among them is so great, that my business has great

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attractions,—attractions enough to console one for being prevented from fully seeing the sights. Through all Europe the movement is now towards science, and the Italian people is distinguished amongst all others by its scientific intellect—this is undoubtedly true; so that with the movement there now is among them there is no saying where they may go. They imitate the French too much, however; it is good for us to attend to the French, they are so unlike us, but not good for the Italians, who are a sister nation. Our Minister at Turin, Mr. Elliot, whom I like very much, was the first person who told me that I must certainly go on to Naples, because the centre of the present educational movement was there. I thought he spoke of *primary* education, but the Minister here, whom I have seen this morning, tells me that at Naples they have their best university, at Naples their best *lycée*, and at Naples, in short, at this moment, 'miracles are being done,' and he insists on my going there. The ministerial people are kindness itself; I think they are rather flattered at being included in such a mission as this of mine along with France and Germany. At Naples the Inspector-General is, oddly enough, a man whom the Italian Government sent over to our great Exhibition, whom a French inspector introduced to me, and who dined at my house. I hope to be in Rome about twelve to-morrow night; to stay three days there, and see the schools of the

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Jesuits; then to Naples and spend three or four days there. They have a great large school for young ladies, in competition with the convents, which I am to see; then I return here for three or four days to see schools in Tuscany; then I finish by Pisa, Genoa, Turin, Pavia, Milan,—all university towns. Write to me *here*, and I shall find your letter on my return in ten days' time. I shall write to Flu from Rome, I hope, the day after to-morrow. She will keep you informed of my movements. You may imagine how I shall think at Rome of dearest papa. Tell Edward I shall write to him from my farthest point south; probably Salerno, where there is a university.

My love to Fan and to Rowland. I am very well.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife

ROME, *May* 27, 1865.

We got to Rome about twelve. It was pitch dark, and only omnibuses; I got here about a quarter to one and was comfortably lodged immediately. I found that letters would not go to-night so I did not write. I must say, I am at present more oppressed by Rome and by the sense of my want of time, than enchanted. I found Odo Russell gone to the country, but he was to return to-day, and has just left his card

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while I was out. I want to see the great Jesuit School now I am here. Yesterday I went to St. Peter's and saw the Pope, and all the Cardinals; tell Tommy the horses, carriages, and costumes are beautiful, it was the *fête* of St. Philip Neri, the patron Saint of Rome, so everything was closed except the churches. I stayed a long time in St. Peter's, came back here to the four o'clock *table d'hôte*, and went afterwards with a French doctor from Havre, a very pleasant man, to the Pincian, with which I was disappointed, one has such a very imperfect view of Rome. It is a glorious place, but it overwhelms me. This morning I was up early, and have done a great deal since; I have kept myself to ancient Rome, the Capitol, Capitoline Museum (where the 'Dying Gladiator' is), the Forum, the Palace of Nero and Baths of Titus, the Baths of Caracalla, the Temple of Vesta, the Theatre of Marcellus, the Coliseum. To-night I go to the Janiculan for a view of Rome and the country round. To-morrow I go to the Basilicas. The sun is tremendous, but the air is fresh. I think of you all continually. Write in a day or two after getting this to the Hôtel Feder, Genoa.

To the Same

NAPLES (*May* 1865).

When I wrote to you the other day I was feeling very unwell and knocked up, but I am

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much better now and have got through my work here. To-night I mean to go out and sleep at Castellamare or Sorrento, and on Sunday I set my face northwards. I think three days will do what is indispensable at Rome. I hope so, for Rome I rather dread, I feel the air and heat so oppressive there. Here the sun is tremendous, but the air is delightful, kept perpetually alive by the sea. In spite of the attraction, for you, of Rome and its churches and ceremonies, this is the place you would like of all others. I have been saying so to myself every moment since I have been here, and constantly to Fusco, who asks much after you. In the first place it is just the climate to suit you; then it is, at every moment and wherever you look, the most absolutely enchanting view in the world; then Naples is itself the most brilliant and lively of places, brilliant and lively as Paris, only in a natural, popular sort of way. . . . I have seen nothing except a run of about two hours through the museum between two schools, but I am perfectly satisfied. I shall carry away more from this place than from any other to which this tour takes me, even than from Rome. I have seen enough already to be sure of that. 1.30 P.M. Up to this was written before breakfast, and since then I have been out to the university to pay some official visits. I have also had a last interview with Fusco, who is a great personage here, and whom

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I like much. And now I find it is too late to go to Sorrento or to go even to Pompeii, so I must give them both up, dine at the *table d'hôte* here, and go to the Camaldoli afterwards—for this time I must be contented with that. I am not so very much disappointed after all, for I leave something to be seen with you,—till one has seen Pompeii and Sorrento one has not half seen Naples. We will come straight here, by Marseilles, in September when the boys have gone back to school. September and October are the glorious months here ; no mosquitoes, the vintage, a perpetual sea-breeze, and the perfection of climate, and then we will see the environs, Pompeii, Sorrento, Baiæ, and all which I cannot see now. The Camaldoli even must wait till then, for I have just heard that it is too far to go in the evening, after the *table d'hôte*, so I must confine myself to the Castle of St. Elmo and the convent of San Martino. I have had very hard work, but I have seen a great many institutions. On Wednesday Fusco called for me at eight o'clock and took me to the great Lyceum here ; it and all such establishments are in fine buildings, because the Government gives them convents which it has suppressed. The professors are very inferior to those in France, and generally, I must say, the impression of plain dealing, honesty, and efficiency, according to their own system, which one gets in France, is very different from what one gets here. But

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the Government is doing a great deal; beggars, for instance, are almost suppressed. I have not seen half a dozen, and I am told two or three years ago you could not go out of this hotel without being besieged by them. We were all day seeing the *lycée* and the trade school annexed to it; the trade school is held in a church taken from the Jesuits. All the splendid marbles and all the paintings and gilding still remain, but there were drawing-desks set up all over the floor under the domes, and the pupils drawing at them. I dined alone at the *table d'hôte*, and afterwards took another drive through the grotto of Posilipo with Fusco, who had come to fetch me. It took me out, like the first drive I had here, to the view of Ischia and Cape Misenum, the most beautiful I have ever seen in my life. This country is very insecure at present, from the Pope having turned all his own brigands loose upon it. Fusco would not allow me to go to the Camaldoli as I had at first intended, because I had on the day before told the driver that I would go there, and he says this is not safe. The next morning I was up very early, and at nine was with Fusco at a great girls' school, under Government, held in an old convent of the Benedictine nuns; the vast space and cool corridors of these great Neapolitan convents are delightful; all their gardens are full of orange and lemon-trees laden with fruit, and the cool-looking plane, and the exquisitely

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graceful pepper-tree. But I liked better the other girls' school at the Miracoli, an old convent of the Franciscan nuns, which we went to in the afternoon,—the girls in both are of the best classes in Naples, but I liked their looks better, and their directresses better at the Miracoli. I am so glad you are at Dover, and on the Marine Parade. Kiss the darlings for me. I saw a little duck of a girl running about stark naked (the best costume for her) at Maddaloni yesterday, who made me think of my Nell.

To his Mother

ROME, *June* 5, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I must not be in Rome without writing to you, for, as you may suppose, I think of you very often ; and I hope this will reach you about the time of dearest papa's birthday. I have two of his maps here with me, and his handwriting upon them—a clearer and easier looking print than anybody else can write—and his marks here and there in one of the maps themselves are a continual pleasure to me. I think I wrote to you from Florence and told you that I should probably come here. . . . So this day last week I started for Naples. My first real impression of Rome was on looking back on it from the railway between this and Albano. All that is said of the impressiveness of the country round Rome—the

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Campagna and the mountains—is true and more than true. It is the sight of a country itself, its natural features and views, that I like better than everything else, and here I quite sympathise with dear papa and his liking for being always in a carriage, though perhaps he did not give quite enough time to towns and interiors. But no doubt the towns and interiors are not, to me at least, exactly delightful; but they are a lesson one has to learn, and one has the benefit of it afterwards. But the pleasant thing is moving through the country. The railway goes round to the south of the Alban Hills, and then, instead of crossing the Pontine Marshes to Terracina, goes to the north of the Volscian Highlands, and it was this part of the journey, with the Volscian Highlands on one's right, and the Hernican country on the slopes of the Apennines on one's left—the old Via Latina, with Anagnia, Alatra, Frusino, Signia, Arpinum along the route or not far off it—that made me, as I went along with his Westphal's maps in my hand, think so perpetually of him and how he would have enjoyed it. The beauty of the country exceeds belief,—the Volscian Highlands particularly, of which I had so often heard him speak, are for shape, wood, and light and colour on their northern side, as beautiful as a dream. Then we passed Monte Cassino, after crossing the Liris; and at St. Germano, the town under the great Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino,

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we crossed a river, the Rapido, which satisfied me for volume and clearness of water; that is the great want I feel in the plain or valley; when I see them, all the streams have got earthy and turbid. I have not been enough into the hills to see them in their pure state, and to see the lakes. At Capua we came on your old route again, and I thought of your uncomfortable night there. And then, about five in the afternoon we came in sight of Vesuvius, smoking, and, about half an hour after, I was free of the railroad and emerged in an open carriage upon the shore of the bay, and followed it to Santa Lucia, where my hotel was. My dearest Mother, that is the view, of all the views of the world, that will stay longest with me. For the same reason that I prefer driving through the country to seeing sights in towns I prefer, infinitely prefer as a matter of *pleasure*, Naples to Rome; did not you feel this? Capri in front, and the Sorrento peninsula girdling the bay: never can anything give one, of itself, without any trouble on one's own part, such delectation as that. It was very hot at Naples, and I had much to do in a short time, so much that I could not even see Pompeii, or Sorrento, or Baiæ, or any of the things that are to be seen; but every evening, when I had done my work, I got to some point above Naples, and saw Naples and the bay, and that was enough. The rest I keep to see with Flu. I came back yesterday to Rome; again a

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most beautiful journey. I am excellently lodged here, and this morning Odo Russell has brought me a letter from Cardinal Antonelli, promising to let me see the Collegio Romano, the Sapienza, and the whole thing here; we go to the Cardinal to-morrow; to-day is Whit-Monday, and no business can be done. This morning before breakfast I went to the English burying-ground by the pyramid of Cestius, and saw the graves of Shelley and Keats, and—what interested me even more—that of Goethe's only son. I came upon it unexpectedly, not knowing—few English do know—that it was there; the short inscription must certainly have been by Goethe himself. How I feel Goethe's greatness in this place! Here in Italy one feels that all time spent out of Italy by tourists in France, Germany, Switzerland, etc. etc., is—human life being so short—time misspent. Greece and parts of the East are the only other places to go to. I am well on the whole, though some days I have been much knocked up, as it is very hot. I live chiefly on bread, black coffee, and ices; but in England no one knows what ices are—the water ices of Naples. To-night I am going to the opera with Odo Russell, who is kindness itself. The country on the Neapolitan frontier is much disturbed, or I should go for the one day's excursion I mean to give myself here, to Arpinum, Cicero's birthplace; it is among beautiful scenery. Russell says, if I like to go, he will get me an

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escort from the French commander here, but I think this would rather spoil one's day's holiday. At Naples the dread of the brigands is something quite inconvenient.

Now I must stop. I hope to cross the Alps within three weeks from this time, at any rate. Write to me at the Poste Restante, Coire, en Suisse. It will be a welcome to the other side of the Alps, which I shall not be sorry to reach. I say to myself that I keep all about Naples to see with Flu—there is no place she would so much enjoy. My love to Fan.—I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son,

M. A.

I daresay there is now a letter of yours lying at Florence for me. I shall get it when I go back there, as I shall for a day or two.

To Mrs. Forster

TURIN, *June* 21, 1865.

MY DEAREST K.—I heard the other day of your virtuous contrition for not writing to me, and I have for some time been feeling the same for not writing to you, so often are you in my thoughts, and so much do I still connect you with whatever interests me. Here I am again, this time with my face to the north. You can hardly imagine the delight with which I

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have noted each fresh degree northward, as I made it. Yesterday two great stages were accomplished. I crossed the Apennines, and I crossed the 45th degree of latitude; and last night, the first time for about a fortnight, I slept without the buzz of mosquitoes in my ears; and to-day the venerable Alps are in sight at the end of the street, with their glaciers, their snow, their eternal waters. The dry water-courses in the Apennines ended by becoming a positive pain to me: they actually spoiled my perfect enjoyment of the landscape. And nowhere has Scotland, as I saw it last year, so gained upon me as here in Italy: the charm of those innumerable clear rivers is so infinite to me. I have only once, in Italy, seen an abounding stream—what I call abounding—of pure water: that was the Rapido, which flows at the foot of Monte Cassino, by the ancient Casinum; and how he manages to do so well I can't imagine. The sea is delicious, and on the Riviera, between Spezia and Genoa, I for the first time saw the Mediterranean as one imagines it; even at Naples it had not been the right blue. But the sea does not make up to me for the want of streams. I had a memorable day, however, on Saturday: I could not get on to Genoa till the next day, and I was not sorry for a day of rest, on which my only business was to write a letter in French to an Italian member of Parliament who had

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written to me about education in Italy. I was at the Croce di Malta, an inn with only the road between it and the gulf. Spezia is at the very recess of the gulf of that name, one of the best harbours in the world, of immense depth, protected by mountains on almost all sides, and running I know not how many miles into the land, with the high Apennines, and their off-shoot the marble mountains of Massa and Carrara for a background. The gulf is well enlivened by shipping, for the Italian Government are going to make it their great military port, leaving Genoa for commerce; and there are two men-of-war, and some twenty steamers for the works of the port, and so on, besides light sailing craft. After breakfast I strolled out along the west arm of the bay, towards Porto Venere, and coming to a great combe, at first terraced for olive, vine, and fig, then becoming chestnut forest, then ending in bare bright mountain, with an unfinished fort, which the first Napoleon began, crowning the top, I could not resist striking up it. There was a rough path, and I got high enough to command the whole gulf, so interesting to me for Shelley's sake too, Lerici in front, and the open Mediterranean beyond; and then I made the whole sweep of the combe, beginning at the side farthest from Spezia, and going round through the chestnut forest, and down again through the olives on the side

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nearest Spezia. In the recess of the combe, where a beautiful torrent ought to break down, all was now dry and stony; but this was the only drawback, and I thoroughly enjoyed observing and taking in the details of the vegetation. What most strikes me is the number of characteristic features which the hill vegetation in Italy has in common with that with which I was familiar at home. For instance, the fern is everywhere, and what a feature that is! I had no notion of this till I found it to be so by experience. Then again the dog-rose is everywhere, growing nearer the ground than ours, but the same flower; then the juniper, with a fuller berry, but the same plant; then masses of the wild clematis, and this, too, I noticed in the lanes about Rome. Stonecrops somewhat different from ours, but the effect the same. The myrtle, and in flower, I found all about me on this walk; that and the wild sweet pea, and a plant something like a stock, which sheds abundance of white juice if you break it (the *Euphorbia*, I think) were the great novelties. But on the whole, what I am most struck (and delighted) with is the identity, on the whole, of the effect of the hills and their vegetation in Italy and with us.

As to the people, that is a long story. I have more and more come to papa's way of feeling about the Italians, and I cannot but think this a mere fair-weather kingdom. 80,000

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French, English, or Germans might, I am perfectly convinced, enter this country to-morrow, overrun it in three months, and hold it for ever against all the opposition they would meet with from within. The Piedmontese is the only virile element—he is like a country Frenchman—but he is a small leaven to leaven the whole lump. And the whole lump want backbone, serious energy, and power of honest work to a degree that makes one impatient. I am tempted to take the professors I see in the schools by the collar, and hold them down to their work for five or six hours a day—so angry do I get at their shirking and inefficiency. They have all a certain refinement which they call civilisation, but a nation is really civilised by acquiring the qualities it by nature is wanting in; and the Italians are no more civilised by virtue of their refinement alone than we are civilised by virtue of our energy alone. The French detest them, and are always speaking of us and themselves together in contrast to them; and you cannot see the French soldiers in Rome without noticing in them the look of rusticity and virility, and of capacity for serious business, which is just what the Italians want—the feeling of the French towards us seems to me to be constantly getting better and better—and really the two nations have more in common than any other two modern nations. Both French and Italians dislike the Americans, and call them a *nation mal*

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elevée, and so they are: such awful specimens as I was in the Coliseum with! and by moonlight too. But I was much taken with a young American *attaché* at Florence; he might have been a gawky young Scotchman, and indeed he told me he had Scotch blood in him, but he has the temper and moral tone of a gentleman, and the making of a gentleman, in the European sense of the word, in him; and that is what so few of his countrymen have.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

The Government is omnipotent here at this moment, and the ministers are the only people in the country who really work. They do. They have to make the nation, and I hope in time it may be done. The R. C. Church is *here* a great obstacle; you know I am not its enemy, but here in Italy it seems to me utterly without future, untransformable, unadaptable, used up, and an almost fatal difficulty to the country.

To his Wife

TURIN, *June* 22, 1865.

It repays one for absence in heat and fatigue and everything to get such a letter as that of yours which I found waiting for me here the night before last, or rather I did not get it till yesterday morning. Your account

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of the children is delightful—those dear little girls!

I left Genoa on Tuesday evening, having passed a long day school-seeing there. It is a beautiful place—one of the places you would thoroughly like—next to Naples, I think. I was much hurried at Genoa, and did not see the town from the environs as it deserves to be seen. The mountain setting of the place is finer than anything I had imagined; but this, too, is left to be seen with you. Since I have been in Italy I have rather wished you wore ear-rings—the great gold ear-rings of this country, in such a variety of styles, please me so much—however, it is perhaps as well you do not. At half-past six on Tuesday evening I left Genoa; we turned straight up from the sea into the mountains, and in an hour's time a tunnel, two miles long, had taken us through the Apennines. After the day's sun the sight of the hill-tops and the chestnut forest was refreshing, and in the river whose valley we followed down on the north side there was a little water; in the river on the south there was none, and all the water-courses are stony and dry. This is what breaks my heart in the Apennines; for, as Dicky used to say at Viel Salm, 'Papa loves rivers.' By eleven we got to Turin, and before twelve I was in bed again in this best of all possible inns—the Europe—the best on the whole, I think, that I have ever been at. I have a charming little

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apartment on the premier. The air was sensibly different as I drove through the streets of this place—and the olive, and fig, and cypress have ceased, and at the end of the streets one sees that glorious wall of the Alps sparkling with snow and ice (though there is very little snow this year), and forming an immense reservoir of coolness and moisture. And for the first time for a fortnight I slept in peace—the mosquitoes have ceased.

Yesterday I paid school and other visits. Among the latter, one to Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, who is a savant, and has written an excellent book on the English language. He is a tall, stout, homely-looking man of about fifty-five, redeemed from Yankeeism by his European residence and culture. I like him very much, and his wife is a handsome woman; and the young *attaché*, Clay, I liked very much too. When you find that *rara avis*, a really well-bred and trained American, you feel the bond of race directly. I saw also M. Matteucci, the ex-Minister of Public Instruction, who knows the subject better than almost anybody in Europe. I like him more than any Italian I have seen—he is more like a Frenchman or Englishman. My opinion of the Italians, from all I have seen of them, is very unfavourable. I have got to speak the language, for practical purposes, tolerably; but I generally find French does. M. Matteucci, for instance, spoke French like

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a Frenchman, and French is a kind of second language in this country. With the two months' practice, and knowing it as I did before, I think I may say I have got to speak French really well. I am glad you are doing a little at German; directly I get to Berlin I mean to take a master, for in Germany French does not do as it does here.

I should like to have been on that expedition to the Castle with you. Tell Tommy to write me a line. I send a new stamp expressly on his account. Write as before to Berlin.—Ever yours, M.

To the Same

MILAN, *Sunday, June* 25, 1865.

I got here at midnight on Friday, having left Turin after dinner, and travelled through a thunderstorm which cooled the air deliciously; one put one's hand out of the window for the pleasure of feeling the moistened air and the cool drops. I am at the Hôtel de Ville, in an apartment *au premier*, a charming sitting-room and a vast bedroom. There is a great balcony before the windows, and the rooms both look out on the principal street, with the Church of San Carlo opposite, and the Cathedral some hundred yards to the left. There is not a cloud in the sky, and the saints and angels on the white marble pinnacles of that incomparable

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church stand out against the deep blue sky as if they were going to take their flight into it. A great deal has been done towards peopling the niches with statues, adding white marble fret-work on the roof, repairing, etc., since you were here. It would fill you with delight to see it again; and the nave this morning, with the light and shade, and the numbers at mass, and the chairs on the floor, was the most beautiful of pictures. You would like it better than the Florence Cathedral, and I am not sure whether I do not like it as much. Milan always affected my imagination as representing the splendour and wealth of the middle age—the noble, grandiose splendour and wealth, as Antwerp represents the bourgeois splendour and wealth; then its situation in this splendid plain, with the sun of Italy, but the Alps and the lakes close by, I like extremely. And it has the look now, more than any place in Italy, of the luxury and civilisation of a great modern city, like Paris or London. This gives it something brilliant and gay which the other Italian towns have not. The streets delight me; nowhere have I seen street architecture and great houses which I so thoroughly like. I find this inn excellent, though it is not the one we were at; but the situation is much better. At certain points yesterday—the gardens, the Corso, a particular church with columns let into the side—you cannot think how vividly you were brought to

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my mind. The Provveditore here is a very agreeable and a distinguished man, and he speaks French well, as almost everybody does here. I went to him about nine yesterday morning, and saw institutions with him till one, when all school work stops here; then I went back to my hotel and breakfasted. Then I made up my notes and journal; then I got a carriage and went to my Provveditore at his office, who drove with me to the Brera, where the secretary showed us through the gallery, though it was after hours, and the gallery was closed. Of course in this way I saw the pictures to perfection. One gets very much interested in pictures, at least I do; as I see more of them, the whole history and development of art gradually becomes a matter of more reality to me. The frescoes of Luini, for example, interest me now in a way I could not have believed possible when I came into Italy.

To his Mother

BERLIN, *July* 5, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I found a letter from you on arriving here, and for these last few days it has been on my mind to answer it, and now comes another letter from you to-day to decide me. I had descended with the intention of looking at the pictures in the Museum here for

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an hour before I go to a school Zumgrauen Kloster; but as I went down the porter gave me four letters, yours among them; I went out and sat on a bench Unter den Linden to read them, and when I could read them for the little school-boys surrounding me, and clamouring to me to give them one of the English postage stamps, I determined to come in and write to you at once, as there are many hindrances unless one does a thing at the moment. I meant to write to you about Chiavenna, and to tell you how entirely I agree with you about it; I looked at it with great interest for your sake. I left Milan in the afternoon of last Sunday week, crossed the great plain in gloom and thunder and rain, but found it all clear by the time we got to Como, everything new washed, and the lake sparkling in the sun. The plain of Lombardy, with its grass, rivers, and water-courses, had already refreshed my eyes, which were weary of the rocky, parched ground of Italy proper, for the vegetation of the south, splendid as it is, is all *above* the ground in the branches and leaves of the trees, and not muffling and cooling the ground itself in the way I so love; but the waters of the Lake of Como were a delightful sight, with the thought how deep they were, and what a plenty there was of them. I made out distinctly the chestnuts and papa's favourite walk; I had missed them when I was at Como before. But what gave me most

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pleasure was the true mountain lawns above the mountain forests, grass stretching up to the indescribably elegant, delicate outline of these mountain tops. There was a German on board so like Edward that I took a fancy to him, and, really, till he opened his mouth I could have sworn he was an Englishman. There was also a charming Italian family with whom I afterwards travelled from Coire to near Nuremburg, and with whom I became great friends. We passed Cadenabbia, where I was with dear Flu in 1851, but it was blustering, gloomy weather that summer, and Cadenabbia, the most beautiful point of the whole lake, looked very different this year, with its olives and double lake, and the Villa Sommariva and Bellaggio. Como is a return to real Italy before leaving it, for the olive, which you lose in Lombardy, reappears, and even the cypress in moderation, and the orange and lemon in gardens. The Colico end with its mountain towns and villages I was very glad to see, some of the campaniles I could have looked at for ever. From Colico I went on with the diligence to Chiavenna; it got dark soon after we left Colico, and we did not reach Chiavenna till half-past eleven, when I had some tea and went to bed. I was up early next morning and went out, a beautiful morning, of course, and then I saw what the place was. First I went to the church with its cloister and campanile, beautifully Italian, in the best style,

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then I got the key of a vineyard, and went up through it to the top of a rock which commands a celebrated view of the town and valley. I don't know whether you went up there. I suppose not, but no doubt papa did. The luxuriant chestnuts among the dark shattered rocks, the southern serrated outlines of the mountains towards Como, with a few spots of snow lying among their rocks, then the town with its Italian houses and towers, and its valley to the south and turbulent river, in the valley mulberry and olive, and fig and vine all in luxuriance, and three tall cypresses in a garden just below the vineyard rock, and even an orange and lemon tree looking, to be sure, as if they did not perfectly like their life, then closing in short on the north, the high mountains, watered and wooded, with a sort of beginning of Swiss châlets on their sides,—it was a perfect last look of Italy. I posted over the mountains with one horse, changing five times between Chiavenna and Coire; this is the way to enjoy it thoroughly. It deserves notice that the stream which makes this pass on the Italian side is clear water, and not a turbid snow stream; I cannot say how this added to my pleasure. Soon I came to waterfalls, and hay-making, and pine-trees; then the ascent, during which the sun grew clouded; and, when I got to the very top, opposite to me on the north all was gray and cloudy, and a few drops of rain

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beat in my face ; while looking back towards Italy I could see a last band of blue sky over her sharp-cut un-Swiss-looking mountains. At Splugen, where I dined, I was quite cold, the Via Mala I did not very much care for, and the whole valley, I thought, as Alpine valleys are apt to be, terribly long. At Coire everything was changed ; the inn clean and comfortable, but Swiss Germanic and bourgeois ; and instead of the dark-eyed Roman and Florentine women looking out of their lattices, four German women dressed and hatted as only German and English women of the middle class can dress and hat themselves, sitting at the top of the table, taking tea and talking loud in their hideous language ; and when the travellers' book, which they had just signed, was brought to me, the last name was, 'Linda Walther, Universitäts Professors Gattin!' You may imagine my feelings, and how my Italian family were a relief to me to break the change ; but now I am left alone with this, the most *bourgeois* of nations ; that is exactly the definition of them, and they have all the merits and defects which this definition implies. But I cannot write about them now. Their schools are excellent. Thank dear Edward for his letter, which I got just after I had written to him. Tell dear K. that I forgot to say to her that I have had a number of packets addressed to me at her house, as ours is let. Every one floods me with books and

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documents which I am obliged to send home for the most part, or I must have ten portmanteaus; but I shall want them, and I shall be glad if she will let them be put in one place in Eccleston Square, where I can find them on my return in the autumn. Please don't forget this with my love. I got you a bit of mountain pink at Chiavenna, but it is in a *Murray* I have sent home. The flowers I was too late for on my Alpine journey back. I shall never get over my Mont Cenis loss. I have charming letters from Tom and Dick; they all come to join me on the twelfth. I cannot yet tell you where to write to me, but you shall hear. Papa's name and work are very well known here. Berlin is a fine city, but its sole interest for me comes from Frederick the Great, one of the half dozen really great moderns. How I wish we were all going to be at Penzance with you and Edward, but why will not you come to the Rhine? I have such an exquisite picture of Dicky. Love to dear old Edward. I have seen no notice of my book,[1] and wish to forget all such things for the present. I am working hard to learn to speak German availably.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] *Essays in Criticism.*

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

HÔTEL ROLAND, ROLANDSECK,
RHENISH PRUSSIA, *July* 17, 1865.

MY DEAREST K.—You have not answered my former letter, but I write to you again because you are so often in my mind, and because Flu has been telling me so much of your kindness and William's to her and the children in my absence, and because I want you to tell William, if he comes abroad, to look in upon us either in going or returning. We are here at the most beautiful point of the Rhine, with only the road between us and the river, woody rocks with the ruins of Roland's tower behind us, in front the island of Nonnenswerth with its convent, and beyond, across the river, the beautiful volcanic line of the Siebengebirge, clothed in wood, and reminding me something of the Alban hills. The vineyards are everywhere, and the country with its sun and its Byzantine churches has a sort of look of distant relationship with Italy, the mark of the Roman occupation and civilisation everywhere present, which in North Germany is so entirely absent, more even than in England. The heat is great, but to me after Italy seems nothing very particular, and the great body of water in the Rhine—pale green water, no mud and a bed all stone, pebbles, and sand—gives one a sense of freshness and coolness which one seldom has

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in Italy. It is very dear here—one has to pay as much for rooms as at Llandudno, or even more, though one gets more accommodation for the money; but it is said the expense of living is less, though of this I shall know more when I have had my bill for the past week. Next week we go on to Baden, and of that I shall be glad, for the Black Forest is a far more true mountain country than this; but for another week I shall not have finished what I have to do in this Rhine district, and indeed my to-day's date (21st July), and the gap between it and the date on the other side, will show you how much I have to do here, for it is the going out in a morning and not returning till night which has interrupted me. The trains are so few that one cannot get back at all hours of the day as in England. But by Thursday in next week I shall have seen and heard what I want in this Rhine district, and then I shall go on to Baden, which I am going to take as my specimen of a smaller German State—it being impossible and useless to go through them all—and Baden having the advantage of possessing at this moment, besides very good schools which are open all August, a very pretty religious difficulty. I see a great deal of George Bunsen here, and find him very interesting. He has the house in Bonn which was bought for his father, and goes there when the Berlin session is over. He has been over here, and I have passed two days with him in

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Bonn, he going through the Gymnasium there with me, which I found, of course, of great use, and I dining with him in the middle of the day. I like his wife too. He is brimming with interest on almost every interesting matter, and not political only, but literary and spiritual also, and this makes him good company. At present he and every one here are full of the Abgeordneten Fest, or dinner to the Liberal Members to be given at Cologne and here on Saturday and Sunday. The Government have forbidden it, and the newspapers are filled every day with letters of notice to this and that person, from the Cologne police authorities warning them not to attend, and the answers. Yesterday the *Cologne Gazette*, the chief German paper, was seized, because it contained an advertisement to the effect that the dinner would still take place. It appears that the Government has no legal right to stop these dinners, and the police authorities at Cologne have no status or latitude of powers like those of a French prefect; and these worthy Germans have a trick, which they say is English and Teutonic, of stickling for the letter of the law, and objecting to the assumption by Government of arbitrary and undefined powers. English this trick is, but what is specially English, and what has made this trick successful in England, is that in England men have been ready to hazard person and fortune to maintain this view of theirs and to resist

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Government's setting it at nought; whereas our German cousins talk, and lament, and do nothing—have not, indeed, our genius for doing something, and just the something most likely to embarrass Government and to be successful. This Bismarck knows, and it is the secret of the contempt with which he treats the Liberals. It is, however, to be said that their position is hard, as the great English power of refusing the supplies is taken away from them by the clause in the Constitution which gives Government the power of continuing the old taxes till the new budget is voted. Also the King has always been so much in Prussia that there is all through the country a sense of his having the right to govern, of which we in England have no notion. I saw in Berlin a great deal of Lord Napier, a very able man, or at least a man of a wonderfully active and open mind, and I could see that he thought Prussian constitutionalism a rather hollow affair, and that he even doubted whether its triumph over the King would be good for the country, which has formed its habits and is wonderfully prosperous. Tell William that the effect on the people and property of Prussia of the land measures—called by the great proprietors Confiscation—of Stein, the great Prussian Minister, seems to me one of the most important things for a politician to study, with Irish tenant right a present question in England, and the land question undoubtedly coming on

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for the whole kingdom, sooner or later. To return to the Abgeordneten Fest: to-morrow the place of meeting in Cologne will be surrounded with troops, there are 40,000 soldiers in Cologne and Deutz, and every one will be turned back. On Sunday the six steamers chartered to bring the party here will be stopped, probably before they leave Cologne; at any rate we are to have some squadrons of hussars round this hotel, and the rest to prevent any Cologne guests from meeting here. You may imagine how exciting all this is. About this country, its classes, their relative power, their character, and their tendency, one might fill sheet after sheet, but I spare you. I will only say that all I see abroad makes me fonder of England, and yet more and more convinced of the general truth of the ideas about England and her progress, and what is needful for her, which have come to me almost by instinct, and which yet all I see keeps constantly confirming. You may imagine how delightful it is to have Flu and the children again, all well, and the children so happy, and their looks doing credit to their country with foreigners. Write to me at Kiefernadel Bad, in Gernsbach, Baden Baden. The elections, of which I only see the accounts in the German newspapers, appear to be all right. I am sorry about Gladstone.[1] But

[1] Mr. Gladstone lost his seat for the University of Oxford at the General Election of 1865.

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Oxford is moving still, though in its own way. Kiss the dear children, we have often talked of dear Willy here.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

We shall be some four weeks at Gernsbach, the most beautiful country in the world, and I believe William has never seen Baden or the Black Forest.

To his Mother

ROLANDSECK, *Sunday, July* 23, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—We had your and Fan's joint letter this morning, and that we may hear again as soon as possible I will give you our address at once—Kiefernadel Bad, in Gernsbach, Baden Baden. Kiefernadel means 'pine-needle,' and smacks agreeably of the Black Forest and its firs. Tell Fan that when she writes abroad a large round hand is not allowed, nor thick envelopes, to give an excuse for putting as little in them as possible. Why, oh, why do not you and Edward come to the Black Forest and join us? No mention is ever made of this proposition of mine. I shall prefer the Black Forest, as it is a real mountain country, with a mountain river flowing by Gernsbach, where we are going to stay. The Rhine here is a great highway. The Drachenfels Group, beautiful as it is, is soon used up, besides, it is on the opposite side of the river from us, and

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this broad, swift Rhine is a great barrier. What is truly beautiful is the view of the Rhine from the hills on this side: the hills are not high, but wooded, and with a fine wild character of upland and fir when you get to their tops and look inland: the volcanic region of the Eifel, too, with its weird, low peaks and domes, comes in very well. But the great charm is the Rhine, like a long lake stretching through the country, and the endless towns and spires on its banks, so unlike the monotonous gloom of the banks of Windermere, which Edward and I never used to look at without thinking of the cheerful edging of the Lake of Zurich. Then the mass of Cologne Cathedral on the horizon, and the wonderfully delicate and beautiful outline of the Seven Mountains for the near foreground. But this hotel is very dear, and the whole Rhine is too much in the world, and too much flooded with tourists, chiefly rich *Dutch* families. The Hollanders have lately discovered the Rhine. It is very accessible from Holland, and they swarm in every hotel. Incredible to relate, Dutch newspapers are more common now in the Rhine hotels than French or English. Here, for instance, the two papers taken in are the *Kölnische Zeitung*, German, and the *Haarlem Courant*, Dutch. I like the Dutch, and they have the best possible will towards England, while the good-will of the Germans certainly

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diminishes as they become more of a political nation, and get imbued with all the envy, hatred, and malice of political striving. The Dutch, being rich, come with their children, as the English do. There are two families of children here besides ours; and Bonn is full of Dutch, too. . . . The *table d'hôte* bell has rung. Mind you write. My love to Edward and Fan. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

How *can* you live in a place with the absurd, and worse, name of 'Marine Retreat'?

To the Same

GERNSBACH, *August* 18, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—We have been expecting to hear from you or Fan, but the post is, if we may judge by the intermittences of our *Galignani*, so irregular here, that it is quite possible you may have written and we not received your letters as soon as we ought. But I must write to-day, to be in time for your birthday. May you see many, many more of them—the more you see, the less we can afford to miss you. While you are at Fox How, the dear place still seems like itself; without you I do not like to think how changed it would be. If it were not for your being still there I should feel the gap of dear old Banks's place in

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the world being left vacant a thousand times more; even as it is, I feel it a great deal, and here when I go out fishing, and Dicky takes to it as I used to take to it myself, it brings Banks to my mind as I have so often seen him up in Rydal Head, or by the Rotha, with his brown velveteen coat and fishing-rod and fine sagacious face, more than I can say. You were sure to do everything that was right and kind about his funeral—every word about that and about his illness was most interesting. It was quite right in Tom to come over, and I am grieved that I could not be there. You must let me know what I am still in debt to you for the dear old man's allowance, and I should much like to join in doing whatever may be necessary to keep his wife comfortable for the remainder of her days.

Certainly this year must not pass without my seeing your dear face, but when it will be I cannot tell—perhaps not till Christmas, or the days after Christmas and before the New Year. But about all this we shall see. This place has suited the children exactly. We have just dined at the *table d'hôte*, and now they are all gone down to the Murg, which is a broad, shallow stream which skirts the bottom of the garden. Dick has his trousers rolled up to his hips and his feet bare; Budge has an old pair of waterproof leggings which a gentleman has given him. He and Dick will take the poles in an old punt, and Tom and the girls will go as

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passengers, and backwards and forwards over the Murg they will go all the afternoon. When they strike on a rock Dick or Budge, according as it is in the department of one or the other, flops into the water like a water-rat and pushes the punt off, and at this stage of their operations a faint scream is sometimes heard from a party of German tourists who are watching them from the bank. Dick takes very much to fishing, and will come out with me to carry the landing net and follow me for hours, deeply interested in all my proceedings, and willing if necessary to enter the river up to his neck to land a trout or grayling. Budge cares nothing for fishing, and the punt and the river are his great delights — boating and bathing. Dear little Tom is wonderfully well, and sits in the middle of the punt with the title of Captain, more for ornament than use. When the punt cannot quite get to the bank, Budge and Dick get into the water, take their sisters in their arms, and carry them to land. You have no notion how Nelly is improved, with her rich, brown colour, sweet eyes, and brown hair cut across her forehead. Her likeness to Dicky strikes every one, and struck me the moment I saw her at Cologne. She and Lucy are the greatest pleasure to me possible. They go everywhere with me that I will take them, and their talk is delightful. We passed a yard the other day where there were cows, and Nelly

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said, 'What a nice smell from those dear cows, papa! *Isn't it kind of the dear cows to give us smells?*' They get very much noticed and made of for their spirits and good looks, and certainly going about the world so much gives them life and animation. We go very often into Baden, where the little I can at this holiday moment see of schools is to be seen. Arthur Stanley comes there to-day, I believe, to see the Baillies. Mr. Baillie is the English Chargé d'Affaires in the Duchy of Baden, and married a sister of Lady Augusta's. My love to Fan, and I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate M. A.

To George de Bunsen

KIEFERNADEL BAD, GERNSBACH,
August 21, 1865.

MY DEAR BUNSEN—I must not leave this place without thanking you for your letters, which I hope to make use of next month. To-morrow week Mrs. Arnold and the children start on their journey back to England. I accompany them as far as Cologne (how I wish you were going to meet us on the down-Rhine as on the up-Rhine journey!), and from thence go to Dresden, Weimar, Coburg, and so on. They have had a delightful time here, and I shall not like to lose them. On the other hand, as I am abroad for a special purpose, that of

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observing the educational machine, I shall not be sorry when it begins, in September, to grind away again. Here the influence of the holidays is felt, though the actual holidays are not, as in Prussia, going on. Mr. Baillie, the English Chargé d'Affaires, was not at Carlsruhe, but I saw your brother-in-law, who was kindness itself, and who took me to the Director of Schools, and to Dr. Deimling, your friend. But the Director and Dr. Deimling were both just starting for their holiday, and though the Director gave me a letter opening all public schools to me, he said (what others have told me also) that the regular school work was over, and that all which was now going on was examination work preparatory to the break-up of the schools for the holidays. So I have sauntered about here, seen a little of what was going on in Baden and the immediate neighbourhood, but, in fact, pretty much myself taking holiday. Arthur Stanley is at Baden with his wife. They are staying with the Baillies, who have just arrived, and to-day they are coming over to see us here, Baillie having promised to see the Foreign Minister of Baden (a very able, well-informed man, he says), who is now at Baden, and through him to put me in relation with some one at Baden whom I can thoroughly *pump* on school matters, which, after all, is what I want, even more than to see the schools themselves, those which I have seen

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already giving me a pretty good notion of the average remainder.

This is the real Black Forest, the silver fir, my favourite of all firs, covering the hillsides, and the Murg, a clear rushing stream, carrying its timber-rafts past our windows to the Rhine. The climate is what chiefly strikes me, for in these dark-looking mountain valleys we are surrounded by fruit-trees, vines, and Indian corn, so unlike Wales and the English Lake country, mountain districts on much the same scale as this. On the other hand, the very climate, which carries vegetation up to the top of these hills, prevents their having the bare Alpine summits which make our English hills, even at 3000 feet, so striking.

I shall be at Vevey in September, and shall ask whether any of your party are still to be found there, but I fear they will not. Remember me most kindly to your wife, to your mother, your sister Frances, and all who retain any remembrance of me. I cannot tell you what a pleasure it is to me to have seen so much of you when we were in the neighbourhood of Bonn.—Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S.—This is a much cheaper, as well as pleasanter place than Rolandseck, though not *primitively* cheap.

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TO WYNDHAM SLADE

To Wyndham Slade

DRESDEN, *September* 12, 1865.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I must write one line to say with what intense satisfaction I have just heard from Mrs. Arnold that you are made a revising barrister. I do not know when a piece of news has given me such lively pleasure. She does not say which judge had the merit of doing it, but that does not so much matter. I thought you were supposed to be too well off to have much chance, and therefore the news comes upon me with the more delightful shock of surprise. I congratulate you again and again.

I remember your being at this place, and all sorts of stories about it. You were at the Hôtel de Saxe, but I am at a much better place, the Hôtel Bellevue on the Elbe, where you must come when you bring Mrs. Slade. The Gallery is delightful, the best ordered, arranged, lighted, and catalogued I have ever seen. I am so fresh from Italy, that when I look out of the Gallery window here I cannot help thinking, with a regretful sigh, of the look-out of the Uffizi windows of Florence, and certainly the pictures here strike one as having been more tampered with than the Italian ones, and there are no statues, which are what I liked even better in Italy than the pictures; still this Gallery is a great thing to see. To-day I am going on into

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Austria, and I shall try hard to get another look at Salzburg, and some part of the scene of our delightful journey together, which seems only yesterday, and was so long ago. Now I am here I must see everything in this direction, for I shall never come to Germany again, partly because all time passed in touring anywhere in Western Europe, except Italy, seems to me, with my present lights, time misspent, partly because the Germans, with their hideousness and commonness, are no relief to one's spirit but rather depress it. Never surely was there seen a people of so many millions so unattractive. Tell Mrs. Slade, with my warmest congratulations on the revising barristership, that her friend Dicky was the most wonderful success in Germany, and that I attribute it entirely, not to his good looks, but to everybody else being so inconceivably ugly. Now I must go to breakfast. As I look up out of my window, I look at the Elbe and the great bridge with people and carriages going over it, and the high formal houses of the Neustadt, a view you must remember so well.—Ever most sincerely yours, M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

VIENNA, *September* 22, 1865.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Again and again I have been meaning to write to you, but

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then I thought I would wait till I could tell you I had carried to their destination the letters with which you so kindly furnished me; but time is passing, I shall not be able to go to Frankfort at all, and Geneva I shall visit only just before I return to England. You remember that at Easter I came back from Paris to London for a week; when I returned to Paris again I found a note from the Baroness James asking me to go and see her on one of the days I was in London, and when I *did* go to see her I found her unable to see any one. Then Frankfort I have missed altogether, but at Geneva I shall certainly make an attempt to see the Baroness Adolphe—September is a month when I have, I suppose, a good chance of finding her at Geneva. My operations have been paralysed in Germany by the summer holidays, which are immensely long, far longer than ours in England, but then they have little or no winter holidays: the right six months for my business would have been the six months from October to April. I did not reach Germany from Italy till the end of June, and luckily went straight to Berlin; there I saw a good deal so long as the school machine kept going, but it stopped about the 10th of July, and ever since I have done little real work: even the people I had to see were so dispersed that I missed a great many of them. However much one likes being idle, and no one likes it more than I do, one likes to be *freely* idle, and

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not obliged to be idle when one wants to do something, and the hanging about in great towns in this splendid weather, and making official visits which take up a good deal of time and lead to nothing, wearies me to death. Then, too, I find, after all, the education of the middle and upper classes a less important and interesting affair than popular education, as a matter of public institution I mean. So many other influences tell upon those classes that the influence of a public system of education has not the same relative importance in their case as in that of the common people, on whom it is almost the only great civilising agency directly at work. Then, too, I am getting old, and don't like to have all my habits and pursuits violently interrupted for so long a period of one's term of life as six months. As I go round the Picture Galleries, where the names and dates of the artists are always painted over their works, I am quite startled to see how many of them finished and came to an end at only two or three years beyond my present age; and here for the last six months I have not been able to do a line of real work, of the work I really care for. However, I am very glad to have made my grand tour; I think that every one should make his grand tour; only I feel as if I should never want again to come abroad for those little six-week rushes which the English are so fond of, and which I once used to think the height of

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felicity. . . . Here in Austria there is a great change in the population, and one again sees such a thing as grace, light movements, and attractive faces, but then here there is evidently a strong infusion of a lighter and more mercurial blood. And Vienna is not a German place as Berlin and Dresden are. At Dresden I thought of you and at Prague also. At Prague I had windy, dusty weather that blurred everything, but I could see what a splendid place it was. For the Saxon Switzerland, what I saw of it, I did not, I confess, care much. The rock and valley scenery is curious, but the Elbe is muddy, and of clear water there is a great want. Now I have a perfect passion for clear water; it is what in a mountain country gives me, I think, most pleasure. I hope to have a glimpse of the lakes about Ischl as I go westward, and there I expect to find my beloved element in perfection. It will be very kind of you if you will let me have a line at Geneva (Hôtel du Rhin) to tell me about yourself and yours. I have just heard of you from Julian Fane[1] with whom I dined last night and with whom I dine again to-night. I like him very much. My compliments to Sir Anthony, and very kindest regards to your daughters. I wonder if you have all gone to Scotland?—Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] The Hon. Julian Fane, Secretary of Embassy at Vienna.

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TO W. E. FORSTER

To W. E. Forster, M.P.

BERNE, *September* 30, 1865.

MY DEAR WILLIAM—I should be glad to have lectured at Bradford because it would have given me an opportunity of coming to you and Jane, and because I know you would have liked it; but the thing is impossible. The distractions of my present business entirely prevent my writing anything, I am in arrear at Oxford and getting fined, and with this foreign report and its ocean of documents on my hands I do not see how I am even, within the next year, to make up my Oxford arrears.

I am persecuted by holidays and the absence of official people; the Minister here is absent, but I have just seen the Chancellor of the Confederation, and he tells me that none of the Swiss schools reopen till the 15th of October—after the vintage. I have just come from Austria, where they none of them reopen till the 1st of October, and I thought that was late enough. It comes, I find, from their having no holidays at Christmas, or next to none.

But the Swiss schools I really must see. I had reckoned on them to make up my gaps in personal acquaintance with the German schools; no one will go further on a mere diet of documents and divination than I will, but there are limits even to my powers. There ought, in fact, to have been a separate Commissioner for

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Germany or the one Commissioner ought to have had double time.

I saw Count Larisch, the Finance Minister—charming, a man of some £30,000 a year, keeps hounds in Silesia, English in all his tastes, speaks English perfectly, an English gentleman of the best type in simplicity and honourableness, with more suavity, but without the backbone to save the Austrian finances; and he and all his class alarmingly without the *seriousness* which is so English, the faculty to appreciate thoroughly the gravity of a situation, to be thoroughly stirred by it, and to put their shoulder earnestly to the wheel in consequence. There is the danger for Austria, and I cannot see that she has any middle class to take the place of this aristocracy, which is a real aristocracy, perhaps the most real in Europe—far more real than we have any notion of in England—with immense estates, perfect simplicity and *bonhomie*, but impenetrably exclusive; so exclusive that even the diplomatic body, except in certain exceptional cases, are not admitted to any real intimacy with them, and the late Princess Esterhazy (Lady Sarah Villiers)[1] was made miserable by having to live in a world where every one felt that her husband had made a *mésalliance*. In Austria one feels that there is some truth in the talk which in England sounds such rubbish about the accessi-

[1] Daughter of the fifth Earl of Jersey, and great-grand-daughter of Mr. Child, the banker.

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bility of the English aristocracy, but what is really the strength of England is the immense extent of the upper class—the class with much the same education and notions as the aristocracy; this, though it has its dangers, is a great thing. In Germany there is no such thing, and the whole middle class hates refinement and disbelieves in it; this makes North Germany, where the middle class has it, socially though not governmentally, all its own way, so intensely unattractive and disagreeable. This too made them all such keen Northerners: 'They say he is a tailor,' said Haupt, the great classical professor of Berlin, of Johnson the American president: 'Gott sey dank dass er ein Schneider ist!' And so on. They all dislike England, though with their tongue perhaps more than their hearts; but the present position of England in European esteem is indeed not a pleasant matter, and far too long to be begun upon at the end of a letter. The English diplomatists are all furious at the position to which Lord ——, the *Times*, etc., have gradually brought them. The conclusion of the whole matter is, *men* are wanted everywhere; not wealth, freedom, institutions, etc. etc., so urgently wanted as *men;* and we have all to try, in our separate spheres, to be as much of men as we can. My love to dear K.; a letter at the Hôtel Baur au Lac, Zurich, in the next eight or nine days will find me.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

ZURICH, *October* 24, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I don't know when I wrote to you last, but I found here a long and very faithful letter from Fan, which tells me a number of interesting things, and among them that there is a letter of yours waiting for me in Chester Square. I wrote instantly to Geneva for Edward's, which I have got. Tell the dear old boy that I will certainly try and get the proceedings of the Congress for him, but I am not going again to Geneva; however, this is such a centre for Swiss intellectual matters, that I should think they were to be got here. Tell him, too, that what he says about England entirely agrees with my own experience; but the English in general seem to be living in a dream, and when one meets them abroad it is in batches such as one we have just left at Lucerne, living together and getting little chance of 'seeing ourselves as others see us.' If it was not for this consideration, the exaggerated language of all the English newspapers about Lord Palmerston[1] and what he has done for England would be perfectly unaccountable. I do not deny his popular personal qualities, but as to calling him a great minister like Pitt, Walpole, and Peel, and talking of his death as a national

[1] Lord Palmerston died October 18, 1865.

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calamity, why, taking his career from 1830, when his importance really begins, to the present time, he found his country the first power in the world's estimation and he leaves it the third; of this no person with eyes to see and ears to hear, and opportunities for using them, can doubt; it may even be doubted whether, thanks to Bismarck's audacity, resolution, and success, Prussia, too, as well as France and the United States, does not come before England at present in general respect. The mass of the English public, too, with the want of ideas of its aristocratic class, the provincial narrowness and vulgarity of its middle class, and the nonage of its lower, is exactly at Lord Palmerston's level and not a bit beyond it; and even if it were not so, I do not myself feel such cordial reliance as some people do on what a foreign newspaper calls that 'robuste Pleiade des Bright, des John Stuart Mill, des Milner Gibson, des Gladstone, à qui appartient l'avenir.' But we shall see.

25*th October*.—I was interrupted for dinner; there are two Hôtels Baur here, one on the lake, the other in the town. This is the third time we have been here this year, and the two times before we were at the hotel on the lake; that is now closed, and we are at the hotel in the town; excellent, but with Swiss and not English habits; for instance, the *table d'hôte* is at half-past twelve

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o'clock. Yesterday we dined at seven and avoided the *table d'hôte*, but to-day I had to go out very early, so the half-past twelve o'clock *table d'hôte* just suited me, and we shall have supper, answering to dinner in England, about eight. We have very good rooms on the third floor which enables us, though we are in the town, to look over the houses opposite, and right away to the splendid line of the Glarus and Uri Alps; all now deep in snow half-way down. Yesterday was a regular day of storm, the wind so violent as to shake the house, and the rain spouting. This sort of weather is greatly wanted, even here. To-day the furious wind continues, but there is no rain; the weather is thoroughly broken, however, the stove is lighted in our room, and all the tourists are gone home. Zurich is a great commercial centre, and this inn is full, as it is all the winter, with travellers chiefly of the commercial class. The dinner we have just had—half-a-crown a head, including wine, and excellent—reminds one of Switzerland as it was before the English remade the hotels. We have been at Lucerne, as the schools here are only just reopened, and I wanted to see something of those in a Catholic canton. At Lucerne we had good weather, the first time I have ever had good weather at Lucerne, and certainly there is no more beautiful place in the whole world. And the blaze of colour now that the rain had brought the purple that was wanted, the bright green

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still of the pastures, the black green of the firs, the yellow gold of the poplars, walnuts, chestnuts, and wych elms, and the red gold of the beeches, and at the foot of it all the lake, and at the head of it all, the snowy line with Titlis, a mountain for whom Obermann has always given me a peculiar interest; then Lucerne itself with its curtain of old wall and trees and bridges, and the broad blue-green Reuss going through it. It required a day of mist and rain and penetrating damp, showing what the late autumn and winter at Lucerne are, to make it possible for one to depart. Tommy and I took the steamer on Sunday afternoon to Alpnach; the Alpnach arm of the lake goes among the recesses of the mountains as the Kussnacht arm goes among the opener pastoral country; and I have never seen anything more impressive than Pilatus as we gradually half-rounded him, and more solemn than the whole folding-in of the hills, at this autumnal season. Tommy is the best little traveller possible, and hitherto has had nothing the least like even a day's illness. But there is so much to do that I shall be glad to get home. To-morrow we hope to go to Basle, and on Saturday to Strassburg; in Paris we shall make very little stay, and hope to reach home by this day week at latest, or possibly to-morrow week. About Eber[1] how much shall I have to say to you! Flu sends all possible love. She has had

[1] See vol. xiii. p. 259.

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so much to do in writing to her mother and sisters, or she would have written. Did she tell you of Nelly telling Mrs. Tuffin to take care of a little comb I had given her? 'I wouldn't lose that comb, for *all my means*, Tuffy, because papa gave it me.'—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold

THE ATHENÆUM (*November* 1865).

MY DEAREST FAN—Thank dear mamma for her letter, but this week I will write to you, as I have two notes to thank you for. I have had a good deal from America, and was therefore the more interested in reading what you sent me. The *North American Review* for July had an article[1] on me which I like as well as anything I have seen. There is an immense public there, and this alone makes them of importance; but besides that, I had been struck in what I saw of them on the continent in the last few months, both with their intellectual liveliness and ardour, with which I had before been willing enough to credit them, as one of the good results of their democratic régime's emancipating them from the blinking and hushing-up system induced by our circumstances here—and also with the good effect their wonderful success had produced on them in giving them something really con-

[1] 'Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*.'

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siderable to rest upon, and freeing them from the necessity of being always standing upon their toes, crowing. I quite think we shall see the good result of this in their policy, as well as in the behaviour of individuals. An English writer may produce plenty of effect there, and this would satisfy people like Bright who think successful America will do quite as well for all they want, or even better, than successful England; but it will never satisfy me. Whatever Mary may say, or the English may think, I have a conviction that there is a real, an almost imminent danger of England losing immeasurably in all ways, declining into a sort of greater Holland, for want of what I must still call ideas, for want of perceiving how the world is going and must go, and preparing herself accordingly. This conviction haunts me, and at times even overwhelms me with depression; I would rather not live to see the change come to pass, for we shall all deteriorate under it. While there is time I will do all I can, and in every way, to prevent its coming to pass. Sometimes, no doubt, turning oneself one way after another, one must make unsuccessful and unwise hits, and one may fail after all; but try I must, and I know that it is only by facing in every direction that one can win the day.

I send you two American letters, which illustrate the notices you sent me. You need not return them. In all that has been said I have

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been struck with the much greater caring for my poems and knowledge of them than I had any notion of. This is what is chiefly remarkable in the *British Quarterly* article,[1]—this and the expressions of sympathy on the part of the Nonconformists with which the article concludes; but the *Review* I would by no means buy to see this. You can get it from Mudie's. There is also a curious letter to me in a curious book just published by a man who calls himself Henry Holbeach.[2]

This is a long letter all about myself. To conclude with a stroke of self-effacement, I am of opinion that my giving autographs is still 'premature.'

What would I give to be at Fox How? But I see no chance of it at present. A thoroughly uncomfortable four or five months is before me—and then—we shall see. Meanwhile I am pretty well, more disturbed by apprehension of the work before me, perhaps, than I shall be by the work itself. My love to dearest Mamma. —Your ever affectionate M. A.

[1] 'Matthew Arnold, Poet and Essayist,' *British Quarterly Review*, October 1865.

[2] *Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy*. 1866.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

November 18, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am feeling a little tired, but I am getting on with my lectures, and when they are once given I shall be able to set to work in earnest at my report. I took up by accident the other day at the club this new life of Frederick Robertson[1] which has just come out, and after I had read a page or two I could not stop till I had gone through the two volumes. It is a most interesting, remarkable life. I had once seen him, heard him preach, but he did not please me, and I did him no justice. Now I shall read his sermons which, from the impression I took, I had abstained from reading, and, very likely, I shall make him the subject of a lecture at Oxford. It is a mistake to put him with papa as the *Spectator* does: papa's greatness consists in his bringing such a torrent of freshness into English religion by placing history and politics in connection with it; Robertson's is a mere religious biography, but as a religious biography it is deeply interesting. And as the English do not really like being forced to widen their view, and to place history, politics, and other things in connection with religion, I daresay Robertson's life will be all the more

[1] The Rev. F. W. Robertson, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847-53.

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popular for its being so eminently and intensely a religious biography. The bits about papa are an account of his first lecture at Oxford, and an occasional mention here and there: Robertson had imbibed so much of him that there must be more about him somewhere in what he has left, one imagines, and one wants to know how and when the influence came.

You cannot think what a pleasure to Dick your letter and the presents were: it so happened he had had no letters on his birthday, and yours just put things right, for he had felt a little disappointed. And he is really now able to appreciate Scott, and was constantly looking at the book and asking about it. He is now gone back to school; we thought him not in his best looks, but he must grow and change. The two little girls have been with me to the city this morning by river, and Nelly insisted we were going back to 'Germany' again: it was a very pleasant expedition; little Tom was with us, and walked capitally all the way from here to Westminster. My love to dear Fan.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

CHESTER SQUARE,
Wednesday Morning (*December* 1865).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Your kind but imprudent invitation transported the boys

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with excitement, but in the first place they have engagements here to-morrow and Monday which they must keep; in the second, two youthful schoolboys are, for all but their own parents, a luxury to be enjoyed with moderation and for no unnecessary number of days at a time. Heaven forbid that any of them should be represented as having histrionic talent; on the contrary, they appear, giggle, and look sheepish, according to the most approved fashion of youthful actors. What I said to your daughters was that their musical turn made the songs which generally occur in the pieces they choose for acting, no difficulty for them.

When is the performance to take place? They might come down on Tuesday (with a maid) if that would give them time to learn their parts before the play came off. The two must be Trevenen and Dicky, for little Tom has one of his winter coughs, and is a fixture at home. But I really think you hardly know the avalanche you are attracting, and that you had better leave it. I must go for a few days to Westmorland, though I can ill spare the time, but my mother is not very well, and it is nearly a year and a half since I saw her.

I hope your invalid is, at least, no worse. Many, many happy years to you.—I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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TO MRS. FORSTER

To Mrs. Forster

Fox How, Ambleside,
Sunday (*January* 1866).

My dearest K.—If it is *perception* you want to cultivate in Florence[1] you had much better take some science (botany is perhaps the best for a girl, and I know Tyndall thinks it the best of all for educational purposes), and choosing a good handbook, go regularly through it with her. Handbooks have long been the great want for teaching the natural sciences, but this want is at last beginning to be supplied, and for botany a text-book based on Henslow's *Lectures*, which were excellent, has recently been published by Macmillan. I cannot see that there is much got out of learning the Latin Grammar except the mainly moral discipline of learning something much more exactly than one is made to learn anything else; and the verification of the laws of grammar, in the examples furnished by one's reading, is certainly a far less fruitful stimulus of one's powers of observation and comparison than the verification of the laws of a science like botany in the examples furnished by the world of nature before one's eyes. The sciences have been abominably taught, and by untrained people, but the moment properly trained people begin to teach them properly they fill such

[1] Mrs. Forster's niece and adopted daughter.

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a want in education as that which you feel in Florence's better than either grammar or mathematics, which have been forced into the service because they have been hitherto so far better studied and known. Grammar and pure mathematics will fill a much less important part in the education of the young than formerly, though the knowledge of the ancient world will continue to form a most important part in the education of mankind generally. But the way grammar is studied at present is an obstacle to this knowledge rather than a help to it, and I should be glad to see it limited to learning thoroughly the example-forms of words, and very little more — for beginners, I mean. Those who have a taste for philosophical studies may push them further, and with far more intelligible aids than our elementary grammars afterwards. So I should inflict on Florence neither Latin nor English grammar as an elaborate discipline; make her learn her French verbs very thoroughly, and do her French exercises very correctly; but do not go to grammar to cultivate in her the power you miss, but rather to science, — Ever your most affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 3, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It already seems a long, long time since I was with you, though you and dear Fan and the dear country often rise to my mind. I am now at work at my third lecture,[1] to be delivered this day fortnight, and from then till Easter I shall be incessantly at my report. I mean to do hardly anything for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, partly because it is not much use writing letters when I am immediately guessed, and so what I urge does not get the benefit of coming with the weight of impersonal newspaper authority—partly because the habit of newspaper writing would soon become too fascinating and exciting. I have the three next articles for the *Cornhill* as good as done. I think I told you that I cannot manage to send them to America, as Smith and Elder have an agreement with an American house which prevents me. But I shall publish in April my poem about Clough,[2] in *Macmillan*, and that I can send to America, and so fulfil my promise. There will be a good deal of talk about my *Cornhill* article.[3]

[1] A Professorial Lecture at Oxford on Celtic Literature.

[2] '*Thyrsis:* a monody, to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence, 1861.'

[3] 'My Countrymen,' reprinted in *Friendship's Garland.*

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I gather from Jane that you do not quite like it, but I am sure it was wanted, and will do good; and this, in spite of what the *Spectator* says, I really wish to do, and have my own ideas as to the best way of doing it. You see you belong to the *old* English time, of which the greatness and success was so immense and indisputable, that no one who flourished when it was at its height can ever lose the impression of it. Sir James Shuttleworth, who is a good judge, has just told me that without agreeing with every word, he entirely, on the whole, went along with the contents of the article, putting all questions of style and clever writing out of question, and that he thought the article timely and true. At the Stanleys' last night a good many people spoke to me about it, and with great amusement. I have received an indignant letter of expostulation from Lingen, however; but he thinks I want to exalt the actual aristocracy at the expense of the middle class, which is a total mistake, though I am obliged to proceed in a way which might lead a hasty and angry reader to think so. But there are certain things which it needs great dexterity to say, in a receivable manner, at all; and what I had to say I could only get said, to my thinking, in the manner I have said it. The *Spectator* you will see; the *Saturday* keeps silence; most of the other

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weekly newspapers mention it as the event of the *Cornhill*, very witty and suggestive, and so on.

To-night we have a dinner-party — the Forsters, the John Duke Coleridges, Lord and Lady Robert Montagu, Mallet of the Board of Trade, and Georgina. I think that will do very well. A kiss to Fan and my love to Rowland. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 23, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have just finished my lecture, am not satisfied with it, and feel bilious and good for nothing. Happily it is often the case that what I am dissatisfied with at the time of writing, turns out afterwards to be better than I expected; and when one has to treat a subtle matter such as I have been treating now, the marks of a Celtic leaven subsisting in the English spirit and its productions, it is very difficult to satisfy oneself. However, I shall see how it looks to-morrow; at any rate, the lecture is finished, and now I can turn with uninterrupted constancy to my report. We dine to-night at Lady Wightman's; last night we dined with the Slades; the night before dear K. dined with us, and that was the pleasantest dinner I have had for

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a long time; the night before that we dined at Lady Westmorland's, and that was pleasant, though not so pleasant as my dinner with Julian Fane[1] at Vienna. I think I told you of Carlyle's being so full of my article; I hear that Bright is full of it also, but I have not yet heard any particulars of what Bright says. Carlyle almost wholly approves, I hear; I am going to see him. The country newspapers have had a great deal about it; two leading articles in the *Edinburgh Courant*, not by any means unfavourable, but trying to use it for their own Tory purposes. The Whig newspapers are almost all unfavourable, because it tells disagreeable truths to the class which furnishes the great body of what is called the Liberal interest. But I will really put my hand on what I can collect and send it to you. I have been so bothered with my lecture I have done nothing else I meant to do. Thank dear Fan for sending me the *Westmorland Gazette*. Every one is beginning to talk of a new religious book called *Ecce Homo*.[2] Macmillan wanted to give me the book when it first came out, but I said I should not read it till I must. I imagine it will be infinitely more palatable to the English religious world than Renan's book was; indeed, the review in the *Guardian* may

[1] Lady Westmorland's son.

[2] *Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* 1866.

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be taken, I suppose, as proof of this. Still the book is by all accounts very far from what is called orthodoxy; it must be, when many people attribute it to George Eliot, Miss Evans. However, James Martineau told me to-day he was quite positive it was not by her. My love to dear Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *Feb.* 28, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am rather headachy and out of spirits, as often happens to me at the beginning of a troublesome job, such as my report will be; but when I have got my hand fairly in with it I shall be all right again, I have no doubt. The great thing is, as Napoleon said, *savoir se borner*, there are such numberless temptations to be led off into non-essential matters, which, both to study and to write of, take valuable time, that to fix clearly in one's mind what information one wishes to give, and to give no more, is indispensable.

I am more interested than I can well say in the thought of Fan going to Paris; indeed, at first I said to Flu that I thought I must go over for two or three days to be with her there, which notion Flu greatly approved; however, I have no time. She must have me with her in her first visit to Switzerland. I care for that

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more even than to see her in her first sight of Paris, though I should very much like that too. Paris will not astonish her so much as if it was the Paris of twenty years ago, and she had arrived at it by post instead of rail; one comes too rapidly upon Switzerland also nowadays; but what is unchangeable in Switzerland itself remains, and I know no one who would feel it more than Fan, or whose pleasure in it I should so like to share. And we will go some day when there is a short time in my life of cares. We shall not leave town till the beginning of May, so we shall certainly see you, and indeed would on no account miss you, above all, when there is this journey of Fan's to hear about. You can take us or K. first as you like, but I think it is perhaps best to take the little house before the big one. We dine with them to-night; the De Greys and Goschens are to be there. There is an article in the *Times* to the effect that the Ministry[1] are out; but I believe there is no truth in it; and, if this should prove to be the case, the credit of the *Times*, already somewhat suffering, will sink still more. I had a good audience on Saturday, but not so many as last time; in truth, the subject[2] is not fitted for show-lectures, and I am even doubtful whether it is not a little too scientific for the *Cornhill*, the dose of science which the general

[1] Lord Russell's second Administration.
[2] Celtic Literature.

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reader in this country can stand being so very small. You will tell me what you think of the first part in this *Cornhill;* no other part, unluckily, will have so much that is light and popularly readable in it. . . . Tom[1] was all right, dear old boy, and we had an hour's walk by the Cherwell, which did me more good than any walk I have had for a long time. If I had Tom near me he would be the greatest possible solace and refreshment to me. Now I must go home and dress; dear Dick comes home on Saturday, but returns Monday. Kiss Fan for me, and give my love to Rowland.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 10, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—First of all thank dear Fan for her letter. I had not seen the *Examiner* or the *Illustrated London News* till she told me of them. The *Examiner* was very amusing, and I must get it for Flu. Our morality is something, no doubt. Our being able to say what we like is, in my opinion, absolutely nothing to boast of or exult in, unless we are really made better by it, and more able to think and say such things as be rightful. We may like it and imagine it impossible to do without it; but it is, in itself, no *virtue*, it

[1] His brother.

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confers no excellence. I should be sorry to be a Frenchman, German, or American, or anything but an Englishman; but I know that this native instinct which other nations, too, have does not prove one's superiority, but that one has to achieve this by undeniable excellent performance.

I do not think papa thought of the Saxon and Celt mutually needing to be completed by each other; on the contrary, he was so full of the sense of the Celt's vices, want of steadiness, and want of plain truthfulness, vices to him particularly offensive, that he utterly abhorred him and thought him of no good at all. Jane, too, to whom I spoke of this, is clearly of the same opinion, and indeed I have not a doubt of it. He thought our rule in Ireland cruel and unjust, no doubt. He was not blind to faults in the Saxon; but can you show me a single line, in all he has written, testifying to his sense of any virtues and graces in the Celt? Ask Tom what he thinks.

I have wasted a week in applying for a vacant Charity Commissionership, which I shall not get, but I was rather egged on by my friends at the Council Office to apply to Lord Russell for it. It would have given me £300 a year more salary, and an independent instead of a subordinate position, and I am much interested in the possible application of the Charities to some great and sound education scheme. But I

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believe a lawyer is thought necessary for the place, and very likely this is quite right, and I believe they have a remarkably good lawyer offering himself. But my friends have been very kind about it, and it will probably do me no harm to have brought my name thus before Lord Russell.

My dearest mother, you must certainly come to us first if you do not come to town sooner than you say, for on the first or second of May we shall be departing. But more of this another time. I have a note from Tennyson which Fan will value as an autograph. I meet him at dinner at Lord Strangford's this day week.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 17, 1866.

MY DEAR MOTHER—Pray do not ask me about my report, for it only worries me, till I have done it, to have inquiries made about it and to have to answer them. I am, if you ask me, getting on as badly as possible with it, but done it will be in the course of the next six weeks, and I daresay when it is done it will not be so bad. But it scarcely ever happens to me that everything I am about runs smooth or gives me satisfaction while I am about it. This makes me shrink from setting to work till the last

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minute. I have got the proofs of the second part of my 'Celtic' papers corrected, and the third part written, though I am not satisfied with it, or sure whether I shall publish it in May. This next month I have two things, a poem[1] in *Macmillan* and the 'Celtic' paper in the *Cornhill*. I don't know whether you see the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but there has been a long letter this week, professing to be by a Frenchman, in answer to 'My Countrymen.' I am sure it is by a woman I know something of in Paris, a half Russian, half English woman who married a Frenchman. The first part is not good, and perhaps when the second part appears I shall write a short and light letter by way of reply. To-night I meet Tennyson at dinner at Lord Strangford's. Last night Flu and I dined with the Forsters, and it was very pleasant: only ourselves, and William did not go back to the House till eleven o'clock. To-morrow we are at home. On Monday the Forsters and, I hope, Walter dine with us; on Tuesday we have a dinner-party—the Henleys (she was Agnes Walrond), Frank Lawley, the Bensons, the Curries, and Mrs. Slade, Wyndham being on circuit; on Wednesday we dine with the Walronds; on Thursday with the John Peels (he is his cousin's colleague at Tamworth, and the daughter admires my poems); on Friday we dine with the Bensons; on Saturday I dine

[1] *Thyrsis.*

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with the Grant Duffs, a men's party, to meet a Russian traveller. So we are pretty well supplied for this week. I am rather troubled to find that Tennyson is at work on a subject, the story of the Latin poet Lucretius, which I have been occupied with for some twenty years. I was going to make a tragedy out of it, and the worst of it is that every one, except the few friends who have known that I had it in hand, will think I borrowed the subject from him. So far from this, I suspect the subject was put into his head by ——, who knew I was busy with it. I shall probably go on, however, but it is annoying, the more so as I cannot possibly go on at present so as to be ready this year, but must wait till next. The children are very well, and dear little Tom getting on most successfully at his school. I did not get the Commissionership, but I had heard enough to convince me that only a lawyer would be appointed, and I had been so frightened by what I was told of the terrors of the post for one who was not a lawyer, that it was a relief to me when it was given to some one else. The truth is, I see nothing except a Secretaryship for Middle Class Education which would really suit me, under my circumstances, better than the post I hold. My love to dear Fan. I will send her Tennyson's note.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

The first spring day, and what would I not give to have spent it at Fox How!

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To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 24, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I send Fan Tennyson's note. If you can let me have a line of papa's writing—if possible with his signature—I shall be glad. I send you also an extract which came anonymously to me yesterday. It will show you what it is so hard to people who flourished about 1815 to believe, how foreigners actually do at the present day speak of us.

I daresay Edward, if he sent you the *Pall Mall* with Horace's letter, will have also sent you the *Pall Mall* with my answer. If not, you shall have it from me. I was glad to have an opportunity to disclaim that positive admiration of things foreign, and that indifference to English freedom, which have often been imputed to me, and to explain that I do not disparage freedom, but take it for granted as our condition, and go on to consider other things. All this I have said in the way which best, perhaps, enables these notions to penetrate, for penetrate they certainly do. People seem much taken with my answer, and now I can leave the matter. I do not know whether you saw an article in the *Pall Mall* on my Celtic paper. It was by Lord Strangford, a *savant* of the very first force on these subjects, and gave me great pleasure. This forthcoming *Cornhill* will

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contain the second Celtic paper, which I should have thought might be too much sheer disquisition for the *Cornhill* readers. However, the editor wished to have it, and I am glad to deal in sheer disquisition sometimes, and to leave irony and the Philistines.

I dine out to-night, and again on Tuesday, but then Easter makes a fortnight's break in our engagements, which I shall not be sorry for, that I may do something in an evening, too, at my Report. We are expecting Budge home to-night. He has been complaining of headache in the top of his head, and the doctor there seems to have a notion of his having had some slight sunstroke in the summer, of which we know nothing. We are anxious to have him home, that Dr. Hutton, and, if necessary, some one else, may see him. Delightful letters from Dick, who comes home on Wednesday. We have not yet entirely settled about letting the house—at any rate, we shall be here all April.

A south-west wind to-day, and what would I give to be in Rydal Head, or at this moment—six o'clock—coming down by Mirror Pool, with daffodils and spring flowers about me, to get to Fox How about dark and dine with you and Fan! . . . Alexander, the Dean of Emly,[1] is going to give one of the Dublin Lectures this year on my poems. A pleasant journey to you. I shall have a bad month or six weeks still with

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Derry; and Archbishop of Armagh.

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my Report, but May and June I hope to be in a condition to enjoy. I heard the debate on Oxford Tests. Coleridge very good, but manner even better than matter.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

2 CHESTER SQUARE, S.W.,
April 7, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Many thanks for your letter, and tell that dear old Edward that I keep his note as a memorial of his duckishness. Tell him that the diction of the poem[1] was modelled on that of Theocritus, whom I have been much reading during the two years this poem has been forming itself, and that I meant the diction to be so artless as to be almost heedless. However, there is a mean which must not be passed, and before I reprint the poem I will consider well all objections. The images are all from actual observation, on which point there is an excellent remark in Wordsworth's notes, collected by Miss Fenwick. The cuckoo on the wet June morning I heard in the garden at Woodford, and all those three stanzas you like are reminiscences of Woodford. Edward has, I think, fixed on the two stanzas I myself like best in 'O easy access' and 'And long the way appears.' I also like 'Where is the girl,'

[1] *Thyrsis.*

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and the stanza before it, but that is because they bring certain places and moments before me. I have heard nothing about the poem, except that Bradley is greatly pleased with it. It is probably too *quiet* a poem for the general taste, but I think it will stand wear. The number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* just out has an article on me, which came upon me quite unexpectedly. It is by a M. Etienne, of whom I know nothing. I will send it to you in a few days, as you will all like to see it. The spring weather about Good Friday made me long to be in the country, but the return of this harsh weather has made me quite content to be in London, and to put our country move later. I think I told you we had let the house from the third of May till the middle of July.

I think the defections from the Ministry are showing themselves to be more numerous than was imagined ten days ago. Gladstone's speech was by no means a rallying-cry. Bright did the Bill[1] great harm (in London at least) by his letter,[2] and I think things look rather shaky for them.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

[1] The Reform Bill.

[2] To a public meeting at Birmingham; demanding a demonstration in favour of Reform.

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TO J. C. SHAIRP

To J. C. Shairp[1]

THE ATHENÆUM, *April* 12, 1866.

MY DEAR SHAIRP—To prevent all mistakes, and leave you without excuse in case of misconduct, I write a line to tell you that we have let our house (2 Chester *Square*) and are going out of town on the 1st of May. But we shall not go far—perhaps to Woodford in Epping Forest, where I heard, two years ago, the cuckoo I have brought in in *Thyrsis*; and, wherever we go, our address may be got at the Privy Council Office, and you will be inexcusable if you do not get it and communicate with me. I will take care that we meet, if you do not, in your shabby way, slip through London unperceived.

It gives me great pleasure that you and Sellar like *Thyrsis*. *Multi multa loquuntur: ideo fides parum est adhibenda*, says Thomas à Kempis; but the voices I do turn to are the voices of our old set, now so scattered, who, at the critical moment of opening life, were among the same influences and (more or less) sought the same things as I did myself. What influences those before and after us have been or may be among, or what things they have sought or may seek, God knows. Perhaps the same as we, but we cannot know, cannot, therefore, be sure of understanding them and their criticisms on what we do.

[1] See vol. xiii. p. 26.

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Thyrsis is a very quiet poem, but I think solid and sincere. It will not be popular, however. It had long been in my head to connect Clough with that Cumner country, and when I began I was carried irresistibly into this form; you say, truly, however, that there is much in Clough (the whole *prophet* side, in fact) which one cannot deal with in this way, and one has the feeling, if one reads the poem as a memorial poem, that not enough is said about Clough in it; I feel this so much that I do not send the poem to Mrs. Clough. Still Clough *had* this idyllic side, too; to deal with this suited my desire to deal again with that Cumner country: anyway, only so could I treat the matter this time. *Valeat quantum.* Do not let Mrs. Shairp forget me.—Yours ever affectionately,

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

West Humble, Dorking,
May 24, 1866.

My dear Lady de Rothschild—I was very near giving up some business in the City yesterday in order to come and see you in Grosvenor Place. I find now it was as well I preferred business to pleasure, as I should have neglected my duty and yet been disappointed of my visit. I thought Sir Anthony

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told me one day that I met him in Piccadilly that you were coming back early in May. I have let my house in London, and am living in a little place, of which the name, as you see, perfectly suits the occupant's nature. As for paying you a visit at Aston Clinton, I have in the next two months, besides my usual school work, to look over thirty sacred poems, the same number of Newdigates (the Oxford prize poem), ten Latin poems, and several English essays; to give a lecture on Celtic poetry, of which, as the *Saturday Review* truly says, I know nothing, to write a Latin speech, and to report on the secondary instruction of the Continent of Europe. So I think I had better keep quiet at West Humble. Why do not *you* come over and hear me lecture at Oxford on Saturday at two in the afternoon? This is just the moment for seeing Oxford, and the gardens would repay you for the bore of a lecture. The country hereabouts is perfectly beautiful. We heard of our farmhouse quite by accident from the Hobarts, who often come here. The Miss Thackerays are, I hear, established in another farmhouse somewhere near. I look out of my window on the woods and roof of Deep Dene, of which I remember your talking to me. Let me hear of you, pray, and when you leave Aston Clinton, and where you go to. My kindest remembrances to your daughters.—Yours ever sincerely,

M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

Dicky has just been at home for the holidays at Whitsuntide. He had been enchanted to find in his geography book that Frankfort was the native place of the Rothschilds.

To his Mother

WEST HUMBLE, DORKING,
May 25, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It was a great pleasure to me to have your letter. I do not at all object to the word *interesting*, which I often use, and, indeed, it is indispensable. But the Dean of Emly's *interesting* lecture on me I have not seen, nor any notice of it. He is a man with a dash of genius in him, so what he says is worth seeing. I have not seen any notices of myself lately, though I have heard of several, and the Celtic papers are certainly producing an effect far beyond what I had ventured to hope. This is a great pleasure to me, and a proof how much there is in the way of presenting a subject, for certainly a more hopeless subject in itself to approach the British public with one could hardly imagine. Few things I should like better than for Fan to hear the lecture I am going to give at Oxford to-morrow. It is the best of the four, I think, and the most interesting. It concludes the series. I never wish to be heard by my parents. I should not have liked papa to hear me lecture, and that is why I say

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Fan and not you. But I very much liked your being interested in the last of my Celtic papers, the more so as I had made up my mind, to prevent disappointment, to expect none but the special dealers in the subject to be interested. This lecture which I am going to give to-morrow will not appear till the July *Cornhill*. In the June number I have nothing, nor shall I have anything in the August one. I am now entirely given to my Report, so far, at least, as I can get freedom to give myself entirely to anything. At any rate, I stay quietly here a great deal. The beauty of this country has perfectly astonished me. Herman Merivale says it is the most enchanting country in England, just this neighbourhood of Dorking between Box Hill and Leith Hill, and I am not sure but he is right. It has the climate, vegetation, and old, made places of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, and the shaping of the hills is far beyond what I had expected. Box Hill comes down upon us like the side of Loughrigg, and Leith Hill is 900 feet high, only some 100 feet lower than Loughrigg. The box and juniper are everywhere. Edward, who is not easy to please out of Devonshire, was in raptures. It was very pleasant to have him, and see him between Lucy and Nelly at lunch, choosing to be there rather than with a side of the table to himself, in the highest spirits, and turning from one child to the other. Dicky was at home too, looking his very best;

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and Nelly is brown with health, and Lucy red. Tom is, for him, blooming. The little girls go out with their mamma and me, and twitter like two little birds all the way, the cowslips, wild hyacinths, and May making them beside themselves with joy. We have the run of the places round us, and Evelyn,[1] who sent very kind messages to you, gave us before he went to Norway the run of Wotton, which is five miles off on the side of Leith Hill—an excellent object for a drive. And it has a well-preserved trout stream, to which I shall pay my respects when the wind changes, but so long as that is in the east no amount of sun can make me think the weather anything but disagreeable. I am plagued with lumbago. That, too, is a benefit of the east wind. Lady Wightman comes down to us to-morrow. Fan's letter just received. Is that the long detailed account of your visit to Oxford she was to send me? We dine out to-night—a horrid bore. Kiss the two boys for me, and give my love to Aunt Jane.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

West Humble, *June* 10, 1866.

My dearest Mother—I meant to have written yesterday, but by the time I had

[1] W. J. Evelyn, of Wotton, afterwards M.P.

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written seven letters the carriage was at the door, and we had to start for a drive to Cold Harbour, a little village lying in the gorge between Leith Hill and Ridland, with heather, and pine, and sandy cliff, and immense views across the weald of Surrey and Sussex to the South Downs by Chichester and Arundel. We have not hired a carriage here, having had so many misadventures with our hiring at Woodford, but from an inn near, where the horses and carriages are good, we get what we want as we want it. Yesterday we had a waggonette, and our party was Flu, myself, Tom, and the two little girls. Flu gets a drive in this way about three times a week, and enjoys it very much. This is our wedding day. We have been fifteen years married, and it seems as if it was only last week. Certainly I feel no older, and that is one great benefit of going on reading and thinking, one's sense of a freshness and newness in things remains. I send you a note I have just had from Lytton Bulwer, as I am not sure whether Fan has the autograph. If she has, she had better send it back to me, as I have some few friends —children—who are collectors. I am now plagued with my Latin speech for Wednesday. Not a word written yet, and I do not even know what to write about—what have been the University events of the year, and who are to have degrees. But I shall make it very short,

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and not a syllable will be heard in the uproar of that absurd scene.[1] I shall go up on Tuesday evening, and sleep at Tom's; thus I can avoid all dinner-partying, and go by the last train from London. On Wednesday after luncheon I shall return here again. I shall offer Julia my semi-circle ticket, though Lady Mayne has asked for it, because I think Julia has the first claim. It is very hot, and seems blowing up for a storm. Is the Rotha very low? I find myself with a great desire for the rivers of mountain countries. I saw Dr. Davy after my lecture, and was glad he had been pleased. The old Head[2] of Jesus said audibly after a pause when I finished, 'The Angel ended. . . .' I have done all, and more than all, I hoped to do by these lectures, whether a Professorship of Celtic is immediately founded or not. To-night the little girls, who are in glorious health, dine with us and drink champagne. This day week I hope we shall have the Forsters and Walter with us. Kiss Fan for me, and my love to Aunt Jane, whom I should much like to set eyes on once again. This is a shabby note, but it is to save my honour. I will write again about Thursday.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] The Encænia at Oxford.
[2] Dr. Williams, Principal of Jesus College.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

WEST HUMBLE, *June* 30, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Your long double letter and anecdotes deserved a speedier answer. Everything about Wordsworth and Coleridge is interesting. Papa's letter was curious. Certainly if one of our boys now wrote such a letter we should call it prim, if not priggish. Much is due, no doubt, to the greater formality of sixty years ago, but I imagine that it really was not till after he had grown up that papa got that freedom of nature and humour which we all associate with him, and which were so charming. In return for your anecdotes I must tell you one about Lucy. She was on the lawn with Flu and Mrs. Slade when the cat jumped out of the bushes with a bird in her mouth. Mrs. Slade called out, 'Oh, that horrid cat has got a bird'; but, as she herself says, for a thousand birds she should not have ventured to interfere. Lucy sprang on the cat, seized it by the throat, made it drop the bird, pushed it away, and stroked and smoothed the bird for a minute or two till it flew off quite happy. The charming thing is, she had not a notion of doing anything remarkable, and is troubled about having given the cat a violent push from her, and says, 'I couldn't help giving

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the cat a slap, but I hope I didn't hurt it, because you know, mamma, it was its nature to kill birds.'

Dicky came home yesterday, looking splendidly well. To-day he goes with me to Wotton, to fish and bathe in the bathing-house. We had a beautiful drive yesterday between slopes red with the wild strawberry; and the wild flowers are so abundant and so curious, this confluence of the chalk and the greensand being extraordinarily favourable for them, that I often wish for Fan to see them with me. We have got Miss Pratt's book,[1] and verify unceasingly; but a third volume is much wanted, as so many flowers are absent from the two published; for instance, there is not a single saxifrage in them.

William turned up yesterday for an hour, on his way to Dover to get lodgings. I am very glad for his sake they are out. I think he had held his Under-Secretaryship as long as was desirable, and is now much better free. For the out-going Government[2] I have no attachment whatever, and at this moment, when foreign affairs are so all-important, I am glad that the Ministry which is directly answerable for the ignoble figure we

[1] *Wild-flowers*, by Anne Pratt. Published by the S.P.C.K.

[2] Lord Russell's Government, having been defeated on Lord Dunkellin's amendment to the Reform Bill, resigned office, and were succeeded by the Conservatives under Lord Derby, June 26, 1866.

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at present cut in the eyes of the Continent should not represent us. The Tories may, and probably ought to, do nothing; but, at any rate, it is their good fortune not, like Lord ——, to have made us look ridiculous and vain-boastful; and they do not, like a Liberal Government, lean on that class whose vulgarity makes it hard for a Minister, who wants to please them, not to make England look ridiculous, vain-boastful, and ignoble. Neither Liberal Governments nor Conservative Governments will do for the nation what it most wants; but perhaps a Liberal Government flatters and foments most its worst faults. Now I have said enough to drive Miss Martineau stark mad. Dicky has just come in *in trousers*. It breaks one's heart to think of his changing the dress that one knows him so by. Budge does not come for a fortnight. My Report plagues me dreadfully.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *July* 27, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have just inspected my last school. Budge goes back to Dr. Vincent's on this day month, the 27th of August, and my present notion is by this day month to have got my Report off my hands, to deposit Budge at Dr. Vincent's, and

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to go on either into Scotland or to Wales for ten days or so to get some change and rest, then to return home and bring Flu to Fox How. But all this is of necessity somewhat uncertain, only I shall at least work the better for having it as my plan before me. I am doing better with my Report, but I cannot yet say that I am getting on as I should like with it. But I hope this next week will bring a great change. While other people read the cholera returns, I hope to fix my mind entirely on this Report, and to work at least three hours every morning and three hours every afternoon at it.

We have had a disturbed time, and both last night and Tuesday I was under the gallery of the House of Commons to hear what was said about the rioting.[1] On the Monday night we were on our balcony, and saw the crowd break into our square, throw a few stones at Sir R. Mayne's windows opposite us, and then be dispersed by the police. The whole thing has been an exhibition of mismanagement, imprudence, and weakness almost incredible; but things being as they are in this country, perhaps the turn the matter has taken is not to be regretted. Even W——'s absurd behaviour and talking and shilly-shallying and crying have been of use in bringing about a state of good feeling in which the disturbance may gradually die away without either side getting

[1] Consequent on the loss of the Reform Bill.

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a victory. Not that I do not think it, in itself, a bad thing that the principle of authority should be so weak here; but whereas in France, since the Revolution, a man feels that the power which represses him is the *State*, is *himself*, here a man feels that the power which represses him is the Tories, the upper class, the aristocracy, and so on; and with this feeling he can, of course, never without loss of self-respect accept a formal beating, and so the thing goes on smouldering. If ever there comes a more equal state of society in England, the power of the State for repression will be a thousand times stronger.

My letter on Geist[1] has been a great success, and I hear of it wherever I go. I understand what you feel about my graver and gayer manner, but there is a necessity in these things, and one cannot always work precisely as one would. To be able to work anyhow for what one wishes — always supposing one has real faith that what one wishes is good and needful —is a blessing to be thankfully accepted.

To Mrs. Grant Duff

THE ATHENÆUM, *September* 17, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. GRANT DUFF—My visit certainly was delightful, and I shall long feel the

[1] In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 21, 1866.

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better for it. Imagine the *Morning Star* copying the paragraph from the Banffshire paper! But it is unlucky so much stress was laid upon its being my 'first salmon capture,' as all my friends maliciously ask me if I have caught any more.

A dreadful, canny Scottish youth at the station endeavoured to defraud me by promising to give me change presently, taking my money, and handing me my ticket; and then, just as the train was coming in, and I asked for my change, telling me that he had none, and was not bound to give it. 'Then give me back my sovereign,' said I, 'and here's your ticket.' 'Na, na,' said the ingenuous youth, '*ye've bought that ticket!*' A carpenter at work there kindly got me out of my difficulty by producing the change and promising to get it out of the young usurer; but beg your husband, the next time he passes that way, to exhort the youth, with menaces of pit and gallows, against such tricks upon travellers.

I slept at Perth, and found the inn at the station better than the other. The next morning was beautiful at Perth, but it changed as we got southward, and we passed the Lake country in rain worthy that district's reputation. Our train was an hour late in London, but I found Mrs. Arnold and the boys still up and waiting for me. If the doctor will let us, we start to-morrow week for the lakes, but we shall be back here before the end of October, and

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mind that we have notice when you are coming through in your descent upon Italy.

My very kind regards to your husband; I did not half enough tell either of you how I enjoyed myself during my week at Eden.—Yours ever sincerely, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *September* 17, 1866.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I virtuously made up my mind that nothing should induce me to stay more than ten days away from my Report; and as these ten days were all wanted for the visit I had promised to pay, four of them being taken up by travelling, and as I wished to be kept out of temptation, I thought it best to know nothing of your whereabouts till my return, and therefore I did not write to you. Now I am come back, having, as perhaps you have seen from the 'Public Journals,' caught *a* salmon. They did not add that I caught no more, the weather being detestable and the rivers ink-black, and that I missed all the birds and four-footed things at which I fired. I was entirely on the plain (in all senses) side of Scotland, but from Stirling and Perth I looked with longing eyes at the Highland hills. I wonder whereabouts among them you have been; pray write and tell me. I feel sure you never got to

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Skye, and indeed should not be surprised to hear that with your vast party and uncertain plans you had never got beyond Edinburgh, or perhaps even Scarborough. I have come back to this deserted but still agreeable city for a week's work; and we shall then go to Westmorland till about the end of October, taking your friends Lucy and Nelly with us. You have of course seen with pleasure the inhuman attacks of which I have been made the victim in the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*. I shall perhaps do penance in a little preface when I publish my Celtic articles in a book. My kindest regards to your daughters, and remember me to Sir Anthony.—Yours ever most sincerely, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, *October* 13, 1866.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I read through your speech in the *Times* last night with the greatest possible pleasure and concurrence; it seems to me the best 'deliverance' you have yet made (as your Presbyterian friends would say), but perhaps it is only that it is so especially well timed. You have not yet had your deserts in public life, but as things are now going you are in a fair way to have them. All you say about Lowe is good, but the *Times* wrests it to a special praise of his education policy, which I assure you does not deserve praise, and was

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actuated, I believe, mainly by an unintelligent contempt and bore at the educationists; boring and contemptible in many ways they are, I admit, but I call it unintelligent in a statesman to contemn them and be bored by them when he ought, like Shuttleworth, to turn them to account. This is a long story, however, and I do not see in your speech any special commendation of Lowe's education measures to justify what the *Times* says. I am sorry you did not put in a word about Bruce;[1] business without clap-trap ought to be encouraged. But I think the speech excellent, and will not go on regretting and excepting any more.

We have the sort of weather you told me we ought to have had at Eden. The fishing here is absolutely nothing, but I daresay you need a fortnight's drought to take the ink out of the Deveron. What a beautiful river that is! I am sorry you should have had any trouble, but glad that dour and tenacious young Scotchman at your station should have been blown up. I had a very good letter from Buchanan, tell Mrs. Grant Duff with my very kind regards, written in answer to the one I sent him from Eden, inspired by her reading of his poetry, I wish I heard it (her reading, not his poetry) every evening. Mind I hear of your coming to town. I have just read two quartos on Italian universities and schools; severe work, but improving.

[1] See vol. xiii. p. 315.

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We go back to London this day week.—
Yours ever most sincerely, M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

Fox How, Ambleside, *October* 15, 1866.

My dear Lady de Rothschild—I am afraid it is out of the question my going to Aston Clinton or anywhere else so long as my Report remains, as it still does, unfinished. I have been waiting to see if Italy, with which I am now busy, would compress herself so as to leave me a little room for a holiday at the end of this month, but she entirely refuses. I have had to read two quartos about Italian schools and universities, and the style of modern Italian is so diffuse and tedious, has so entirely lost the good habits of Latin and French, that I would almost as soon have had to read two quartos of German. Germany comes next, but most of what I have to read for Germany is already read; however, till the end of the year I shall be hampered and worried, and unable to pay a single visit, or even to go to Oxford to give my lecture.

I have just told Nelly I was writing to you, upon which she cried out, 'Give my darling love—*to the little dog!*' She and Lucy will have had a delightful month here; we have had only one day of regular rain, and more than a fortnight without any rain at all. The ferns are

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red, and the woods all colours, and this country looking its very best, as in October it generally does. But I have been unable either to fish, shoot, or take mountain walks, because of this abominable Report, and have been reduced to enjoying the country from the windows, or in short and rapid *constitutionals*. On Saturday we return to London, and there we shall be till May. You must let me know some day when you come up, and unless my inspection duties are very adverse, I will appear at luncheon. We passed your hills in a gleam that made them look really beautiful, and depend upon it Aston Clinton in November, or even October, is a great deal better than Braemar. So my kindest regards to your daughters, and tell them not to be discontented. Pray remember me, too, very kindly to Sir Anthony, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, very sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
November 3, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I came home last night after three days in Suffolk, a county with a physiognomy of its own, and which I like. I have had a troublesome cold, but it is now, I hope, passing away. Lake[1] has turned up,

[1] Afterwards Dean of Durham.

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looking very gray, but I always see him with pleasure for the sake of old times. I am sorry to say he gives a very bad account of the poor Bishop of London's[1] health still. I am told what is said of papa in the notice of Cotton[2] in to-day's *Times* is very good, but I have not yet had time to read it. I have scrambled through the second volume of the Archbishop's[3] Life, and while the old impression of the sifting and clearing power (up to a certain point) of his mind and conversation has been wonderfully revived, I have found, too, something touching and spiritual which very much moves and interests me, and which gives me a sense of depth and rest in the man which his writings never give, and personal intercourse with him seldom, I think, gave. I have just seen John Duke Coleridge, who speaks of Whately very severely, and in so speaking speaks as many others, but I think this book will do his reputation good. We had a small dinner-party the other night of pleasant and clever people individually; Twistleton, Froude, and Odo Russell, but they did not exactly amalgamate, and it was not so pleasant as it ought to have been. The Manual[4] of Bishop Wilson, which I took away from Fox How, is my constant companion. I very much like the

[1] Dr. Tait. [2] Bishop of Calcutta.
[3] Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.
[4] 'Maxims of Piety and Christianity,' by Thomas Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man.

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autograph in the first page, but the book itself, which I have now nearly got through reading, re-reading, and re-rereading, is delightful to me and just the sort of book I like. So its peaceful slumbers in the study have not been disturbed for nothing. And now I must go to work, and, I hope, finish Italy. My work spreads and spreads before me, and when I shall be fairly through it I don't know. Love to all at Fox How. A kiss to Fan, who should write more frequently.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

ATHENÆUM, *November* 9, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—As to 'note,' it is used in the sense of the Latin word *nota* to mean a *mark*. It has long been used in theology, and from thence I took it.[1]

We had a very pleasant dinner-party last night which grew up out of small beginnings. First, I had asked Lake to dine quite alone with us, then a M. Milsand, a Frenchman and a remarkable writer, who had been very civil to me when I was in Paris last year, called unexpectedly, and I added him to Lake; then I found Milsand was staying with Browning, and I added Browning; then Lord Houghton went

[1] See 'The Literary Influence of Academies' in *Essays in Criticism*.

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with me and William Forster to Spurgeon's lecture, and, having asked William of course to dine if he stayed in London, I found that Lord Houghton was a friend of Milsand's, and so I asked him too; then Flu suggested that we ought to ask the Custs, which was very true, so we asked them; and they all came. This is how one's resolutions of having no more dinner-parties get set aside. Welsh[1] really excelled herself, which, as seven of the party were men, and men, as Fanny Lucy civilly says, 'are such pigs about their dinner,' was just as well; everybody made themselves pleasant, and it did extremely well. Milsand speaks beautiful English, and William found out that he had once reviewed some essay of Milsand's about the Quakers. Spurgeon's lecture was well worth hearing, though, from William's getting us places of honour on the bench close behind Spurgeon, we did not see or hear him to such advantage as the less-favoured public in the body of the hall. It was a study in the way of speaking and management of the voice; though his voice is not beautiful as some people call it, nor is his pronunciation quite pure. Still, it is a most striking performance, and reminded me very much of Bright's. Occasionally there were bits in which he showed unction and real feeling; sometimes he was the mere dissenting Philistine; but he kept up one's interest and attention for

[1] The cook.

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more than an hour and a half, and that is the great thing. I am very glad I have heard him.

I slept at Copford the night before last, but now I have done my country schools, and have nothing to take me out of London till next April. I wrote in the train going down to Suffolk and posted from Melford, the place where I inspected, a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* about Prussian tenant-right, based on what I got out of George Bunsen last Sunday in addition to what I had picked up at Berlin. I see the *Morning Star* has reprinted the letter, and you would be amused to see 'Mr. Matthew Arnold on the *Times*' placarded on the *Morning Star* placards about London. The letter has been successful, and Browning and John Duke Coleridge have both been telling me that it is impossible to over-rate the effect these letters produce and the change they promise to work. The fact is, it is the one way in which in this country many things that have to be said *can* be said so as to reach those who read them. I like to think that the *Star*, in order to get the benefit of the irony on landlordism, has to digest the irony on 'dissentism.' I daresay some of the papers to-morrow will have something about it; at any rate I think I have made the knowledge of Stein's land reforms *popular*, which was no easy feat, any one would have said before yesterday.

Italy is done at last, and now for Germany

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and Switzerland. I shall have a pretty clear month to work at them in.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

ATHENÆUM, *December* 27, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Many thanks for your present; I shall buy with it a letter-weigher, which we have long wanted. Many thanks, too, to all at Fox How for their letters and good wishes.

Forty-four is indeed an age at which one may say 'The time past of our life may suffice us' to have trifled and idled, or worse, in. I more and more become conscious of having something to do, and of a resolution to do it; and if, as John Duke Coleridge wished for me the day before yesterday, I double my present age, I shall, I hope, do something of it, but whether one lives long or not, to be less and less *personal* in one's desires and workings is the great matter, and this too I feel, I am glad to say, more deeply than I did, but for progress in the direction of the 'seeketh not her own' there is always room, up to the very end, or, at least, near it.

Lucy had the most delightful birthday yesterday. Christmas Day is a birthday which is easy to remember, and she gets more presents therefore than any of the others. Sir Francis Sandford arrived yesterday afternoon with a

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doll's dressing-case for her, which put the crown to her pleasures. Lady de Rothschild sent her a bird-cage and a hod, such as Swiss porters carry, —both the cage and the hod fresh from Paris,— with bonbons. Flu and I and the three boys dined at Lady Wightman's, and Lucy and Nelly came to dessert and then stayed till ten o'clock, when they concluded with punch! I have a horrid neuralgic toothache which comes on between nine and ten of an evening, so I abstained from punch, but I must say none of those who took it are any the worse for it to-day. The card for Mrs. Baldock's party has come—'Messrs. and the Miss Arnolds. Miss Baldock at Home. *Bal costumé.*' You may imagine the excitement into which this throws the family. The ball is on the 14th of January, so there is plenty of time to decide between this and then what the costumes shall be. Little Tom is going as Blondel, but further than that nothing is settled. Nelly is not going because she cannot yet dance, but happily she does not the least wish to go, and is delighted at the thought of staying at home with me and making tea for me out of her little tea-set. Tell Florence and Francie we had dessert out of their little dessert-set on my birthday, and thank dear little Francie for her letter to me, and tell her if she has a photograph book I will give her one of the vignettes of me to put into it.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

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To the Same

January 11, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—A happy new year to you and all at Fox How, though I am late in writing it. Your note this morning gives me a pang, when it congratulates me on having done my Report, for I have not yet done the general summing up, which is a very troublesome business, and then I have to correct the press of Germany and Switzerland, and to put in a number of things I have left out, and then to draw up the tables and statistics for the whole, so I am not out of the wood yet. However, on Tuesday, or at latest on Wednesday, I hope the drawing up will be finished, and the rest, the *cadre* or framework being complete, will be merely child's play. It is odd how much easier I find it to write a thing for insertion in a particular place when what is before and behind it stands finished, than to write it when I come to it in its regular course. The afternoons and evenings I have to give to looking over examination papers, so I have fully employed days. My examination papers end on this day week, and at the beginning of the week following I begin inspecting again. At present I write a letter or two before breakfast, breakfast soon after nine, get here about half-past ten, write till half-past one, home for lunch, and go to skate for an

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hour ; back here between three and four, work till seven, home to dinner, get to work again about half-past nine, and so on till twelve. Into this I manage to squeeze a little reading every day, but only a very little. I have a horrid neuralgic toothache which afflicts me of an evening, and to-day the cold wind upon the ice has brought it on earlier ; it is a great nuisance, and I really have not time to go to the dentist about it. It departs generally after an hour or two, but sometimes not till I go to bed. However it always goes off with the warmth and rest of bed.

What weather ! I wish Edward had gone over to Coniston, for shooting those woods would have been glorious in this weather. I have been on the Serpentine to-day, where the ice is excellent, and Dick and Budge have both had skates on, and got on very well. The state of London and its helplessness this last day or two have been extraordinary. On Wednesday evening, the first day of it, I was engaged to dine without Flu at the Prices', to play whist. When my cab came to the door at seven to take me the man said his fare would be 6s., the right fare being 1s. Upon this I said I would walk, and walk I did, the frost being so hard that the snow was frozen and I got neither wet nor dirty, only was a little late for dinner. I won two guineas, tell Edward, and walked home again between one and two in the morning. The

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night after we dined with Lady Slade, close by in Belgrave Square, and the boys went to the theatre, so we know what the streets were like on these evenings. Yesterday evening my thermometer was seventeen, and this morning twenty, not so low as you have had it, but wonderfully low for London, and my jug in my dressing-room, which is exposed and the coldest room of the house, was full of ice, and the sponge frozen to the marble of the wash-hand stand. Nelly looks and is very well and jolly in this weather; you should have heard her repeat 'Tom the Monkey' and 'A Wasp met a Bee' for Budge's benefit this morning, and seen the admiration of her brothers and sister. Flu and Lucy are most pinched by the cold. I have had a kind note from Temple asking Flu and me to bring Budge, and we shall go to the School House from the 24th to the 26th to see his start.[1] He will be very happy, I feel sure. He does lessons for two hours every day, and has a good notion of working, though a very small one of Latin verses. There have been several mentions of me lately which I would tell you of if I had time, but I have not. Shall we see Tom in London? We can give him anything but a bed. Love to all your survivors.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

My love and a happy new year to Rowland.

[1] At Rugby.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

January 12, 1867.

My dearest Mother—This must be a very hasty letter indeed, for I write it between two batches of papers. It was a dear kind letter you wrote me, and you know how I enjoy Fox How, and your company, and Tom's; but my coming is out of the question. I take two days for Rugby, but then I begin inspecting again. Writing to K. yesterday I told her I had hopes of being quit of my neuralgia; however, the beast returned last night. I had a bad evening; it is when I am looking over papers by candlelight that it specially comes on; but when I went to bed I took some quinine, which I had often been told to take, but I hate taking anything which may affect the digestion; however, I took it, and it stopped the pain in a few minutes and I had a good night. The day before yesterday I finished my Report, to my great satisfaction. I have many things to do to it still, but the framework of the whole now stands finished. I hope and think it will be useful; it has cost me much time and trouble, and even money,—all these are well spent if the good cause is any gainer by them. I do not consider that my last report on foreign schools effected anything; the time, however, was not come for it; there are signs that this new report will be born at a better

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moment. The baby[1] is better, and Tom all right again, but he will not go with Budge and Dick to some charades and dancing at Lady Collier's to-night, because he reserves himself for the *bal costumé* on Monday. The dresses of Dick and Lucy are being made at home—Lucy's a Watteau style, and Dick's after the model of Vandyke's young Charles II. The duck he will look in his blue satin and point lace you may imagine. Budge will be in powder as a fashionable highwayman of the last century, and his mamma, who has seen him in his dress, says he looks admirable in it. Dear little Tom *will* be a *Matador*, and he looks well in the dress, but one cannot help smiling at the idea of his fighting a bull or even a frog. Nelly contemplates with deep satisfaction her prospect of remaining at home and dining with me. The boys have been delightful all the holidays, and I think these parties are good for them, giving the relief to their spirits and limbs which country occupations give to those of country boys. My papers will be finished to-morrow, and then I shall hope to get quit of my neuralgia. My love to Tom. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] His youngest child, Basil Francis, born August 19, 1866.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 10, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have just been looking through a revise of the second and last part of my Report, and in the course of next week I hope to get the appendix and tables done, and then I shall be a free man. My last lecture for Oxford is forming itself in my mind, but I shall not write a word of it till my Report is fairly done with. I have also in my head a letter to the *Pall Mall* on Compulsory Education, in which through the mouth of '*Arminius*,' I shall manage to say a number of things I want to say; but this also must wait till the Report is done. I am capitally forward with my school work, and though it comes daily at this time of year, yet it is in itself a healthy change, and my assistant lightens it to me very much. I am very much struck with the alarmed Conservative feeling I see growing up among the middle-class tradesmen and employers of labour, of whom among my school managers there are so many. Their disgust at Bright and the working class is as deep as that of the aristocratic world, and I cannot help thinking this disgust will tell on the next borough elections. However, I do not think there will be a general election just yet. I neither think that the Government will

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be certainly turned out, nor that, if it be turned out, it will dissolve Parliament.

We had a pleasant dinner at Lord Robert Montagu's the other night, and I found myself next Kinglake, whose Crimean book I had criticised,[1] as you know. However, we shook hands, and got very amiably along together. Fanny Lucy was by young George Trevelyan,[2] who told her, what he also told me, that he was reading my French Report of seven years ago with the greatest attention, and could repeat passages of it by heart. So perhaps that Report will not in the end be so useless as at one time it seemed likely to be. My Celtic lectures are all in type, and only waiting for some etymological criticisms Lord Strangford has promised to send me, and for a page or two of preface I want to write; they will make a very handsome book indeed. Smith and Elder are bringing it out themselves, so I have no risk; unhappily, there cannot well be much gain, since, as George Smith[3] well said to me, it is hardly the sort of book a British parent buys at a railway bookstall for his Jemima. But I daresay it will pay its expenses.

You will have been interested by the project of putting Browning up for the Chair of Poetry; but I think Convocation will object to granting

[1] In 'The Literary Influence of Academies.'
[2] Afterwards the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, M.P.
[3] His publisher.

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the degree just before the election, for the express purpose of eluding the statute. If Browning is enabled to stand, I shall certainly vote for him; but I think Doyle will get in. My love to Rowland, and a heap to Tom. If you have had such a day as we have, how beautiful must it have been.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM (*February* 1867).

You will have been interested in the notice of old Mr. Crabb Robinson.[1] Not a fortnight ago I found him in this very room where I am now writing, and spoke to him. He asked me which of all my books I should myself name as the one that had got me 'my great reputation,' as he wanted to buy it. I said I had not 'a great reputation,' upon which he answered: 'Then it is some other Matthew Arnold who writes the books.' But the odd thing is this—I told him I would send him my Essays, upon which he replied: 'No, no, I'll buy them; don't throw them away upon an old fellow like me: *I shall be dead in a fortnight.*' And so he was. He talked for about a quarter of an hour that evening, and very well; repeating

[1] Henry Crabb Robinson, F.S.A. (1775-1867). The last entry in his diary, January 31, 1867, relates to Matthew Arnold's Essay on 'The Function of Criticism.'

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several of Goethe's epigrams, and saying some interesting things about them. He was one of those who most called up the thought of old days, and passed-away people, even to me; and how much more must he have done this to others, who knew him thirty years before I did.

I have received a printed notice of Sir John Richardson,[1] which I imagine is by Dr. Davy. Will you remember to thank him for it from me, if it is so. I shall take it with me in my hansom as I go to my school at Notting Hill to-morrow, that I may be sure of reading it.

It is Nelly's birthday to-morrow, and you may imagine how full the darling child is of it. The baby is getting on nicely, and has a tooth through. Little Tom has not been quite the thing this last week. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
March 2, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The east wind blows, and the fires and arm-chairs of the Athenæum are very comfortable. I have had no cold as yet since October, and the one I had then was not a bad one, and as long as I am in active work and my spirits are good, I do not much

[1] Arctic voyager, and neighbour at Fox How.

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expect to catch one. It is when one is depressed that all these things lay hold of one easiest. But I have been rather idle this last week, and so I ought not to be in good spirits; or rather, I have done a good many things, but not what was immediately necessary to be done—the appendix to my Report. This I *must* get through in the week now beginning, but it is difficult now that I have a school every day. The appendix is work I must do at home, because it has to be compiled out of a number of documents that I cannot bring here, and to come in at three in the afternoon at home and work for three or four hours I find the hardest thing in the world, though I can do it here. But work at home I can only manage properly either before breakfast or between breakfast and luncheon. However, manage this appendix I must.

We have a dinner-party to-night—the Forsters, the Mallets, the Lingens, Sandars, and Charles Alderson. It ought to be pleasant, but the parties that ought to be pleasant are not always what they ought to be. I was in the House of Commons on Thursday to hear the new Education Minute moved. Mr. Corry is a bad speaker, and the Minute, though it is meant to give relief to sufferers under the Revised Code, is a stupendous specimen of the intricate, overlaboured, and puzzling regulations of our office. Bruce did not make so good a speech

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as I expected, from what he had said to me, he would make; and a few sentences from Lowe were the best part of the performance, though with what he said I, of course, entirely disagreed.

I am in hopes that Lord Derby and Disraeli will take heart of grace, bring in a good measure of Reform, and let Cranborne[1] and others leave them if they like. They will be supported by more than half their own side, and the whole of the other, except perhaps Bright and some twenty bigots, and they may thus settle the question as Peel and the Duke of Wellington settled the Emancipation question. Probably they would be turned out afterwards, as Peel and the Duke were, but Lord Derby would not care for that, and I should think Disraeli had heard enough to see that the sacrifice would, in his case, be well worth making. Quite a passionate desire to get the question done with is springing up, and is gaining all the better Conservatives themselves.

Last night I was at an evening party at Lady Belper's. The night before we dined with the Bagehots, and went afterwards to the Ladies in Grosvenor Crescent, as Miss Stanley and her friend[2] call themselves. It is always pleasant there. At the Bagehots' I sat by Lady Lubbock,

[1] Secretary of State for India; afterwards Lord Salisbury.

[2] Miss Mary Stanley, sister of the Dean of Westminster, and Miss Margaret Elliot, daughter of the Dean of Bristol.

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the wife of Sir John Lubbock, the banker and *savant*. She is very pleasant, a great friend of Huxley and Tyndall, and a great reader of my poems. On Wednesday we dined with Lady Wightman, and went afterwards to Mrs. Procter's, where I was introduced to some American and German admirers. But I do not think any admirer will hurt me. Love to Fan. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
April 8, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—First I will tell you the news, in the hope that I shall reach you before the newspaper. Gladstone has withdrawn the important and hostile part of his Instruction,[1] and leaves only the part empowering the Committee to amend the law of rating, which the Government have all along declared themselves willing to accept. So all looks favourable for the Bill once more. I was from the first disgusted with the Instruction, as having the appearance, at least, of a regular party move, and tending to throw the whole question into chaos again. The malcontents among the Liberal party had grown so numerous by yester-

[1] On going into Committee on the Reform Bill of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli.

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day that Brand[1] was alarmed, and this afternoon they held a meeting attended by forty-five, one of whom told me this, at which it was agreed to move an amendment to Coleridge's Instruction,[2] and to inform Gladstone of this intention, and the relinquishment of the poisoned part of his Instruction is the consequence. I told William yesterday what I thought of the Instruction, and found him, too, uneasy about it, and his uneasiness kept increasing till, finally, in the evening he departed to see Brand, and confide his doubts to him. The truth is the £5 rating has the look of a regular old Liberal stage hack, and is as hopelessly uninteresting as their other stage hacks; while from the democratic cast of Dizzy's mind his Bill has an aspect which is new and interesting, and such as to give some promise. This, at least, is my opinion. I can understand the mortification of the Liberals at seeing Reform taken out of their hands, but I do not pity them, as not twenty on their side were sincere about it. William was certainly one of these twenty. About —— I do not sympathise with you in the least. Respect is the very last feeling he excites in me; he has too little solidity and composure of character or mind for that. He

[1] The Liberal Whip, afterwards Mr. Speaker Brand, and eventually Lord Hampden.

[2] The Instruction was to have been moved, at Mr. Gladstone's instance, by Mr. J. D. (afterwards Lord) Coleridge.

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is brilliantly clever, of course, and he is honest enough, but he is passionate and in no way great, as I think. Tell dear old Edward I went under the gallery to hear the new Minute debated. Lowe's speech fell perfectly flat. Corry's was much better. What pleased me most was to see the House asserting the misdeeds of the Revised Code, and trying to make some amends, in spite of the efforts of the author of the Revised Code to prevent their touching his piece of perfection. Lord Granville was just in front of me, but did not stay long. I saw and talked to a great many Members, among others our new Vice-President, Lord Robert Montagu, and I exhorted him to turn over the same new leaf in education that his colleagues have turned over in other departments of administration. My appendix has gone in, and now I have only to correct the proofs of it. I feel rather stupid after my long labours on this Report, but I daresay I shall gradually get clear and fresh again. We go to Brighton for three weeks, from the 1st of May, and then for eight weeks from the 22nd we go to West Humble. I shall be wandering about the Eastern Counties most of the time Flu is at Brighton.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

I am afraid war between France and Germany looks almost certain.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

COLCHESTER, *April* 15, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It seldom happens to me now to be in an English inn at nine or ten in the evening, but such is my fate to-night. They are turning the house upside down at Copford for a grand cleaning operation, so instead of going there for the night, as I generally do when I inspect in North Essex, I have come here, to the Cups, one of the best inns in England, made good by the officers of the camp, as the Bell at Leicester is made good by the hunting men. I left London by the ten o'clock train from Shoreditch this morning, got to Wickham Market, about fifteen miles north of Ipswich, a little before one; could get no conveyance, so made a farming man take me in his tax cart to Orford, where he and I were both going. Orford is one of the oldest boroughs in England, and has a fine castle. The road to it from Wickham Market lies over some of the walks that make much of Suffolk so primitive—great stretches of light, open land, covered with furze and swarming with game. For four miles that we drove over a great stretch of this kind, called Tunstall Walks, with the furze coming into flower all over it, the pairing partridges, and the hares, and the peewits were interminable. Then we came to the Sudbourn Hall estate, a property

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of Lord Hertford's, who lives in Paris, and never comes near it; then we had pheasants out feeding wherever we looked. In every bit of plantation the ground was covered with primroses, but the year is one of the most backward I can remember. I got back to Wickham Market soon after five, and here about seven. I have dined in a coffee-room too small for its frequenters, and filled with a bevy of attorneys, who are meeting here for some pedigree case; then I took a short stroll, and after I have written this I shall go to bed. To-morrow I go to Haverhill, a place on the borders of Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire, returning here to sleep. On Wednesday I inspect at Maldon, and get to London in time to dine out. Next week I am out also for two nights, but then I shall be staying at a charming place near Ipswich, with Mr. Cobbold, the Member. You will have heard that Flu was in the House on Friday night, and after returning at three on Saturday morning, got up soon after six to go and see the boat race in pouring rain. However, neither she nor Tom nor Dick were the worse. Flu and I dined at the Rothschilds', and met Bernal Osborne, who was as savage as a bear, being in a great scrape about his proceedings the other night.[1] I need not tell you I am delighted Gladstone was beat, and hope his party is deprived of the power to do mischief for some time to come. Yesterday Dick, Lucy, and Nelly went

[1] On Mr. Coleridge's Instruction.

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alone to dine with Lady de Rothschild at her luncheon. I dined with Tom and Walter at the Reform Club; a very good dinner Walter gave us, and the meeting was very pleasant. I have a heap of things to do, of one kind or another, but I manage to do them pretty well, for I now get up soon after six every morning. My last lecture will be next Saturday fortnight. Not a word of it is yet written. My love to Fan and Edward. Is he not coming up about Whitsun time?—Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

STOWMARKET BRITISH SCHOOL,
April 25, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am running about so much this week that I must write when I have a chance, and a chance is given me by half an hour intervening between the end of my inspection and the departure of my train. This is a small East Anglian town of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants, so unlike the places of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants in the north of England, which are raw, overgrown villages. This is a very ancient place, every inch a *town*, beautifully clean, with a large market-place, good shops, and a fine church, and the houses and gardens of several well-to-do people half coming into town. Ipswich itself is a true city, full of curious old houses, full of gardens

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and churches, and covering an immense extent of ground. I am staying at Holy Wells, about a mile out of it, with the family of Mr. Cobbold, the Member. His place stands in a great amphitheatre, the edges of which are covered with Scotch firs, while its interior is full of ups and downs, plantations and green turf, apple-trees all in flower, and ornamental ponds with water birds on them. It is a beautiful place. I am sent there by a married daughter of Mr. Cobbold's, who is married to Major Jervis, the Member for Ipswich. Her father and mother are away at a wedding in Derbyshire, but I am received by an unmarried sister and two or three brothers and sisters-in-law, who welcome me very friendlily. To come home to a beautiful place, human society, and a decent dinner and bedroom is what I prefer now to taking my chance of the inn, unless I know the inn to be something wonderful, and I have so many acquaintances that it is very seldom I have not the chance of staying at a private house if I wish it. I began at the British School in Ipswich at ten this morning; at twelve took the train, and came fourteen miles to this place, leaving my assistant going on at Ipswich. Here I have done the school by myself, and by the 5.5 train shall return to Ipswich, in time for a walk round the grounds with Miss Cobbold before dressing for dinner. To-morrow I inspect again in Ipswich, but take the 12.30 train to London.

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TO HIS MOTHER

We have a dinner-party to-morrow—our last. Lord and Lady Strangford, Robert Lytton (Owen Meredith) and his wife, Evelyn, Sir Alexander Gordon, Miss Richardson, and Georgina. How I wish you and Fan were going to be there, but I have renounced the hope of understanding your movements this year. Fan, at any rate, *must* come to us at Brighton, which I think she has never seen. You know I have applied for the Librarianship of the House of Commons. People are very kind about it, and you shall see some of the letters I have received. I do not myself think the Speaker will give it me, and I do not much care whether he does or not, for I do not thoroughly fancy the place; however, Flu would like it, and that is a great thing. Budge looks well, and seems very happy, but he brings a terrible character for idleness. I shall take him away if he brings another such at the end of next half. This part of England is a paradise for cowslips, even the railway embankments are covered with them, and next week I shall be where oxlips grow in every wood. A kiss to the two girls.—Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate M. A.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To Lady de Rothschild

ATHENÆUM, *April* 29, 1867.

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Mr. Disraeli's note and promise are most kind, and I am extremely obliged to you for obtaining them. There is, on the whole, no member of the House by whom I would so soon be recommended as by Mr. Disraeli, for there is no member who interests me so much, in spite of all drawbacks, and there is no one to whom I should with so much pleasure owe his intercession as to you. I had quite resolved on a visit to you yesterday, when your note came and put the project to flight. To-day I have been near you at Hemel Hempstead, only to be obliged to hurry back to prepare for my grand leaving to-morrow. But how exquisitely beautiful the country is looking!

It almost reconciles one to the disagreeableness of asking for a post to have such kindness shown one in the course of one's application as I have met with. Besides Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Stanley, Mr. Bruce, Chichester Fortescue, Ward Hunt, Hastings Russell, and a number of others have either written or spoken to the Speaker on my behalf, and Chichester Fortescue sent me a note from him in which he spoke of me very complimentarily. But he said at the same time that he should not make the appointment till he returned to London, and I hear there

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is a horrid domestic intrigue going on among the House of Commons officials to get the Librarian's house for Sir T. Erskine May, and to let the Sub-Librarian have the Librarian's post with the house of the Sub-Librarian only. So I don't expect to succeed, but you shall hear as soon as anything is settled. Kindest regards at Aston Clinton.—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *May* 17, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have fallen behind in my letter-writing, but I have been travelling much, and have besides been very busy. This last week, besides travelling, daily inspecting, and keeping up my official correspondence, I have written the preface for my Celtic papers, and arranged as notes a quantity of remarks on etymological and ethnological points with which Lord Strangford furnished me for these Celtic papers. I have also corrected the proofs of my appendix, and put what notes were wanted; and I have written to Flu every day. The preface to the Celtic papers I am pleased with. It contains what is needed as an answer to the *Times* article on the Eisteddfod and on my letter to Mr. Hugh Owen last summer. Now I am

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putting together my poems for the new volume[1] Macmillan is going to publish, but this will be a labour of love. And I have got to write my last lecture for Oxford. This too, as I know pretty well what I have to say, will not be disagreeable. I more and more have the satisfaction of seeing that what I do produces its effect, and this inspirits me to try and keep myself at my best, in good temper and clear spirits, and in that variety of activity which is, in my opinion, necessary for producing a fruitful effect in a country like this.

Last week I was at Yarmouth, Bungay, and Beccles, a very old English country. On the mounds of the ruined castle of Bungay I gathered the saxifrage which used to grow in the field on the way to papa's bathing-place at Rugby. I went down to Brighton on Friday night, and found dear Flu and the children flourishing. Brighton makes me bilious, and it is dusty and glaring, but it suits the children wonderfully, and there are moments in the day when the sea has a divine look. I make all my absences from *there*, and not from West Humble. To West Humble I look forward as something delicious, and only hope you and Fan will stay long enough in town to come and see us there. I came up yesterday morning, inspected a London school, went to the House of Commons, which ought to have been interesting, and was very dull, and

[1] *New Poems.* 1867.

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then had a very pleasant dinner at the Forsters'; back to the House for an hour, found it dull, and came to a ballot here, where I met, as one always does meet, a number of very pleasant people. To-day I am going down to Copford, and shall be inspecting from there and Saffron Walden for the rest of this week, going down to Brighton with Walter on Saturday. I have not got the Librarianship, and am now relieved I did not. The house does not any longer go with it, and one man after another tells me it would not have suited me. The freedom of my present life is considerable, and that is a great thing. Tell Edward I would give something to be with him by some of his Devonshire waters now. And tell dear Mary that really and truly I will come to her this year. If I came to her in the autumn could she give me a day's shooting? Kiss her boys for me, and kiss Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

West Humble, *June* 4, 1867.

My dearest Mother—Last week I really did not know which way to turn, but I was very glad to have your letter though I could not answer it. I like to think of you at Fox How, and how delicious this perfect summer weather must be there, if you have got it. The change came on Sunday, and yesterday and to-day are

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absolutely perfect. Flu and I and dear little Lucy had a walk on Sunday evening through Norbury, and another yesterday evening through Denbies, which, both of them, made me wish for dear Fan. Not that we have anything to compensate for the absence of your divine streams and waters, but the beauty of this country is exquisite, if one can but keep the thought of water out of one's head. I send Fan the first bee orchis I have found in bloom, and another rarity which is abundant here, an orchid called *Epipactis grandiflora*. I send also the real belladonna or deadly nightshade. This kind flowers with the large leaf. In parts of Norbury it is abundant. When the *Primula farinosa* and the butterwort are out I shall expect specimens in return. Only let Fan put them quite loosely into her letter, and not press them at all; the post will press them quite enough.

Dick and I had a pleasant day at Wotton on Saturday, but it was still rather cold. However, the fish are in splendid condition, and not only did I catch three or four fish of nearly a pound weight, but Dicky caught one of that size too, to his great delight. This week is the hay-making, and the children are all in bliss. The boys have also archery at the next place to ours, which belongs to some rich people with whom we dine to-day, and who are very kind to the children. In fact, the children have altogether a happy time of it here. The boys' tutor, an

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Oxford man called Ross, comes to them for two hours every morning, and leaves them work for about an hour more, so their day is tolerably balanced. They are going to Oxford with us on Saturday, Tom and Julia having very kindly pressed us to bring them and put them up with them. I shall enjoy a Sunday at Oxford greatly. Flu will have told you how well I was received, and that the lecture went off satisfactorily. I tried to make this last lecture one in which I could keep to ground where I am in sympathy with Oxford, having often enough startled them with heresies and novelties; and I succeeded. The boys will have a pleasant remembrance of the one lecture of mine at which they were present. I now nearly speak my lecture, though it is all written, but the attention of my audience animates me to speak rather than read what I have written. I have sent you through the office my Celtic book,[1] which Smith and Elder have got up very handsomely. I have been working very hard to bring up all my office arrears, and have succeeded, so now I have a pleasant feeling of freedom, but I daresay it will not last long. My love to Fan and Rowland.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] *On the Study of Celtic Literature.* 1867.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *June* 17, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—This week, at any rate, I am early in writing to you. I have both you and Fan to thank for letters. Tell Fan I will send her some of the belladonna flowers in a day or two, and three or four bee orchises along with them, that of these latter she may have a good glassful. I am sorry the *Epipactis* got knocked about. I will send some more of it. The flowers are a great pleasure to me, and, of course, the more one knows, the more interest one gets in the subject. It is tiresome that the only time I can get to Fox How is a time when the flowers are least interesting. I would have given something to have been with Fan on Loughrigg the morning she mentions. I do not think the *Primula* can possibly have been over last week.

I have just returned from Oxford, having to inspect a school in London to-day. I am going to dine and sleep at the Forsters', and Flu and her two boys will not return to West Humble from Oxford till quite late this evening. I shall join them to-morrow. We had a very successful visit to Oxford, though I sigh for the days when I had a little more liberty, and had not so many engagements made for me there. We arrived on Saturday about two, and after luncheon

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Tom and I took the boys to Port Meadow, and Dick had a canoe, which he manages very well, and had long wanted to try on the river at Oxford. Tom and I pulled little Tom in a boat for some time, but rain was threatening, so we deposited Tommy at Medley Lock, where he amused himself with examining the barges and boats, and strolled along the river while Dicky paddled himself. Then we came back, and Flu and I dressed for Balliol. It was an immense party, and we dined at the high table in hall. The Lingens were there, and the Farrers, and Lady Airlie and her daughter, and Arthur Peel,[1] the Member for Warwick (the late Sir Robert's youngest son), and his wife (a Dugdale), and Browning, and others from London, besides Mrs. Liddell and a great number of Oxford people. I was sent in first with Lady Airlie, and was altogether made a great deal of, which I always am in Oxford. Lady Airlie is very clever and very handsome. She is Lady Stanley of Alderley's eldest daughter. There was a great evening party afterwards, and Tom and his wife came. They put up the boys beautifully, and the pupils taking to them immediately, as young men generally do to boys, Tom and Dick were in great bliss. On Sunday morning I went to see the Toms, as he was going off to Burton-on-Trent. Then I corrected the proofs of my lecture, which will appear unchanged,

[1] Afterwards Mr. Speaker, and eventually Lord, Peel.

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—as a lecture and not as an essay—in the next *Cornhill*.[1] After luncheon to the Taylor Buildings, to see the pictures there which Dr. Acland and the Dean of Christchurch have been rearranging, and wanted me to see their rearrangement of; then to another great dinner at Merton—the same party as the night before, only Roundell the host and not Jowett. This time, to vary the assorting, Browning was sent in with Lady Airlie, and I with Mrs. Arthur Peel. After dinner an immense party in Merton Hall. I think Flu has liked it very much. I was pleased to hear from Lady Brodie what great satisfaction my last lecture had given; she said she could hardly express her pleasure at the turn I had given to this final lecture, after all my liberties with Oxford and old Oxford notions in former lectures. Dick excited immense admiration. He is going in a four-oar with the pupils to-day. Now I must go to my school.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

THE ATHENÆUM, *June* 26, 1867.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—Why should it not be this next Sunday? Abridge your devotions, and a one o'clock train from Victoria will

[1] 'Culture and its Enemies,' *Cornhill Magazine*, July 1867.

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bring you to West Humble Station, which is our back door, soon after two. The bee orchis is in full bloom, and the deadly nightshade. A train back to London at a quarter to ten.

I need not say what real pleasure it would give us to see Mrs. Grant Duff, if she is well enough to make expeditions, and the backwards and forwards by railway does not frighten her. —Yours ever sincerely, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I say Sunday, because Miss Smith—Henry Smith's[1] sister, and delightful—will be with us then.

To his Brother, the Rev. E. P. Arnold.

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 23, 1867.

MY DEAREST EDWARD—I write in the early morning before people are up, and with the pinnacles of King's College looking in at my window. I inspected a school in Suffolk yesterday, and having one in Norfolk to-day, I came here to sleep. I was two or three times here on the summer circuit with the poor judge, in just such fine summer weather as it is at present, and the town having just its present vacation look; so I am greatly reminded of him. I remember Erle, who was the other judge, mounted me, and we rode to Ely together along one of those Cambridgeshire roads with wide strips of grass on each side. I get to Fakenham

[1] Professor of Geometry at Oxford.

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at two, leave it at 5.30, reach Wymondham at seven, dine there, and pass the time till 10.30 when the mail train passes; get into that and reach London at four in the morning, and my own house at five, go to bed, and get up at nine as if nothing had happened. When I was abroad I got the habit of travelling, as the foreigners do, at night at this season of the year to avoid bad inns and dust. I sleep very well, and find the plan saves me much time, bore, and discomfort. My last school is on the 31st, but I shall probably take six or seven days after that at the training schools in the Borough Road and at Stockwell. Sir James Shuttleworth wants me to come to his moor by Pennygant, in Yorkshire, for the beginning of the grouse shooting; and as I am very fond of that country, and have a distinct understanding that I may shoot as badly as I like, I shall probably go. About the 20th our whole party moves to the Lakes; I shall meet them at Benton or Lancaster. Some of us will go into lodgings; but where thou goest I will go. I shall perhaps be at liberty for a little run in Scotland with you, but it depends on the children, money, and many things. I have refused to go to Grant Duff's this year, though they asked Flu and Tom with me. Lady Airlie asked me to Airlie, but she asked me by myself. I shall not go there either. Your friend Mrs. Drummond came to my lecture at Oxford, and Edwin Palmer introduced

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her to me. She then sent us a keg of whisky, and a day or two before we left, having come down there from London with her daughters, she called and took us all over her place, which was delicious. However, the want of clear streams, the nearness to London and its agitations, and the abundance of tramps, would make me very restless in taking my holiday in Surrey; Devonshire, Wales, or the North of England is what I desire.

It gives me great pleasure that you should like what I do, you dear old boy; and particularly I am glad you liked this last lecture, the judgments on which have been very various. Perhaps none but Oxford men can know how much truth there really is in the praise I have given to Oxford for her sentiment. I find I am generally thought to have *buttered her up* to excess for the sake of parting good friends; but this is not so, though I certainly kept her best side in sight, and not her worst. The *Saturday* has a friendly article on the lecture; the *London Review*, if you ever see that publication, had an outrageous one. I shall be interested in hearing what you think of the poems;[1] some of them, I feel sure, will interest you. There are two or three bad faults of punctuation which you will observe and correct. 'Empedocles' takes up much room, but Browning's desire that I should reprint 'Empedocles' was really the

[1] *New Poems.*

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cause of the volume appearing at all. And now I must dress and descend to breakfast and the train. Kiss your dear boy for me. Dick came in my hansom to Shoreditch with me yesterday, and went back on the top of a Chelsea omnibus. —Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Mother

West Humble,
Sunday Morning (*July* 1867).

My dearest Mother—I have been bothered and worried this week, and have let my letter to you slip. I have not had really much to do, either, but the daily backwards and forwards from this place takes a great deal of time and tires me more than I expected. I should be very sorry indeed to have it all the year round. Then my correspondence increases, and correspondence is of all ways of spending one's energy the least satisfactory, in my opinion. But I send you a letter which gives me great pleasure, and I wish you would send it to dear K. when you have read it. To have one's attempt at fusion and conciliation felt all through Wales is just what I could have wished, and what is so far more desirable than being thought by some hundred or two literary and well-to-do people to have written cleverly and interestingly. It was in my mind to go to Carmarthen and make an address on Progress through Puritanism

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and Progress through Culture, with reference to Welsh dissent, the Liberation Society's workings there, etc., in connection with these Eisteddfods and their popularity. I think I could have done it successfully, but my desire is always for keeping quiet, and I took advantage of the possibility that my appearance at Carmarthen might be ascribed to popularity-hunting, and the attacks upon me do a harm to the Eisteddfod, to refuse to go. But I am very fond of Wales, and it is years since I was in South Wales. I should have gone to see the Bensons at Fairy Hill, and should have gone over to Carmarthen from there. I have several invitations and projects, but it is as to freedom of travelling and seeing the world that I am tempted to say to my youthful family, like the lady in the Scotch ballad—

O gin my sons were seven rats
Runnin' o'er the castle wa',
And I myself were a great gray cat,
Fu' soon wad I worry them a'!

I have decided not to go to Scotland this year, though Tom and Flu are asked. But I am rather tempted to go to Sir James Shuttleworth's shooting-place in Lunedale for the beginning of the grouse shooting. It is in a country which I have never seen, and want to see; and there is fishing as well as shooting. Also I have a real interest in talking to Shuttleworth about education matters, and learn much

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from him. If I went I should but go on the 14th of August, and come on from there to Fox How. Flu is asked, but would not go. At all events rely on having, about the 20th or 21st, what you can conveniently accommodate of us. Susy has given a very kind invitation to the two little girls for a fortnight in September. I have just had a delightful vision of Nelly in her stays and petticoat. She and Lucy had a little squabble the other day, a most rare event, and after many tears were found shut in together reading the Psalms. 'We chose the 28th day,' says Lucy, 'because the Waters of Babylon is so beautiful.' I call that a promising poetical taste. I was at Wotton yesterday and caught two trout of a quarter of a pound, three trout of three quarters of a pound, one of a pound and a half, and one of two pounds and a quarter. That is good fishing. Dick was with me, and very pleasant company. There are many attacks and answers about my lecture, but the great thing is to drag the dissenting middle class into the great public arena of life and discussion, and not let it remain in its isolation. All its faults come from that isolation. I am touched by Miall's article in the *Nonconformist*,[1] which is worth reading. However, to say what I said was right, and will be good for the Nonconformists themselves in the end. Love to Fan and Rowland. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] Of July 10, 1867.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *October* 30, 1867.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—It was only on Sunday that I went to Grosvenor Place to ask where you were, and when I heard you were at Aston Clinton I said to myself that it was ages since I had been there, and that I should very much like to spend a day there again. But now judge whether this is possible at present. Mrs. Arnold caught a cold in Westmorland, made it worse in returning to London, and has been at last very ill, with slight inflammation, the doctor says, of one lung. She is slowly getting round, and now as soon as she can bear the journey she is to go down to her mother at Bath, for change of air and a warm sun. We have no governess, and two boys and two girls at home who must be left to servants unless either their mother or I are with them out of their school hours. So I consider myself a prisoner in the evenings for the next month to come at any rate. Is not this inevitable and incontestable?

I want to hear the story of your adventures. Mine have been very limited. I could not leave Mrs. Arnold ill, with all the children on her hands, so I did not go to Scotland as I had intended, and one or two days' shooting in Leicestershire and Suffolk have been all the

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absence of which I have been guilty. We are fairly driven out of Chester Square, partly by the number of the children, partly by the necessity of a better school for the two boys who live at home than they now get, and we have about fixed on Harrow, which is in my district, and gives me easy access to London. The clay soil is the only objection, but the grass fields and hedgerow elms are a great attraction to me. They are real country, though ugly country, like the neighbourhood of Rugby where I lived so long. Some day before Christmas I must, I will unite house-hunting at Harrow with an evening at Aston Clinton. You will be amused, as I have been, with Mr. Harrison's answer[1] to me in the *Fortnightly*. It is scarcely the least vicious, and in parts so amusing that I laughed till I cried. My kindest regards to your party. —Ever, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY,
BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON,
November 4, 1867.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—You see from my date how I am situated. I was going to write to you to-day to beg you to thank Sir

[1] 'Culture: a dialogue,' *Fortnightly Review*, November 1867.

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Anthony for the pheasants which the invalid has already begun to devour with much benefit and satisfaction. She goes to Bath on Wednesday, and returns towards the end of the week following. By that time I hope to be in a position to set seriously to work about getting a house at Harrow. What you tell me is very important and interesting. I think Lady Charles Russell has a boy[1] who, like my eldest boy, is an invalid, and I daresay you will some time or other be kind enough to ascertain from her whether the school life is at all trying for him, or whether she has any difficulty in getting him excused fagging or violent exercises.

You will have read with pleasure the article on the Talmud in the *Quarterly*. I daresay you know the author, who is in the British Museum. The English religious world is reading the article with extraordinary avidity and interest. What most interests them—the abundance of Christian doctrine and dispositions present in Judaism towards the time of the Christian era, and such phenomena as Hallet's ownership of the Golden Rule, for instance—I knew already, from the writings of the Strasburg school—one book in particular, by Nicolas, on the *Centuries immediately Preceding the Birth of Christ*. But the long extracts from the Talmud itself were quite fresh to me, and gave me huge satisfaction. It is curious that, though Indo-European, the

[1] The editor of these Letters.

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English people is so constituted and trained that there is a thousand times more chance of bringing it to a more philosophical conception of religion than its present conception of Christianity as something utterly unique, isolated, and self-subsistent, through Judaism and its phenomena, than through Hellenism and its phenomena. But I must attend to a lesson on the battle of Waterloo. My very kind regards to Sir Anthony and your daughters.—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

STOCKWELL TRAINING SCHOOL,
November 8, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have this week to thank you and Fan for a letter each, and you for a note besides.

I saw the *Spectator*, but indeed my name is getting familiar in the newspapers. The *Saturday* had a reference to me which I liked better than that in the *Spectator*. Lord Lytton's mention of me was, as you may suppose, a pleasant surprise; I have not time now to tell you about the whole affair, but in the morning I had had no intention of going to the dinner;[1] then I thought I should like to hear the speeches,

[1] To Charles Dickens, before his departure on an American tour; November 2, 1867.

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and with difficulty got a ticket for a place at a crowded table at the bottom of the hall. As I was finishing my soup, arrive Edmund Yates, Levy the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and two of his young lions, and say they are charged to bring me up to the high table. I said I was very well where I was, but they insisted; then Dickens sent to say he hoped I would be one of the speakers, which I declined; finally Lord Lytton brought me in as you saw. It shows what comes, in the end, of quietly holding your own way, and bantering the world on the irrationality of its ways without losing temper with it. I wrote Lord Lytton a line of thanks for his compliment, and he wrote me in reply a very interesting letter, as concerns himself, as well as us, which I have told Edward to forward to you when he has read it, and which Miss Martineau, who knows Lord Lytton, will like to see. Take care of it and send it to K.

Meanwhile I have been working steadily and have finished a preface, which I think will do very well, to my Foreign Schools. Do you wish, really now, to have a copy of that book? Thank you for the *Star* extract; but both the *Star* and *Telegraph* I shall contrive gently to touch up on occasion. I have just had a magnificent present of a box of 400 Manilla cheroots. I do not smoke, but I am delighted with the present, as I shall so like to give it to dear old Tom on his birthday. Such a jolly

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present for him—creature comforts, and not books and head work, of which he has too much. Tell Rowland, with my love, I have got her book, and Walter shall bring it. It is very well done.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

November 16, 1867.

My dearest Mother—I send you the last letter we have had from Budge and his character, from which you will see he is doing better this half. Flu and the little girls have just started for the dancing. The baby looks very delicate, and has little or no appetite, but he has no return of the convulsions, and the gaiety of his spirits is surprising. Dick had a very happy birthday, though Mr. Gibsone said he could not give them a half-holiday; but he was delighted with his presents, and they all dined with us in the evening. To-night we dine out at the Coleridges'—the first time Flu has dined out for months; and the boys are going, for the birthday playgoing, to Astley's by themselves. . . . I am to meet Swinburne at dinner on Monday, at the Lockers'; Lady Charlotte Locker is Lady Augusta Stanley's sister. He expresses a great desire to meet me, and I should like to do him some good, but I am afraid he has taken some

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bent. His praise has, as was natural, inclined the religious world to look out in my writings for a crusade against religion, and the *Contemporary Review*, the *Christian World*, and other similar periodicals, fix on the speeches of Empedocles and Obermann, and calmly say, dropping all mention of the real speakers, 'Mr. Arnold here professes his Pantheism,' or 'Mr. Arnold here disowns Christianity.' However, the religious world is in so unsettled a state that this sort of thing does not do the harm it would have done two years ago. Meanwhile nearly 1000 copies of my poems are gone, which is very well. I have finished and corrected the preface to my Foreign Schools,[1] and am well pleased with it; part of it, where I touch on the Revised Code, needed very delicate handling. Now I have to do a sort of pendant to *Culture and its Enemies*, to be called *Anarchy and Authority*, and to appear in the Christmas *Cornhill*. It will amuse me to do it, as I have many things to say; and Harrison, Sedgwick, and others, who have replied to my first paper, have given me golden opportunities.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] *Schools and Universities of the Continent.* 1868.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
December 14, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I shall not send this to-day, because I know Flu is writing to Fan, and I am not quite sure where you are; so it shall go by the early post on Monday. Every one is full of the Clerkenwell blow-up;[1] I was dining at the Garrick Club last night, when one of the guests came in saying that his hansom had been nearly knocked down by a string of cabs with policemen filling them inside and out, hurrying to Clerkenwell prison, which had been blown up by the Fenians. Later in the evening the newspaper came in and we learnt what had really happened. You know I have never wavered in saying that the Hyde Park business eighteen months ago was fatal, and that a Government which dared not deal with a mob, of any nation or with any design, simply opened the flood-gates to anarchy. You cannot have one measure for Fenian rioting and another for English rioting, merely because the design of Fenian rioting is more subversive and desperate; what the State has to do is to put down *all* rioting with a strong hand, or it is sure to drift into troubles. Who can wonder at these Irish, who

[1] Clerkenwell Prison was blown up by Fenians, December 13, 1867.

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have cause to hate us, and who do not own their allegiance to us, making war on a State and society which has shown itself irresolute and feeble? But all these things are signs of the real hollowness and insufficiency of the whole system of our public life for these many years past, which could not but break down at last, just because it was hollow and insufficient. The great thing now is to try and build for the future, avoiding the faults which have done us so much mischief.

People are now gone into the country for Christmas, and there is a lull in our engagements. Next week we only dine out once. I met a Harrow master last night at dinner, and he gave me a most satisfactory account of the place. Every one seems agreed as to its extreme healthiness and bracingness; and also that, owing to the sort of people who have gone there to send their sons to the school, there is absolutely nothing of that kind of slur on home-boarders, as they are called at Harrow, which falls on them elsewhere, and notably, as we know, at Rugby. In a new book which has just come out about the great schools, there is an interesting chapter about papa, though the writer seems too eagerly anxious to prove that papa did not originate things, but only did with eminent force what others were doing or had done with less force.

Twistleton's pretty speech, about which you

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ask, was an application of a saying of Pindar's, that words were sometimes so beautiful that they had the force of beautiful actions. I have a number of letters and remarks which you and Fan would like to hear if I were with you, but it is no use sending or writing too much of this sort of thing. What I like best is such a letter as I saw the other day to the Council Office, not meant for me to see, from a teacher defending his school against a severe report of mine; he finished by saying that he had not a word against the Inspector, whom he would rather have than any other he had ever come in contact with, 'as he was always gentle and patient with the children.' The great thing is *humanity*, after all. Love to Fan.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

Basil[1] only so so.

To Mrs. Forster

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
December 20, 1867.

MY DEAREST K.—The sight of my pile of grammar papers had already reminded me to write and ask you if I could bury myself, as in former years, in the solitude of Eccleston Square while I looked them over. . . .

We are in a strange uneasy state in London,

[1] His baby.

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and the profound sense I have long had of the hollowness and insufficiency of our whole system of administration does not inspire me with much confidence in this or any probable Government's plan of meeting it. To double the police on duty and to call out special constables seems a strange way of dealing with an enemy who is not likely to come in force into the streets, and who really needs a good secret police to track his operations—this, and nothing else. We shall get through this, and much besides we have in store, however, I hope and believe ; but the amount of change and labour we have before us is immense, and few people, opening by degrees though their minds now are, can yet conceive it. It will be an amount of labour in proportion to the clap-trap we have tried to pass off on ourselves and others for truth ; and one could hardly say more than that. Meanwhile, depend upon it that the great States of the Continent have two great elements of cohesion, in their administrative system and in their army, which we have not. Italy is like us in this respect, and her difficulties would be far less if she had a real administrative system and army, as France and Prussia have, and not, as she has, both the one and the other not really strong. The strength of the English character will have been never more tried than in having to go through, without army and administration, such a loosening of all old prejudices, respects, and

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habits as is beginning, and cannot be stopped, for it is the course of nature.

I send you a letter, which you need not return, from the Superioress of the German School Nuns in Whitechapel, thanking me on behalf of three nuns who have attended the certificate examination I have just been holding at Stockwell. They attended in the costume of their order, were perfectly well treated by students and training school authorities, and I occasionally spoke a few words to them in German. The British and Foreign Training Schools are by their constitution the only ones in this country that have the unsectarian character, as centres of examination for all comers, which all training schools have abroad; but imagine fifty years ago this Society, almost entirely formed of Protestant Dissenters, having three nuns in costume being examined alongside of their own teachers and students!

I also send you a note from Renan, which gives me great pleasure, and which you must take to Fan for the autograph-book. I had sent him a copy of my Celtic lectures, as I have spoken in them of his Essay on Celtic Poetry.

Love to all your party.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM,
Christmas Day, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—A happy Christmas to all of you at Fox How, with my love and thanks for all the letters and good wishes that reached me on my birthday.

Dear little Basil is much more himself again to-day. On the 23rd Hutton told me and Flu separately that he could not get through the attack, and at nine in the morning I did not think he would have lived two hours. He was exactly like a person in a severe paralytic seizure.

Stanley preached last Sunday on St. Paul's Roman Citizenship, and on the benefits Christianity had derived from the just and intelligent administrative system of the Roman Empire—a sermon that reminded me of papa's influence. I have been reading this year in connection with the New Testament a good deal of Aristotle and Plato, and this has brought papa very much to my mind again. Bunsen used to say that our great business was to get rid of all that was purely Semitic in Christianity, and to make it Indo-Germanic, and Schleiermacher that in the Christianity of us Western nations there was really much more of Plato and Socrates than of Joshua and David; and, on the whole, papa worked in the direction of these ideas of Bunsen

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and Schleiermacher, and was perhaps the only powerful Englishman of his day who did so. In fact, he was the only deeply religious man who had the necessary culture for it. Then I never touch on considerations about *the State* without feeling myself on his ground.

At this time of year, and with my birthday reminding me how much of my term is spent, I like to bring before my mind the course and scope of his labours, and to try and connect my own with them. Perhaps the change of times and modes of action being allowed for, my scope is not so different from his as you and I often think.—Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster

January 4, 1868.

My dearest K.—Poor little Basil died this afternoon, a few minutes before one o'clock. I sat up with him till four this morning, looking over my papers, that Flu and Mrs. Tuffin might get some sleep, and at the end of every second paper I went to him, stroked his poor twitching hand and kissed his soft warm cheek, and though he never slept he seemed easy, and hardly moaned at all. This morning, about six, after I had gone to bed, he became more restless; about eleven he had another convulsion; from

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that time he sank. Flu, Mrs. Tuffin, and I were all round him as his breathing gradually ceased, then the spasm of death passed over his face; after that the eyes closed, all the features relaxed, and now as he lies with his hands folded, and a white camellia Georgina Wightman brought him lying on his breast, he is the sweetest and most beautiful sight possible.

And so this loss comes to me just after my forty-fifth birthday, with so much other 'suffering in the flesh,'—the departure of youth, cares of many kinds, an almost painful anxiety about public matters,—to remind me that *the time past of our life may suffice us!*—words which have haunted me for the last year or two, and that we 'should no longer live the rest of our time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.' However different the interpretation we put on much of the facts and history of Christianity, we may unite in the bond of this call, which is true for all of us, and for me, above all, how full of meaning and warning.—Ever, my dearest K., your most affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother

LONDON, *January* 6, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I let Flu write to you on Saturday. I thought it would be a sort

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of pleasure to her to do it, you and Fan had always been so fond of Basil, and so good to him; indeed, except ourselves, you two were the people who were fondest of him. I shall never cease to rejoice that you so persisted in your invitation to our large party last autumn, and that we were all there together before this break; it will be one tie more, if that were wanted, to bind us to you and Fan and to dear Fox How. Flu's first desire was to lay the dear little man in Ambleside churchyard, where you and Fan would be near him and see to his little grave: and it was my first wish too, but I am afraid it is impracticable. Ambleside being not possible, my next wish is Laleham, for which I, more than any of us, perhaps, except Jane, shall always have a home feeling. Matt Buckland is coming to see me to-night, and at Laleham it will probably be.

This morning he was photographed — we should else have had no picture of him whatever, —and now he lies in his little gray coffin, with his hands folded on his breast, and a little cross of double white primroses placed in them, looking sweeter and more touching than I can say.

The children are very good, and every one is very kind.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

CHESTER SQUARE, *January* 11, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—We have just come back from Laleham, and I have now barely time before the post goes out to tell you the last of our dear, dear little man. It has been something to see him all this week, but if, even in his illness, it was not the real child we had known, how much less after his death. But still there was some satisfaction in going to see him at one's accustomed hours—directly I got up, when I used so often to see him in the day nursery in his night-gown, just brought in from the other room to be dressed. Then after breakfast, when he always came down, and used to like me to carry him round to all the pictures. . . . He looked beautiful, and so he continued to the last, though the colour got of a deader and deader hue, and the parts round the eyes ceased to have the fulness of life; but the cheek and chin kept all their roundness and smoothness to the last, and anything so perfect as the little waxen fingers crossed upon his breast was never seen. He had fresh flowers yesterday—double white primroses and lilies of the valley; at half-past nine in the evening Flu and I looked at him for the last time, and then he was brought down into the dining-room, closed up in his little coffin, and lay all night on the table with the

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wax candles burning by him, and one white camellia Mrs. Tuffin had brought for him on his coffin. . . . The dear boys went to the grave before we left Laleham, and found it already covered in and made. And now we have come back here to find his day nursery without the little white bier which has stood in the middle of it all this week, and all furbished up and prepared for the ways of everyday life again. And that little darling we have left behind us at Laleham; and he will soon fade out of people's remembrance, but *we* shall remember him and speak of him as long as we live, and he will be one more bond between us, even more perhaps in his death than in his sweet little life.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

Love to all.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *January* 18, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—You and Fan will like to see the enclosed letter from Mr. Spedding of Keswick, as you see so many productions in which what I say is controverted. You need not return it to me, as I have answered it. The best of this country is that if you say truth as it ought to be said, it is sure with time to take effect; and our strength and honesty give

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us tenacity enough to enable us to hold together till the truth has become sufficiently diffused, and can save us from our present dangerous condition. I have been amused by getting a letter from Edward Dicey asking me, in the name of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, to give them a notice of Blake the artist, and to name my own price. I sent a civil refusal, but you may depend upon it Lord Lytton was right in saying that it is no inconsiderable advantage to me that all the writing world have a kind of weakness for me, even at the time they are attacking me.

Altogether, I am in request just now, for I am being taken into their secrets, *very confidentially*, by three different centres of educational power at once. . . . I think and hope I have been of some use; I do not mean to them, but to the cause. These confidences come when I can truly say that I not only do not wish to turn them to my own private account, or to use them to trip anybody up, but I do not even care whether they come or not. If I am wanted in the work, my influence is sure to come to tell upon it somehow, and if it does not come to tell upon it, it is because the work can go right without me. It is, however, when one has attained this way of thinking that one generally finds work most brought to one; and more and more, I daresay, I shall have to do, till my thoughts turn more and more to that to which

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they have even now turned with pleasure—the thought of my pretty little Basil, and resting by him in his quiet churchyard.

Flu has told you the news about our house, and now I must set seriously about house-hunting at Harrow. I have put my Cannon Street injury[1] into a solicitor's hands. He wrote me a long letter of cases bearing on mine, among which was one of an illiterate man falling into a reservoir because he did not read a notice. In my answer I could not forbear some joke about my case turning out to be painfully like that of the illiterate man, and now I have a formal reply to prove to me that it is not, which is amusing enough. I heard Tyndall lecture last night, and met the Stanleys; the lecture was interesting, but not so good as I had expected. Love to Fan.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
COUNCIL OFFICE, DOWNING STREET, LONDON,
February 5, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Your letter of to-day is a reproach to me for my silence, and I will take the opportunity of a pupil-teacher examination to answer it. I could not write on Saturday, for I did not get back from Harrow

[1] A fall at the railway station.

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in time. It was a day of stormy wind, and poor Flu got dreadfully blown about; but it was a day to make the bad building and unsheltered exposure of modern villas very evident. Those we looked at were raining down their slates and broken glass at the very time we visited them, and the old-fashioned thick walls and sheltered position of *Byron House*—the name of the place we are thinking of—were the more appreciated. Flu thought the offices bad, and the boys' part will need some little adapting, but every one who knows Harrow so urges us to take it, and speaks of our good fortune in having such a chance so strongly, that I think we shall take it. Harrow is a bad place to get a house in at all, and a very bad place to get anything but a modern villa in. We shall have ample room in this house—a spare bedroom, dressing-room, and bachelor's room—after putting the children and servants up comfortably. Also there is a good library for me, which is a great blessing. The kindness of everybody at Harrow has been really delightful. I think Flu sent you Dr. Butler's letter, and now it turns out that the school architect, a Mr. Hayward, has also a strong feeling about papa and about me, and he has undertaken, not professionally, but as a friend, the whole negotiation of the transfer of the lease, settlement of terms, examination of the house as to necessary alterations, etc. He stands high in his profession, and I can thoroughly trust his advice and

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judgment, and I am in this way saved a great deal of anxiety and trouble. Flu and I think of going down to-morrow to have another good look over the house and ground—there is from an acre to an acre and a half of garden, part of which is a very well stocked kitchen garden—and then we shall decide. I cannot tell you how the old countrified Middlesex look of the house pleases me, and how the physiognomy of one of the modern villas with their patch of raw garden depresses me.

I am glad you like the second part of my disquisition.[1] I think *Barbarian*[2] will stick; but as a very charming Barbarianess, Lady Portsmouth, expresses a great desire to make my acquaintance, I daresay the race will bear no malice. In fact, the one arm they feel and respect is irony, as I have often said; whereas the Puritan Middle Class, at whom I have launched so much, are partly too good, partly too gross, to feel it. I shall tell upon them, however, somehow before I have done. I send you old Friedrich von Räumer's autograph.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] 'Anarchy and Authority,' Part II., *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1868.

[2] His nickname for the aristocracy.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 7, 1868.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—It so happens that I dine out on Saturday—the first time I have dined out since our loss, so I could not come on Saturday. I was half inclined to say I would come on Sunday, but I have a school out at Hammersmith at half-past ten on Monday morning, so I had better put off my visit to you. It is kind of you to wish me to meet 'the great Elchi,'[1] but it needs no lion to make Aston Clinton attractive to me. I do really hope the Buckinghamshire change is in a fair way to be made, and then, though I do not come to you now, I hope the spring will not pass without my coming.

Probably I was asleep when you passed me in the train at Willesden. You should have tapped violently on the window of your carriage.

Kindest regards to all the Aston Clinton party. I hope you laughed over the *Barbarians*. They take it themselves very well, so far as I have means of seeing.—Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

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To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *February* 22, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I meant this to have been a long letter, but it must be a hurried one, for I have just received, and had to answer, a long letter about the Harrow house. . . .

Last night I dined with the Geological Society, at Huxley's invitation, who is President this year. My place was fixed between Lowe and Tyndall. Lowe's neighbourhood would have been amusing, but Lord de Grey [1] failed to come. Lowe was moved into Lord de Grey's place, and I had another neighbour, Warrington Smyth, the ex-President. Tyndall was very pleasant. Lowe's speech not so good as people expected—rather a preachment about the Universities not giving enough of their prizes to reward natural science. Cardwell's speech was far better, and more amusing. Huxley is a capital speaker, and in one of his speeches he brought in me and '*Arminius*' amusingly enough. But I had settled with him beforehand that I would not speak, and was not to be called upon. A clever, but raw and intemperate Scotch youth, Robert Buchanan, has been running rather a tilt against me and others. You will have seen his letters in the *Spectator*. Last night's *Pall Mall* had a tremendous onslaught upon him, which is very

[1] Afterwards Lord Ripon.

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well as showing that there are people ready to take up one's defence without one's having to do it oneself. Still, I had rather it was not done, as these bitter answers increase and perpetuate hatreds which I detest. Buchanan probably credits me with some of the severe reviews which have appeared of his verses, as doctrines of mine appear up and down in them. I am very sorry for this, and wish it could be known I never write anonymous criticisms. Then, too, the *Spectator* does me a very bad service by talking of my contempt for unintellectual people. It is not at all true, and it sets people against one. You will laugh, but fiery hatred and malice are what I detest, and would always allay or avoid, if I could. To-night I dine with Fitzjames Stephen, to talk over the Public Schools Bill.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 14, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Our time is running short. To-morrow week is our last Sunday in the dear little house. Between inspecting and arranging for Harrow I am a good deal distracted, and have not been able to finish my Anarchy and Authority for the April *Cornhill;* it must wait for the May number. I have had a good deal of

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faceache this week, caught in a very cold drive on the Essex coast, and that has been a disturbance too. But, on the whole, I am well and disposed to work, and in many directions. I feel more than most people the distracting influence, on which Byron in one of his letters writes so strongly, of London society, and am sure I can do most when I am away from it, though I like it well enough. To-night we have at dinner the Forsters, Huxleys, Phelipses (she was Charlotte Delafield), and our next-door neighbours, the Snowdens, and we shall go to Lady Waldegrave's afterwards. For to-morrow I have had two dinner invitations, and one to an evening party, but have declined all. Next week we dine out five nights, and the other night dear old Walter dines with us. To-night is the last dinner-party we shall give in Chester Square. On Thursday Flu and I went down together to Harrow. It was a beautiful day, with sun and warm wind, and our house, which is now really ours, looked very cheerful. The things are coming out beautifully, and there are quantities of violets in the beds of the flower garden. The flower garden, however, is not much, but the kitchen garden is a well-stocked one, and, I am told, very good and productive. We gave orders about planting lettuces, as we are such great salad people, looked with interest at our asparagus beds, and with apprehension at our apricot trees covered with flower, for they are too forward,

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and one is afraid they will be cut off. There is a great deal of wall, and with vines and fig-trees trained on it, as well as apricots, peaches, and so on; and I hear the figs and grapes ripen two years out of three. It is half-way down the hill, on the south-west side, so it is both sheltered and sunny, which, of course, is excellent for the garden. It will be a great point to have the spare room, which we shall not furnish till we are settled, ready for you and dear Fan on your return from Devonshire. We shall take as many of our own things as we can, as buying new is always the dearest way, though often the agreeablest. We have given orders for all the alterations, cleanings, and repaperings we mean to have done; all painting must wait for the summer holidays; there is no time for it now. We hope to be in the house by the 1st or 2nd of April. Now I think I have told you enough about Harrow, so with love to Fan, I will sign myself, your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *June* 13, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I like to write to you on this day,[1] which more and more has a significance for me. The nearer I get to

[1] Dr. Arnold's birthday.

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accomplishing the term of years which was papa's, the more I am struck with admiration at what he did in them. It is impossible to conceive him exactly as living now, amidst our present ideas, because those ideas he himself would have so much influenced had he been living the last twenty-five years, and, perhaps, have given in many respects a different course to. Still, on the whole, I think of the main part of what I have done, and am doing, as work which he would have approved and seen to be indispensable. It is, as I have said to Edward, almost impossible for women who get their chief idea of Greece from the Bible to know what we really owe to Greece, and how much she has influenced our very Christianity ; you, however, who knew and heard papa for so many years, must know this more than most women. Men can better estimate a force which, having been condemned by Saint Ambrose and the Church as unnecessary to salvation, and even dangerous to it, got, by its inherent indispensableness, possession of all the schools and education, so far as men are concerned, of the Church itself, and had and has ecclesiastics for its chief agents and promulgators. I do not say, however, that papa would have given Hellenism the prominence I give to it ; I know he would not ; but time orders these things, and fifty years ago, and in England, he would probably not have had his views of Scripture inspiration and

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interpretation. I am astonished, and so is George Smith, at the favourable reception what I have said meets with, but this shows how ripe people's minds are for a change in some of their fixed notions on these matters. What you quote from Bunsen is very interesting and very true. Plato, however, could not in his day have been a man of action, and so one may say, perhaps, that no single man ever is or can be perfect. But certainly Plato would have been less perfect than he was had he entered into the stock politics of Athens at his day. I shall read every word of Bunsen some time that I am in quiet at Fox How. We have glorious weather, and I only wish you could eat our strawberries. We have two great dishes every day, and I see no prospect of an end to them. What would I not give for one hour of the Rotha, or of one end of Grasmere Lake! My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

ATHENÆUM CLUB, *June* 29, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—All Saturday I was at Panshanger, having met Henry Cowper, Lord Cowper's brother, at dinner at Goschen's on Tuesday, and he having asked me to come down with him and fish at Panshanger on Saturday, and to bring Dick. I knew it could not be fishing

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weather, but I went, partly to see Panshanger and the pictures, partly because I think Dick will like in after life to have been fishing at these places in his youth. Panshanger is a beautiful place, a wooded valley full of old trees and ferns, with a clear stream at the bottom, and the house on the brow of the ridge backed by trees. They have two well-known Raphaels, but the pictures by Andrea del Sarto are quite as interesting. The valley was full of heat and pitiless sun, and we saw the great trout, two feet long, lying motionless in the clear water without a thought of rising; but Cowper took Dick to a deep pool where, with a worm, he caught a number of fine perch, and this delighted him. The great house and rooms, and above all the luncheon ending with strawberries, grapes, and peaches, completed his rapture, and his questions were incessant, if I did not wish the house was mine, especially when we were in the library. At Goschen's I met Lord Amberley and a number of the young Liberal members like Trevelyan. I met, among them, that Mr. Winterbotham,[1] who made a good speech in the House the other day,[2] and certainly I am struck to find what hold among these younger men what I write has taken. I should think I heard the word *Philistines* used at least a hundred times during dinner, and *Barbarians* very often. To-morrow

[1] H. S. P. Winterbotham, M.P. for Stroud 1867-1873.
[2] See *St. Paul and Protestantism*, preface, p. xviii.

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I start very early for Rayleigh, in Essex, so I dine with the Forsters, having refused invitations to dine with the Meyer Rothschilds, and with a Mr. Robarts, who asked me to dine with him at the Star and Garter, that I might meet Frederic Harrison. I sleep here in Pall Mall, in what Mr. George Smith calls his garret—a delightful third floor, the bedroom at the back out of the noise, the front room a bath-room and dressing-room. I sleep there again on Friday, when I have promised to dine with the Anthony Rothschilds. Lord Houghton has asked me to meet Longfellow at breakfast on Friday, but I cannot manage it. I think perhaps Longfellow will come and see me at Harrow. At any rate, I shall probably get a note from him for the autograph book. I have had a long bout of Kahn this last week, and my teeth are restored, so that I am again beautiful. He has done it very well, I think. My love to dear Fan. I like to think I shall see Rowland to-night.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

HARROW, *August* 9, 1868.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—One of the oldest and best clerks in the Education Office, whom I should be glad to help if I could, has

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asked me to try and get votes for his nephew, who is a candidate for the London Orphan Asylum. I send you one or two of his cards in case your own votes are unpromised, or you can do anything for him with other members of your family who are subscribers to the Asylum. I shall be very glad if you can.

I met Mr. Deutsch the other day, and had a long talk with him about Hebraism and Hellenism. I was greatly interested in seeing him, and any diffidence I felt in talking about my crude speculations to such a *savant* was set at rest by his telling me that he was distinctly conscious, while writing his article on the Talmud, that if it had not been for what I had done he could not have written that article in the *Quarterly*, and the British public could not have read it. I have had no such tribute to my powers of relaxing and dissolving yet paid. If we can but dissolve what is bad without dissolving what is good!

My last school is inspected, but we keep hesitating about our start to Westmorland because of the failure of water there! My mother, to whom we are going, is reduced to one small well, and this threatens to fail. All the small brooks are dried up, and the Rotha, our chief river, is like an Eastern watercourse, with only a little water in deep holes or under stones. When one thinks of the *pluies torrentielles* to which in that dear country one is accustomed!

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TO M. E. GRANT DUFF

In Switzerland I hear of villages being washed away in the Engadine, and of people being confined to their inn for days together by the rain—so take care of yourselves. I hope Sir Anthony will get fortified against the gout, wherever you go.

The list of my schools for my newly-arranged district has just reached me, and I see that I have two Buckinghamshire ones for October, one of which will, I daresay, enable me to have a glimpse of you, if you are back at Aston Clinton before that month ends. With kindest regards to your daughters, I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
September 9, 1868.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—It would not need the challenge of the presumptuous salmon to make me come to Eden, if I could follow my own wishes; but my eldest little boy, always, as you know, delicate, had a fall from his pony the other day, and the circulation has been so much deranged by the shock that we are uneasy about him. Harrow reopens on Friday, and as he will not be movable by that time, I must myself reconduct the family menagerie to Harrow,

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leaving his mother here with him. Again this year, therefore, my northern projects are dissipated, and a month at this place will have been all my holiday. I am well and fresh, so on the score of health it does not matter; but I should greatly have enjoyed seeing you and your wife again at Eden, and had much looked forward to it. But it must be for another year.

I have so much to do that perhaps it is better I should be thus obliged to return to Harrow and work. I have long promised Macmillan a sort of sketch of the development of Greek poetry, illustrated by extracts in a plain translation into harmonious prose.[1] What is the good of for ever talking about the Greeks and Hellenism if nine people out of ten can have no notion at all, from practical experience, what they are like and wherein is their power? While for Hebraism they have the Bible, making plain to all nations and languages the force of Hebraism. Yet the Bible is only Hebrew poetry plainly translated into harmonious prose. At least, the great part of it is only this. To give something of a like currency to the best of Greek poetry has long been a notion of mine, but when one comes to try and carry it into effect, the work is one of time more than one thinks.

Your address was almost the only one I have seen with any freshness or reality in it—anything but the old stale and damnable iteration of the

[1] This design was not carried out.

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Liberal clap-traps. I have been reading Bunsen's life. With a certain obvious splay-footedness, he is yet very edifying.

My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff. —Most sincerely yours, M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

HARROW, *October* 24, 1868.

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—It is in *future* years that I shall have schools in your neighbourhood in October. I find that Dr. Morell has this year taken them all in the spring. I am now changing their dates, but the change will not take effect till next year. If I have a chance of inspecting near you before Christmas I will not fail to write and offer myself at Aston Clinton for a night, but except in this way I have no chance of paying visits, even the pleasantest, at present. Poor little Tom had a fall from his pony in Westmorland, which seemed nothing, but which increased the disturbance of his circulation, always so troubled. He has since we brought him back had an attack of rheumatism which gave us great alarm, and though this attack seems now passing off, he is entirely confined to his bed, and in a state of weakness and suffering that makes it impossible for us to leave him except on necessity.

I am sure you will be grieved to hear this

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sad account of your poor little acquaintance. My kindest regards to your daughters, and compliments to Sir Anthony, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, always sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

. . . . . .

Matthew Arnold's eldest son, Thomas, died at Harrow, November 23, 1868, aged sixteen. On the Sunday following his death the Head Master, Dr. Butler, thus described him in a sermon in the school chapel :—

'His life was strangely unlike that which we assume to be characteristic of the ordinary schoolboy. An invalid from his birth, unable to take a part in active games, unable even to study hard, shut out from all those competitions of mind and body which make up so much of the relish of your lives, he had learnt to be patient and unselfish, and to care for the things of God. He was with us but one school-quarter, yet most of you, I think, will remember, not indeed his character—*that* you never knew,—but the frail form, the spiritual face, the passionate earnestness with which he threw himself into the one school occupation which he could call his own—his dearly-loved music. There are some also among the younger of you who will remember one other trait—would it were now

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more common among us!—how that, being a member of one of the lowest forms, he did his utmost during last quarter to put a check on all unfairness in work. It is not the first time that a feeble body has been the home of a true and stout heart. Would to God that his manly courage—so briefly granted to us, so soon withdrawn—might shame or animate some more powerful champion to labour manfully in the same cause! But when I think of the little that such a boy was able to do, and of the effort which it must have cost *him* to do anything at all, instead of simply following the stream, it seems as though we might reverently and affectionately apply to him the precious words of Divine approval: "Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My word, and hast not denied My name. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him My new name."'

To Lady de Rothschild

HARROW, *November* 30, 1868.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I was sure you would be touched by the death of my poor little boy, to whom you have so often showed kindness. I imagine every one here thought he could not get through the winter, though they

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could give no special name to his complaint except to call it, with the doctors, 'failure in vital power' following upon the slight shock given to him by his fall from a pony in Westmorland. But his mother and I had watched him through so many ebbings and flowings of his scanty stock of vital power that we had always hopes for him, and till I went into his room last Monday morning an hour before the end I did not really think he would die. The astonishing self-control which he had acquired in suffering was never shown more than in the last words he said to me, when his breath grew shorter and shorter, and from this, and the grieved face of the doctor as he entered the room, he knew, I am sure, that the end was come; and he turned to me, and—his mamma, who was always with him, and whom he adored, having gone into the next room for a moment—he whispered to me, in his poor labouring voice, 'Don't let mamma come in.' At his age that seems to me heroic self-control; and it was this patience and fortitude in him, joined to his great fragility and his exquisite turn for music, which interested so many people in him, and which brings us a sort of comfort now in all the kind and tender things that are said to us of him. But to Mrs. Arnold the loss of the occupation of her life—for so the care of him really was—will for some time to come be terrible.

Many thanks and kindest regards to Sir

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Anthony and your daughters, and believe me always, dear Lady de Rothschild, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

THE ATHENÆUM, *December* 11, 1868.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I must write one line to say with what extreme pleasure I have seen your appointment,[1] and to a department where your knowledge and powers will be most useful, though it is not the department you would have yourself selected. Yet you must have a certain pleasure too in being connected with Indian affairs, from which your family have reaped in past times so much distinction.

In my opinion there is no man in this Government who has better earned office, as there is certainly no one in it with whose views and wishes as to public matters I believe myself to be more in sympathy, or so much.

My kindest remembrances and congratulations to your wife.—Ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] Under-Secretary of State for India in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

HARROW, *December* 24,[1] 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have been doing papers till the last moment, but I must put them aside to write to you and thank you and Edward, Susy and Fan for your letters and good wishes. Now I am within one year of papa's age when he ended his life; and how much he seems to have put into it, and to what ripeness of character he had attained! Everything has seemed to come together to make this year the beginning of a new time to me: the gradual settlement of my own thought, little Basil's death, and then my dear, dear Tommy's. And Tommy's death in particular was associated with several awakening and epoch-marking things. The chapter for the day of his death was that great chapter, the 1st of Isaiah; the first Sunday after his death was Advent Sunday, with its glorious collect, and in the Epistle the passage[2] which converted St. Augustine. All these things point to a new beginning, yet it may well be that I am near my end, as papa was at my age, but without papa's ripeness, and that there will be little time to carry far the new beginning. But that is all the more reason for carrying it as far as one can, and as earnestly as one can, while one lives.

The weather is wonderful—so mild, and such

[1] His birthday. [2] Romans xiii. 13.

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storms of wind and rain. Yesterday it was beautiful, and in the evening it seemed going to freeze, but to-day is stormier than ever, with the barometer lower than I have ever seen it—down to 28.10. How low has yours been? Our three or four hundred feet above the sea always makes our barometer readings lower than those of most people, but I shall be curious to hear what yours are. Tell Edward I divide my papers (second year Grammar) through every day, taking in Christmas Day, Saturdays, and Sundays. In this way I bring them down to twenty-five a day, which I can do without the strain on my head and eyes which forty a day, or—as I used often to make it in old times by delaying at first—eighty or ninety a day would be. I am up at six, and work at the preface to my Culture and Anarchy Essays, work again at this, and read, between breakfast and luncheon. Play racquets and walk between luncheon and four; from four to seven look over my twenty-five papers, and then after dinner write my letters and read a little. My dream is some day to take Rydal Lodge for three weeks at Christmas, and to come down to the old Christmas country of my early years once again. My love all round. —I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate M. A.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *January* 28, 1869.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I hope a copy of my book[1] has to-day gone to you; and I have also sent a copy of it to Mr. Disraeli, as I told you I should. It will be very kind of you if you will tell him that it needs no acknowledgment, but that I should like him to look through the Preface about the Nonconformists and disestablishment.

I look forward with great interest to your reading what I have said, and am inclined to think you will not, in general, disapprove. And now I have done with social and political essays for a long time to come.

I have been examining a multitude of pupil-teachers this morning, and heard that I should see you the first day I go to the Free School. But in March I mean to propose quartering myself for at least one night if not two at Aston Clinton. With kind regards there, believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, ever most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] *Culture and Anarchy: an Essay in Political and Social Criticism.* 1869.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

HARROW, *February* 4, 1869.

The Italian Government has proposed to me to take charge of Prince Thomas of Savoy, the young Duke of Genoa, and have him to live here with my own boys while he is at Harrow. Everybody seems to think it a most desirable thing, and, as I had something to do with the original project of his coming here, I have promised to take him, sooner than that the project of sending him here should fail. The General who has been his Governor is gone over to Italy to see the Duchess of Genoa, the Prince's mother, about it, and Count Mafféi has written to General Menabrea, so that in a few weeks it will be settled. Flu has no objection to the boy's coming, and she, after all, is the person most concerned by his coming, and, as I told Count Mafféi, the person who will do most for his welfare. The Continent has so much interest for me that I should not at all dislike this connection with it, and I think the children would like it very much. His Governor would live in London, and come down on Sundays to take the Prince up to his chapel, and so on, and we should have neither governor nor priest living in the house.

M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

HARROW, *February* 20, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The middle of next month will suit us to perfection, and you must give us as long as ever you can. We shall all talk and think much of your coming, now that the time has been named, so you must not disappoint us. To-day it is quite beautiful here, and the apricot-trees are quite covered with blossom. One of Flu's daffodils is now quite out, and the others are coming up delightfully. I had a capital game of racquets with Dick before luncheon, and now I am going to walk to the station with Flu and the little girls to give some message about a parcel; we shall have Rover[1] with us. I shall be very glad for you to make better acquaintance with Rover. Atossa,[2] or Toss, as we generally call her, now lies stretched out on the floor by me, letting the sunshine bathe all her deep, rich, tawny fur over her stomach; her ways are beautiful, as you will see when you have been with her a day. I did not dine with K. yesterday, but shall on Monday. Huxley wanted me to dine with him last night at the annual dinner of the Geological Society, of which he is President, telling me I should hear Bright speak. But neither Bright nor William Forster, who was

[1] A retriever. [2] A Persian cat.

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also to have been there, came; but there was the Duke of Argyll, and Lord de Grey, and Arthur Stanley. Huxley wanted me to speak, but this I always arrange beforehand, if I go to one of these dinners, not to be called upon to do; after-dinner speaking is a thing of which the conditions are such that it is almost impossible to do it well, and I leave it to the public men whose business it is. Huxley himself is an admirable speaker. Stanley made a poor speech for the Church. The two lords made the best speeches after Huxley. Huxley brought in my *Culture and Anarchy*, and my having made game of him in the Preface, very well in one of his speeches. Arthur Stanley moved his chair round to me after dinner, and told me of his delight with my Preface, and how entirely the ideas of it—particularly those of a passage about Constantine—were exactly what papa would have approved. I have also had an interesting letter from Lord Lytton about the book, which I will send you soon. Dr. William Smith, of the *Quarterly Review*, came up to me a day or two ago with his hand held out, saying he forgave me all I had said about him and the *Quarterly*, which, he added, was a great deal, for the sake of the truth and usefulness of what I had said about the Nonconformists. He said he was born a Nonconformist, was brought up with them, and had seen them all his life, so he was a good judge. The Preface is much read

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in London, and will be more, I think, as the questions on which it turns are more and more prominent. Meanwhile, the Liberal newspapers one and all attack it, and this, too, they are likely to do more and more. The *Spectator* has an article to-day, not on this book, but on my *Macmillan* lecture,[1] in which —— shows his strange aptitude for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick, entirely misapprehending my use of the terms *modern* and *adequate*. For instance, I call both our literature and Roman literature quite as *modern* as Athenian literature, only incomparably less *adequate*. When I say *adequate* —— makes me say *modern*, which is just an embroilment of all my real doctrine. Coleridge on Keble[2] I have read. There is much to interest me, and there must be more to interest you; but my one feeling when I close the book is of papa's immense superiority to all the set, mainly because, owing to his historic sense, he was so wonderfully, for his nation, time, and profession, European, and thus so got himself out of the narrow medium in which, after all, his English friends lived. I said this to Stanley last night, and he quite agreed. My love to Fan and to Rowland. I wish she could come with you. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] 'On the Modern Element in Literature.' See vol. xiii. p. 75.

[2] *A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A.*, by the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge. 1869.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

HARROW, *February* 27, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am rather pressed for time, so I take a small piece of paper. I went out for my walk with Rover, and met Mr. Templer, who has some pigs I wanted to look at, so I went back with him to his house, looked at his pigs, and bought one of them. Then I had to look at all his other animals, and see four or five horses trotted out, and this took a long while. It is a wonderfully clear, bright day with a cold wind, so I went to a field on the top of the hill, whence I can see the clumps of Botleys and the misty line of the Thames, where Tommy lies at the foot of them. I often go for this view on a clear day. Then I went homewards, and met Flu and Georgina, who is down for the day, and after we had seen Georgina into the omnibus to return to London, I took Flu to the view. Then I came home while she went to five o'clock church, and since then I have had a capital game at racquets with Curtis, a friend of Budge's, and have been round the garden to talk to the gardener and look at the wild daffodils, which are coming on beautifully. Flu and I have been asked to dine with the De Greys next Saturday. She will not go there or anywhere else at present, but as Lord de Grey is my official chief, and I also met him at the

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Geological dinner, so he knows I go out, I thought I could not but accept, but I have, in general, refused all invitations, and mean to till after Easter. I send you the letters, which you will like to see. Fan may as well keep Lord Lytton's. Mr. White is a leading Independent minister, and is the man quoted in the Preface, which I am glad you liked. However much I may be attacked, my manner of writing is certainly one that takes hold of people and proves effective. I hear on all sides of the Preface being read, and making an impression. The *Daily News* had more reality than I expected—far more than the *Morning Star*. Miss Martineau has always been a good friend to me. I am amused at her rebuking the *Daily News* editor. You will be greatly pleased with Stanley's article on Keble in the new *Macmillan*. It is full of things you will like. When I was at the Athenæum yesterday, in the morning-room, Alexander, the Bishop of Derry, came up and introduced himself to me, and while we were talking up came Magee, the Bishop of Peterborough, and joined us; and there I stood for a long time talking to my two bishops, to the amusement of some people in the room, which was very full. My love to dear Fan. In about a fortnight we shall see you, I hope. It will be delightful.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

KNEBWORTH, *May* 12, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Our letters crossed last week, and now I write to you from a place very unlike the classroom of a British school, from which I wrote to you last week. This place of Lord Lytton's stands well on a hill in the pretty part of Hertfordshire. It is a house originally of Henry VII.'s reign, and has been elaborately restored. The grounds, too, are very elaborate, and full of statues, kiosks, and knick-knacks of every kind. The house is a mass of old oak, men in armour, tapestry, and curiosities of every description. But, like Lord Lytton himself, the place is a strange mixture of what is really romantic and interesting with what is tawdry and gimcracky; and one is constantly coming upon stucco for stone, rubbish from Wardour Street instead of real old curiosities, and bits in the taste of a second-rate Vauxhall stuck down in a beautiful recess of garden. The house loses, no doubt, by my seeing it so soon after Hatfield, which is a first-rate to a second-rate compared with this at its best. But this might be a much more impressive place than it is if it had been simply treated. Lord Lytton is kindness itself, but theatrical in his reception of us, and in his determination to treat the Prince as a royal personage. The Prince, who is a dear boy,

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of whom I am getting quite fond, behaves admirably, but would much rather be let alone. Last week I was staying with the Gibsons at Saffron Walden, the quietest of rich Quakers; now I am staying here. On Wednesday I go to the Rothschilds—changes enough! The most pleasing thing about Lord Lytton is his humanity. He goes into the cottages of the poor people, and they seem to adore him. They have known him ever since he was a boy, and call him Sir and Mr. instead of My Lord, and when they correct themselves and beg pardon he says, 'Oh, never mind that.' He wrote and asked me to bring either Budge or Dick, or both, but they could not have their exeat yet, and neither of them cared much to come. The Prince, with his Italian tastes, finds this place Gothic and oppressive, and says he greatly prefers Byron House. There is a Mr. Julian Young staying here, very pleasant company, who knew Edward at Torquay, and I have heard Edward talk of him. There is also Lady Sherborne, who used to live close by Charlton, and who knew Edward there. I like her. Last night we had the Catholic priest from Hertford at dinner, and this morning the Prince and General were sent over to Hertford to Mass in Lord Lytton's carriage—ten miles. To-night the rector of Knebworth dines here. The church is in the park, at a stone's-throw from the door. In this vile east wind everything looks harsh and gloomy, but the park, with

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its trees, deer, and water, is really beautiful. We depart at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and till Wednesday I am quiet at home. Before I left yesterday I saw dear Flu start for Laleham in a waggonette with two greys, and Rover barking before them. She had the two little girls, Mrs. Tuffin, and Price on the box. They were laden with plants, wreaths, and flower-crosses for the dear graves, and I was very glad Flu should have an opportunity of making this expedition, which has been long in her mind. On Tuesday she will go up and see her mother, as I shall be at home. I have leave for Chenies, the Duke of Bedford's trout-fishing in Buckinghamshire, on Thursday and Friday, and the Rothschilds will probably drive me over there from Aston Clinton. This evening the east wind is breaking in rain, and I do hope I shall have good weather, by which I mean soft, wet, cloudy, or blowing weather, for these two days. I have finished the proof of my poems, and have put several geographical notes, for instance to *Resignation* and to *Obermann*, which I think will add to the interest. The University printers have done the book admirably. I expect it will be out in a fortnight. My love to Fan and to dear Mary and her boys.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

HARROW, *June* 5, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—At Fox How to-day it must be quite heavenly, and how I wish I was there! I have had a hard week, and indeed my work will not leave me a single free day till the end of July. But from the 1st of August I shall be free and ready for Fox How whenever you like. The summer holidays here are a strict six weeks, and end quite early in September. . . .

My book[1] was out yesterday. This new edition is really a very pretty book, but you had better not buy it, because I am going to give it Fan, and shall bring it with me to Fox How, and the order of arrangement in this edition is not quite the final one I shall adopt. On this final order I could not decide till I saw this collected edition. The next edition will have the final order, and then the book will be stereotyped. That edition I shall then have bound, and give you. I expect the present edition will be sold out in about a year. Macmillan tells me the booksellers are subscribing very well for it. My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to

[1] *Poems*, two volumes. 1869.

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themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs. Two articles in *Temple Bar*, one on Tennyson, the other on Browning, are worth reading, both for their ability, and as showing with what much greater independence those poets are now judged, and what much more clearly conceived demands are now made both upon them and upon any modern poet. Jane will very likely have told you that my chance of a commissionership under William's Bill[1] seems small, Gladstone stopping the way. This is natural enough, and if I can get income enough to be at ease, I can hardly bring myself to wish for a position which will substitute, more than my present position, administrative work for literary, which latter work is, after all, my true business. I have been reading a book by Reuss, a French Protestant, on the first development of a theology out of data supplied by Christianity, which papa would have delighted in. You know that Stanley has been at the General Assembly of the Scotch Church. He

[1] The Endowed Schools Act, 1869.

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says he heard my Preface most intelligently quoted by one of their divines. My love to Aunt Jane, Fan, and Rowland.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *June* 12, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—It was in my scheme of yesterday to write to you, but after being at work on school reports all the morning I went out a drive with Flu and the little girls at half-past three, and as we came back was put down at the cricket-ground to look for a few minutes at a match between a Cambridge club and the boys here. The match was a very good one, and on the ground I met such a number of people I knew that I was kept longer than I meant, and when I got back here the General was come, and all hope of writing at an end. Yet to-day and yesterday are anniversaries[1] on which I would not fail of writing to you. They remind us well how little time has to do with the things of the spirit; since, measured by time, papa's absence from us is greater than his presence with us, but measured by reality how much greater is this last! The drive we took yesterday was to Belmount, an isolated round green hill rising out of this plain, and with the chain of

[1] Of Dr. Arnold's birth and death.

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high ground of Stanmore, Mill Hill, Hampstead, and Harrow surrounding it. We left the carriage in a green lane at the foot, and walked over the grass among magnificent trees to the top; and there, just below us, I showed them Canons[1] where papa was with the Plumers in his early life, when so much was commencing in him. The country is beautiful just now, and I should very much like you and Fan to see it once in its summer fulness. The hay harvest is going on everywhere, and is a very good one; but it gives hay fever to Budge and the Prince. Fanny Lucy is happily exempt thus far.

The Prince is troubled in his mind about Spain[2] but dismisses the thought as much as possible. It is a matter of which I shall be able to talk to you, but I cannot write. I heard the other day from Morier, the British Resident at Darmstadt, that Princess Alice is quite fascinated with my *Culture and Anarchy*, uses all its phrases, and knows long bits by heart. The Crown Princess is now reading the book. You will see that it will have a considerable effect in the end, and the chapters on Hellenism and Hebraism are in the main, I am convinced, so true that they will form a kind of centre for English thought and speculation on the matters treated

[1] Near Edgware; once the residence of Sir Thomas Plumer, Master of the Rolls, 1818-1824.

[2] A majority of the Cortes decided to offer the Crown of Spain to Prince Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, October 3, 1869. It was declined January 1, 1870.

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in them. I dine to-morrow with the Merivales, to meet Lord Lawrence, whom I have never met. My love to Fan, Aunt Jane, and Rowland. How delicious would Fox How be this early Sunday morning! I write before breakfast.— Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

The Athenæum, *Monday, June* 14, 1869.

Dear Lady de Rothschild — Alas! the speeches *are* on the 1st of July, but Mrs. Butler is going to send you an invitation, and I think you had much better come, as a speech-day is a thing to see once. I will get back from London in time to call for you at Dr. Butler's (where Lord Charles Russell will be lunching), and take you down to Byron House for five o'clock tea before you return to London for your dinner. This is not so good an arrangement as your dining with us, but it is better than your not coming to Harrow at all, which I know will be the upshot if you do not come to the speeches.

I am beginning to think seriously about Wildbad, and shall try perhaps to get some information from Baroness Meyer. Mr. Baillie, the Baden chargé d'affaires, who is now over here, recommends it strongly, and says if we go in August he will come over there for some time from Baden, and as I like both him and his wife

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very much, this is a further inducement.—Ever most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

THE ATHENÆUM, *June* 18, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I return you dear K.'s note. I hope some day, in an article on Frederick Robertson, to say something as to the character of the impulse which papa gave to the life and thought of the generation which felt his influence; and I hope to do it in a way you will like. Crabb Robinson's *Memoir*,[1] just published, is full of mentions of papa and of Fox How, but the book is far too long, and has much that is twaddling. It is quite settled, I imagine, that I am not to be one of the three Commissioners under William's Bill; and I am well content, though I should have been interested in the work had it fallen to me to do. But the work these Commissioners will do is not in the least the real work I want to see done in secondary education; and it is better, I am convinced, at least for me, to act upon the public mind till it is willing to employ the means that are really required, rather than to labour at doing what can be done with the imperfect means it is at present prepared to concede. For instance, the real thing is to substitute a skilled and much

[1] See p. 117.

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simpler machinery for the endless Boards of Trustees scattered all over the country; but the public mind is not prepared for this, so William's Commissioners are to deal with all the Boards of Trustees seriatim, and try and persuade or compel them to improve the trusts committed to their charge. It is something to do this, but the main thing is to bring the public mind to allow you to do more than this; and it is in this line that I have worked, and am likely to continue to work.

As a clergyman's son I am pleased at the figure the Bishops are cutting in the Lords' debate; and after all that is said against the old training, how infinitely superior is the Lords' debate on the second reading of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill, conducted by men who have had the old training, to that in the Commons, where half the people are new men, with the training, supposed to be so much better, of business and practical life! I very often see the Bishop of Peterborough here. He appears to have perfectly charmed his audience. Thirlwall spoke admirably, and the Archbishop very well. The Archbishop of York speaks to-night. He will speak for the second reading, but will not vote, and he tells me that Tait will not vote for it either. The Bishop of Oxford will both vote and speak for it.[1] The second reading is sure to be carried, and I think the

[1] Both the English Archbishops and the Bishop of Oxford abstained from voting on the Second Reading.

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House of Commons will also accept the Lords' amendments, which will make the material condition of Irish incumbents a good deal better. It is mainly to this point they will go, I believe.

I write now because to-morrow I shall be fishing at Wotton with Dick, who leaves Harrow by the 6.30 train after school this afternoon. I meet him at Euston, and we reach Dorking at half-past eight or nine, where we shall find Evelyn's carriage waiting for us. I think we shall return on Sunday evening. You seem to have had terrible weather in Westmorland; here it is cold, but the wet will do for our fishing. My love to Fan and Aunt Jane.—Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *June* 26, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I wrote last to you just before I went to Wotton, where we had two very pleasant days, though the fishing is a little too preserved and tame for my taste. But the country is beautiful, and the fishing, which was a little too lazy for me, just suited Dick, who got twelve large trout, besides small ones which he threw in again. We went to the top of Leith Hill, which is a noble, wild scene of heath and scattered pines and whortleberries, with an immense view. Wotton is itself most

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picturesque, and the Elizabethan quadrangle in front, with two griffins keeping guard over the entrance, dogs lying on the grass plot, and a charming mediæval-sounding clock from the clock tower, made one feel in a dream. On Thursday I dined with Fanny du Quaire, and met Browning, Gabriel Rossetti, the artist, and Lady Llanover's daughter, Mrs. Herbert of Llanarth; it was rather pleasant. . . . To-day we have one of the masters and his wife to dinner to meet the General. I cannot explain by letter all about the Prince and the throne of Spain, but it is just ascertained, to the poor boy's intense relief, that nothing will be done immediately, or probably for some months to come. Most likely he will come back to us next term, which at one time we did not think likely; and indeed it is not impossible the whole thing may go off, and he may remain here the three years at first intended. We like him more and more, and if he stays with us we must bring him to Fox How some day.

I looked in to see the match between Rugby and Marlborough at Lord's the other day. Rugby had it hollow, but there were not enough people there, and I scolded Jane for not going. I shall go on the 28th of next month with Flu and the boys to see the match between Rugby, which has a splendid bowler this year, and the Marylebone Club. . . . The *Spectator's* review[1]

[1] 'Mr. Arnold's Poems,' the *Spectator*, June 19, 1869.

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was a very satisfactory one, and will do the book good. I suppose I must change back the 'Gipsy Child' to its old form, as no one seems to like the new one. It is absurd to quarrel with the multiplication of editions this time; this is a collected edition rendered necessary by the poems being out of print. Swinburne writes to urge me to reprint the 'New Sirens,' but I think that had better wait for a posthumous collection.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *July* 17, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The heat is over 80 under the shade of the trees in the garden, and in the house, with all we can do to keep the house cool, it is 75. We had two or three hours' hard rain one morning this week, and this prevents things from looking burnt up, as they were this time last year, but the heat is as great as any we had last year. I have seen mention of rain and storms in the north, but Northumberland was the only county specially mentioned. Tell me what your weather has been this past week. It is now that I feel inspecting most trying, for the railway carriages get baked, and the incessant travelling in them in the heat of the day is fatiguing; however,

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I have only a fortnight more of it. Flu is gone to London to-day. She has been gay this week, for on Tuesday we dined at the Star and Garter with the Leafs—a party of some thirty people, —and I send you the bill of fare which, with a bouquet, was in every one's plate, that you may see what one of these Richmond dinners given by a rich City man is. The Leafs drove us back in their open carriage, first by Isleworth and the river, and then by Osterley Park. This was delicious, and dear old Rover ran all the way to Richmond and back with the carriage. Then last night the Farrars gave an 'at home,' to which, as he is Dick's tutor, we felt bound to go. He has the one fine house in Harrow, the house which was Lord Northwick's, with a handsome entrance and large rooms; and really it all looked like a very good evening party in a grand house in London. To-night we have the equerry who has relieved the General, a M. dal Verme, and the Abbé, but no one else. The Abbé is a simple, retiring old gentleman, and will not come if there is any party. On Wednesday we have the Forsters, and the Farmers are coming to meet them. I consider Farmer,[1] on the whole, the most interesting person here. He has genius in his own line, and his origin and antecedents—he was the son of a Nottingham Chartist workman, and has

[1] John Farmer, organist of Harrow School, and afterwards of Balliol College.

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been out in the streets throwing stones at the military—make his experiences something exceptional. Tommy's song[1] is going to be sung at the concert by Forbes, the boy whose singing he himself most admired. But every one has been delightful about it, and Gore, the head of the eleven, who is a good singer, and was with Tom in the choir, has also expressed a wish to sing it. How I should like dear Fan to hear it with us! I must go, for Farmer has begged me to. You would like to hear the children talk about Fox How—the House of Paradise, as Dick calls it. I am sorry to find Edward is really going to Norway. You see how the Irish Church Bill is going. What made the proposition[2] of the Lords so weak was that the Lords did not seem to recommend it with their whole heart, but rather to stumble into it, as a means of altering the Bill. One cannot imagine the Lords originating such a proposition from a pure love of justice, if Gladstone's counter-project had not been there. The Protestant Dissenters will triumph, as I was sure they would. But I am equally sure that, out of the House and the fight of politics, I am doing what will sap them intellectually, and what will also sap the House of Commons intellectually, so far as it is ruled by the Protestant

[1] 'Good Night and Good Morning.' Words by Lord Houghton, set to music by Matthew Arnold's eldest boy.

[2] Concurrent Endowment.

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Dissenters; and more and more I am convinced that this is my true business at present. I am really surprised myself at the testimonies I continually receive to the influence which my writings are gaining. The Irish Lord Chancellor O'Hagan asked Sir John Simeon to introduce him to me the other day, and spoke to me in a way which astonished me of his interest in my works. He said he was all for concurrent endowment, but it would break up the Liberal party: Simeon said the same. You should have seen last week's *Saturday*; there were three, if not four mentions of papa in it. All of them you would have liked. Read the life of a Father Hanaghan, or some such name, written by Bishop Ullathorne. The *Saturday* said he reminded them of papa, and there is truth in the parallel.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *August* 2, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Flu wrote to you last week, so I left my letter that it might precede us by only a day. The children look forward to coming more than I have ever known them do, and the 'House of Paradise' is the ordinary name by which Dick describes Fox How. This naturally adds to my pleasure in coming,

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which does not need any addition. Every year I come I like it more, and I was saying the other day that if any one were now to ask me whether I would sooner be going to Switzerland in August or going to Fox How, I could honestly say Fox How. We have had no hard rain since Wednesday, on which day it poured from about seven in the morning till one in the afternoon; since that we have had one or two showers, but no more. The sky, however, is very cloudy and unsettled, the glass keeps falling, and we hear of rain and storms all about. It appeared by your letter that you did not have Wednesday's rain, but by this time the familiar drops must surely have descended, and there must be water in the pipes again. I so hate to see the grass burnt and the watercourses dry that I hope you will have had a good soaking downfall before we come. Will you order a carriage to meet us as usual by the half-past four train at Windermere? We leave Willesden, as last year, by the 9.9 train. I have to-day done my last piece of official business; to-morrow I shall be making all my preparations at home. I have just parted with dear old Edward, who starts for Norway with rather a heavy heart, and with an ice belt to prevent sea sickness. . . . He would much rather be coming with us to Fox How. He and his boy came to us on Saturday, and we had a pleasant day together yesterday. On Saturday Flu and I went together to Laleham. It was exactly a

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year since we had driven there with darling Tommy and the other two boys to see Basil's grave; he enjoyed the drive, and Laleham, and the river, and Matt Buckland's garden, and often talked of them afterwards. And now we went to see *his* grave, poor darling. The two graves are a perfect garden, and are evidently the sight of the churchyard, where there is nothing else like them; a path has been trodden over the grass to them by people coming and going. It was a soft, mild air, and we sat a long time by the graves; it is what Flu likes best in the world. I daresay she will be very depressed the first day or two at Fox How, but I am sure coming there will do her good.

Lake has written to tell you of his appointment.[1] I have seen Gladstone's letter to him. I am very glad of it. He is one of the old Rugby set, and I like their coming to the front. Lake will also fill the place well, and has earned it better than nine out of any ten men who were likely to have it. He has had many disappointments and deferred hopes, and now he gets a splendid prize—that magnificent cathedral and city, a noble house, a sphere he can be widely useful in, and £3000 a year. Kiss Fan for me, and tell her my poems are selling very well.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

[1] To the Deanery of Durham.

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To the Same

HARROW, *November* 13, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was much interested and touched by your letter, showing your willingness still, as always, to receive and comprehend what is new,[1] instead of shutting your mind against it. It was natural too that your thoughts should revert to your eldest brother. I had already thought of him. It is not man who determines what truths shall present themselves to this or that age, or under what aspect; and until the time is come for the new truth or the new aspect, they are presented unsatisfactorily or in vain. In papa's time the exploding of the old notions of literal inspiration in Scripture, and the introducing of a truer method of interpretation, were the changes for which, here in England, the moment had come. Stiff people could not receive this change, and my dear old Methodist friend, Mr. Scott, used to say to the day of his death that papa and Coleridge might be excellent men, but that they had found and shown the rat-hole in the temple. The old notions about justification will undergo a like change, with a like opposition and cry of alarm from stiff people, with a like safety to true religion, as in the former case. It is not worth

[1] 'St. Paul and Protestantism,' *Cornhill Magazine*, October and November 1869.

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while to send you the lucubrations I receive, but the newspapers I forward (the organs of the Independents and Baptists) will show you how entirely I have reached the special Puritan class I meant to reach. Whether I have rendered St. Paul's ideas with perfect correctness or not, there is no doubt that the confidence with which these people regarded their conventional rendering of them was quite baseless, made them narrow and intolerant, and prevented all progress. I shall have a last paper at Christmas, called 'Puritanism and the Church of England,' to show how the Church, though holding certain doctrines like justification in common with Puritanism, has gained by not pinning itself to those doctrines and nothing else, but by resting on Catholic antiquity, historic Christianity, development, and so on, which open to it an escape from all single doctrines as they are outgrown. Then I shall have done with the subject, and shall leave it.

Flu will have told you of our luncheon party on Tuesday, which went off very well. . . . The morning afterwards I had a mounted messenger over here from Gunnersbury[1] at eight o'clock to ask me to come and spend Saturday and Sunday there to meet Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield; but I cannot go, and do not much care to. I shall meet them on the 3rd of December at Lord Chesham's. I had two pleasant dinners at the

[1] Baron Lionel de Rothschild's villa.

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Bunburys'. The first night I sat by the new Bishop, Lord Arthur Hervey, whom I found very pleasant, and on the other side was a real Sir Joshua sort of beauty, Miss Napier. I had a very heavy day of inspecting on Thursday; however, I got back here last night, just in time for a not very interesting dinner-party, and to-night we have the Lingens to meet Count dal Verme. On Monday the Marquis Rapallo, the Prince's stepfather, is coming down to dine quietly and have a talk with me. I think the Spanish danger is pretty well blown over. Tell dearest K. on no account to exert her eyes to write. I shall know that she will give me her real interest and attention, and that is enough. My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

Does it not strike you that the Rugby candidates[1] are few and little known?

To the Same

HARROW, *December* 5, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have had a long walk with Rover in the fields beyond Northolt, which are quiet and solemn in this gray weather beyond belief. Since I came in I have paid a visit to Flu, who has been quite unwell. The cold came on so sudden and so bitter that it was

[1] For the Head Mastership.

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enough to try anybody; but my habits of air, exercise, and morning bath are great preservatives against chills. Flu was to have dined with me in London on Wednesday with the Merivales, and it is so long since we have dined out together in London that I quite looked forward to it; however, the cold was so sharp on Wednesday morning, and she was so far from well, that a dinner-party with such a journey before and after it was out of the question, and I went alone. I met the Vaughans, and they both seem radiant with happiness in being at the Temple.[1] Lord Lorne was there, and the party was altogether rather pleasant. I came down here at twelve at night, and rejoiced that I had not Flu with me. On Thursday we had a visitation from the Baron Rosencrantz, a Danish diplomate who married an acquaintance of Flu's, and three of his wife's family to luncheon; the General appeared also, and these early entertainments are always boring to me. Flu, too, made her cold worse in showing them about Harrow. On Thursday evening I went to Latimer, and met Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Count and Countess d'Apponyi, Lady Ashburton, Colonel Clifford, and Henry Cowper. Dizzy was in high force, and it was agreeable. He said to me across the table at dinner, *apropos* of something that was mentioned, 'Sweetness and light I call that, Mr. Arnold, eh?' The Cheshams were very kind,

[1] Dr. Vaughan was appointed Master of the Temple 1869.

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as they always are, and, as I had to go to Aston Clinton on Friday, they wanted me to return to them yesterday and stay over to-day, but I would not. I left at eight on Friday morning—a sharp frost, but the wood, and valley, and stream, and all that chalk country of Buckinghamshire looking beautiful. I inspected my school in London, and got to Aston Clinton for dinner. To appreciate the power of wealth you should go to that house in weather like this, which I have twice done. The perfection of all the arrangements makes it quite unlike even a great and comfortable house like Latimer. At Aston Clinton too there was a pleasant party and a wonderful dinner. They sent me to the station next morning, and the horses danced rather than trotted, it was so slippery. We had the General to dinner, but he is in rather bad spirits, thinking his position with the Prince uncomfortable since this Spanish affair. To-morrow I dine with the Literary Society, and on Tuesday with the Butlers; on Saturday Flu and I go to Rugby till Monday. I send you two letters, one from Stanley, one from Henry Reynolds, Principal of Lady Huntingdon's college at Cheshunt, whom I like very much, and it will show you how amiable the better Dissenters are to me. I think nearly all the new periodicals have something or other about me, which show how much more what I write is coming into vogue. I use the word for Fan's sake. My love to her.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

HARROW, *December* 13, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—This will not go till to-morrow, but I will write it at once, as to-morrow I shall be tied and bound all day. Flu and I started for Rugby on Saturday at four, and at the station at Rugby we recognised in the gaslight dear old Tom. The Stanleys arrived soon after us, and at nearly eight we sat down to dinner a party of nineteen in the old dining-room. Most of the party were Rugbeians of Temple's[1] time. Of the old set there were only Stanley, Tom Hughes, Tom, and myself. Flu and I were in your old room, and I had papa's dressing-room. Sunday morning was fine and frosty, and out of the dressing-room window the hollies and copper beech in the garden, and the line of Scotch firs beyond the kitchen garden, looked quite as they must have looked on so many mornings to him. At breakfast the same party as the night before; chapel at half-past ten, and after chapel Stanley, Lady Augusta, and I went over the chapel together. At one was early dinner, then we went and saw the Charles Arnolds. At four was chapel, and Temple's sermon was admirable, even beyond what I had expected. He reminds both Stanley and me of

[1] Dr. Temple resigned the Head Mastership of Rugby on being made Bishop of Exeter, Christmas 1869.

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papa in his extraordinary force and earnestness, with the utter absence of verbiage. Every word tells. Perhaps he throws more emotion, and even passion, into his preaching than papa did, but, on the other hand, he does not give quite the same impression of depth and solidity. What he said about papa was as good as it could possibly be; but you will see it in the *Pall Mall*, for Tom Hughes was taking notes for that newspaper, and I am sure he will have given the passage about papa. Then we went back to tea, and at twenty minutes after six Flu, I, Tom, and the Stanleys started for the new church to hear Temple there. He was to preach for the completion of the tower. The doors were thronged like the access to a theatre, and it was a tremendous business getting in. Miss Moultrie gave me a seat, and dear old Moultrie read the lessons, exactly in that up and down style, not without grandeur, which Mary imitates so capitally. . . . Temple's sermon in the church was as good as that in the chapel, and remarkable as showing his strong Church feeling and sense of the value and greatness of the historic development of Christianity, of which the Church is the expression. We came back to a great supper at about nine o'clock, and after supper Stanley, till prayers, read aloud to me in Temple's study Hayman's[1]

[1] Dr. Hayman succeeded Dr. Temple as Head Master of Rugby.

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Testimonials. Both he and I think they are such as will perfectly enable the trustees to stand by the appointment they have made, unless they really wish to go back from it. After prayers I got dear old Tom to come to my dressing-room, and had a long talk with him. He seems doing well with pupils at last. Walter, who arrived late on Saturday night, departed after the afternoon chapel on Sunday. This morning the Stanleys, Flu, and I came up together, and it was a pleasant journey. Flu and I are going to the consecration of Temple on the 21st. Lady Augusta told me a pendant to the story I told you of Princess Alice. Princess Louise said to her the other day, 'Vicky (the Princess of Prussia) says she has no patience at all with Mr. Arnold.' You will have seen Lingen's[1] appointment to the Treasury, which he has well earned. It is probable one of the assistant secretaries in the Education Department will succeed him. I have one or two interesting letters to send you, but they must wait till next week. We have just parted from the Prince; he is a dear boy, and I should not like to think we were never to see him again. My love to Fan. I greatly liked hearing from her.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lingen, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM,
February 21, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I must wait here till after five o'clock in order to vote at the ballot for candidates, and I will employ the extra half-hour that gives me here in writing to you. I have an obstinate cold, and have had it for a fortnight, but it is only in my head, my chest and throat have been quite free. But I am full of headache and stupidity, and unable to taste or smell. The Bishop of London[1] is writing close by me, and has just interrupted me to ask me after you, and I have told him the anecdote of your going on Rydal Lake. I have skated several times, on the days when the wind was not so violent. At Harrow we have had very little snow, and consequently some ten days of skating. For the boys it is delightful, and I am very fond of it too. Budge has again done very well, being sixth this second fortnight; Dicky is fourth, but it is his second term in the form. Budge's well-doing is a great pleasure to me, and I think he improves in all respects together. Walter is coming down to-night to dine with us; we have not seen him for an age. Flu went up to hear William's speech,[2] and dined

[1] Dr. Jackson.
[2] In introducing the Education Bill, February 17, 1870.

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and slept in London. On that night when I went to bed about twelve o'clock I missed Toss,[1] who is generally by the fire in the room where we sit; when I went upstairs there she was sitting upright in the middle of my bed waiting for me. There was no fire in the room, and she never sleeps on our bed, but that night she missed Flu, and came there to inquire for her and to keep me company. She curled herself up on the counterpane by my side, and whenever I woke in the night she sat up instantly and looked at me; directly I lay down she curled herself up and slept again, and so she remained till I went down to breakfast the next morning. She is a most interesting cat, and we get fonder and fonder of her, though we have just put her on two meals of meat a day instead of three, as we thought too much meat tended to promote inflammatory action of her lungs, which are delicate. There are several things I should like to send you, but I have none of them with me here. Walrond, who has had a great disappointment in not being made a Commissioner in his department, has written me a really charming letter, which shows how excellent and also how feeling a man he is. I will send it you. I think William's Bill will do very well. I am glad it is so little altered since I heard its contents in November. His speech in introducing it seems to have been a

[1] The Persian cat.

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great success. I have not read Miss Mitford's *Life*, but the extracts I have seen show it to be very pleasant reading. If you ever read a new novel, read *Annals of an Eventful Life*. Tell Fan that the lines[1] in my second *Cornhill* article, 'Below the surface stream,' etc., are my own, and I think them good; I have seen them quoted in four places since. It is a pity you do not see the *Saturday*, as papa is so often mentioned in it, particularly with reference to history. I met Temple here a day or two ago, looking very well in his new dress.[2] I told him I approved of his withdrawal of his Essay,[3] which the Liberals, who turn religion into mere politics, are so angry with him for; he seemed pleased. I told him also that I thought the *Essays and Reviews* could not be described throughout as 'a free handling, in *a becoming spirit*, of religious matters,' and he said he quite agreed with me, and thought Pusey's note to the *Times* quite just. He is a fine character. My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

[1] Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we *say* we feel—below the stream,
As light, of what we *think* we feel, there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed.
'St. Paul and Protestantism,' *Cornhill Magazine*, November 1869.

[2] As Bishop.

[3] The first paper in *Essays and Reviews*.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To Lady de Rothschild

THE ATHENÆUM, *April* 1, 1870.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—A thousand thanks. Mr. Farrar[1] started last night, but the letters have been sent after him, and will reach him at Paris. They looked so profoundly mysterious and Oriental that I longed to be going to make use of them myself. I sent the very kind note written by Sir Moses Montefiore to Paris along with the letters of introduction.

The violets arrived when I was away inspecting, and they were at their second day when I saw them; but they were delicious even then, and their arrival, and the skill with which they were packed, had charmed the whole family. How much longer shall you be at Aston Clinton? I have a vague project of proposing myself to you when I inspect Princes Risborough and Whitchurch—both of them reached from Aylesbury, and Aylesbury is reached from Aston Clinton. Mrs. Arnold and the children are going into Leicestershire for the Easter holidays, and I am going with them; but I must return and inspect schools again on the 21st. The week following, from the 25th to the 30th, shall you be at Aston Clinton, and would it suit you if I came to you for a day?

[1] The Rev. F. W. Farrar (afterwards Dean of Canterbury) visited Palestine with a view to writing his *Life of Christ*.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

Macmillan chooses this very suitable day to give a dinner to all his authors, and I am just starting for Streatham with a toothache, and the prospect of an endless dinner and a return to Harrow in the middle of the night in the east wind.

My kindest regards and renewed thanks, and I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same

HARROW, *June* 1, 1870.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—It is most kind of you to ask me to your ball, which will certainly be a beautiful one; but I have long since made my arrangements to pass the 8th and 9th at Chenies, those being the two days given me for the Duke of Bedford's water there, and fishing being a pursuit for which my years and my habits disqualify me less than for most other amusements. I wish you would let me send you Count dal Verme, the Prince's equerry, in my stead. He is as ornamental in a ball-room as I am the reverse. Young, very good-looking, and an indefatigable dancer. If you send a card for him to me here, I would take care he gets it.

I could not be in your neighbourhood without coming to see you, but I have not been

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there since, though I dine very near you to-night.

I hope the day I have fixed for Aston Clinton will suit you. It *must* be this month, as the office year for schools ends at the end of June, and all the cases of a year must be done by that time. I should like to have shown you some of the Nonconformist speeches at the recent May meetings, full of comments on my preface to *St. Paul and Protestantism.* We shall see great changes in the Dissenters before very long. But I must write a School Report instead of talking to you. It is very early, and the garden on which I am looking would be delightful but for this starving and depressing want of rain.—Ever, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. 1.—I hope you read a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the day before yesterday proposing a Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. It was mine. The only thing I have written there this year.

P.S. 2.—Count dal Verme was at the Queen's ball the other night, and knows a good many dancing people, so he will not wander through your rooms in a state of destitution, which is sometimes an objection to asking a stranger.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

HARROW, *June* 7, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have been reporting school cases till my head aches and my fingers are tired, but before I go out I will write a line to you, that I may send you Lord Salisbury's letter. Nothing could more gratify me, I think, in the way of an honour, than this recognition by my own University, of which I am so fond, and where, according to their own established standard of distinctions, I did so little. I had no notion they would give me this degree[1] yet awhile, if they ever gave it me; the position of a man of letters is so uncertain, and, according to a maxim that a prophet is without honour in his own country, more uncertain in the eyes of his own University than anywhere else. And I have no doubt it is owing to the accident of a young and original sort of man, Lord Salisbury,[2] having the making of the list that I owe my being included in it. I do very much hope dear old K. and Walter will manage to come up and see it. Edward was going up any way for an All Souls dinner to Lord Salisbury on the 20th. The degrees are given on the 21st, so he will certainly stay. Flu and I were going to the

[1] Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford.

[2] Lord Salisbury was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford on the death of Lord Derby in 1869.

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Toms, but the Henry Smiths claim a promise made by us when we refused to go there for a Commemoration some years ago, that if ever we came to a Commemoration we would come to them ; and to them we shall have to go. They want us to bring Lucy and Nelly, but I think we shall only take Lucy. What I should like would be for Jane and William to go to the Toms, who would be enchanted to have them. Julia is, as you have said, hospitality itself, and they really seem to have abundant room at present.

Your visit was delightful, only it ought to have been longer. Since you went I have had a bad cold, which for two or three days was on my chest, and made me feverish ; now it is in my head, and only makes me stupid. Oxford was beautiful, and dear Flu enjoyed it, I think ; but three immense dinner-parties are not the way of visiting I like best. I had a walk with Tom up towards my old Cumner country on Sunday, but I generally had the impression of being somewhat driven, and of seeing too much the sort of people one is always seeing in London. To-morrow I am off for Chenies ; in this vile drought there can be no good fishing, but I shall have the sight of that sweet clear stream, and peace. Edith Wood is with us for a week, and to-night we have one or two of the boys of the school to dinner. Tell Fan, Macmillan is going to give me Hooker's new book. I

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have seen it, and it is delightful. He tends to unify varieties, while Babington tends to multiply them; so to me he is a much more satisfactory man. I went this morning to find the goats-beard, and there was the plant in abundance, but, as it was a little past noon, not a single flower open. You will like to see the enclosed from Church;[1] his sense of the importance of the distinction I have drawn out between Hellenism and Hebraism shows his width of mind. It is a distinction on which more and more will turn, and on dealing wisely with it everything depends. My love to dear old Mary. Kisses to the boys. Have you any signs of rain?—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

June 16, 1870.

My dearest Mother—I have two letters to thank you for, one which crossed with my former one, and your letter of this week. Last week I had two delightful days at Chenies in spite of the brightness and dryness. I had a heavy obstinate cold, but the second day, finding my feet burnt by the dry chalky soil, I took off my shoes and stockings and waded for five hours barefooted and ankle deep in the clear pebbly borders of that beautiful trout stream. My cold

[1] Afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

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was well next day, and my feet have been happy ever since. I had splendid fishing. I only wish you could have seen the fish—my basket full of great trout as long as my forearm. Tell Fan I should like to take her to Chenies with me, and to send her into the woods to botanise while I fished. This week I went on Monday into East Essex to inspect, and slept at Walton-on-the-Naze. The Naze is a real nose of a sort of clayey cliff running out into the German Ocean. The sea is glorious in this sunshine; it is only at the sea-side that I never wish for rain. I had a long walk past the Naze at the top of the cliff, and returned by the sands, which are beautiful. The inn is very good, and though the country inland is dull, it is ancient, and has old farms and churches; besides, one looks at nothing but the sea. Tell Fan the slopes of the clay cliff were covered with the wild parsnip, its broad hats of yellow honey-coloured flowers very rich and tempting. Tell her I have also found out that the Essex plant I thought was hemlock is the sheep's parsley; and the true hemlock I have discovered near Harrow, such a handsome plant, and quite unmistakable when you have once seen it. I will take her straight to it when she comes to us next spring. Mr. Gibson has sent me another copy of his *Essex Flora*. I had given away the first, so I am getting quite a botanical library. I will be sure and bring the Hooker with me to Fox How.

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I wish dear Fan would have come to Oxford, and I am sure a place would have been found for her; however, it will be something to have three of one's brothers and sisters to see an event which certainly gives me very great pleasure. I think Lord Salisbury has made his selection[1] very well, inasmuch as he has made it very various. You will see some of them in the *Guardian*. I have heard besides of Lord de Grey,[2] Sir William Mansfield,[3] Sir James Shuttleworth, Reeve, the editor of the *Edinburgh*, and Dr. Smith, the editor of the *Quarterly*, Darwin, and one or two more. It will be a hot and tiring two days, but pleasant to look back upon. How Mary must have chafed at not being able to vote for Mr. Paget![4] I am glad Mr. Heygate had so good a majority, for while the Liberals lean so on the Protestant Dissenters and adopt all their prejudices without believing in them, and simply to get political power by their help, I have no desire for Liberal candidates to win. It is said Gladstone has taken William's Bill[5] entirely into his own hands, and neither William nor Coleridge are to speak to-night; but we shall see. Gladstone, who is always shifting, is this year in a much more Anglican mood, as I judge by a curious letter he wrote me a week ago. My book is doing very well. Reeve

[1] Of recipients of the D.C.L. degree.
[2] Afterwards Lord Ripon. [3] Afterwards Lord Sandhurst.
[4] At a bye-election for South Leicestershire.
[5] The Education Bill.

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tells me he intends to have it reviewed in a sense of strong agreement and approval in the *Edinburgh*.[1] My love to the two girls; kisses to the little boys.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *June* 25, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—You will believe that I have often thought of you during this last week, though I did not wish for you in the heat and excitement of the theatre. What Bryce[2] said was very happy, and he is to send me an exact copy of it, which you shall have; there was more about papa than the *Times* would have led you to think. I felt sure I should be well received, because there is so much of an Oxford character about what I have written, and the undergraduates are the last people to bear one a grudge for having occasionally chaffed them, but I did not think they would have shown so much warmth and cordiality. Perhaps the satisfaction of the older men—the Masters of Arts in the area—was what gave me most satisfaction. Bryce told me that having to present me was what gave

[1] 'Arnold on Puritanism and National Churches,' *Edinburgh Review*, April 1871.

[2] Regius Professor of Civil Law; afterwards the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

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him most pleasure in the whole affair. He performed his part very well, and so did Lord Salisbury perform his. He told me afterwards it had been suggested to him that he ought to have addressed me as *Vir dulcissime et lucidissime*. He is a dangerous man, though, and chiefly from his want of any true sense and experience of literature and its beneficent function. Religion he knows, and physical science he knows, but the immense work between the two, which is for literature to accomplish, he knows nothing of, and all his speeches at Oxford pointed this way. On the one hand, he was full of the great future for physical science, and begging the University to make up her mind to it, and to resign much of her literary studies; on the other hand, he was full, almost defiantly full, of counsels and resolves for retaining and upholding the old ecclesiastical and dogmatic form of religion. From a juxtaposition of this kind nothing but shocks and collisions can come; and I know no one, indeed, more likely to provoke shocks and collisions than men like Lord Salisbury. All this pressed a good deal upon my mind at Oxford, and made me anxious, but I do hope that what influence I have may be of use in the troubled times which I see are before us as a healing and reconciling influence, and it is this which makes me glad to find—what I find more and more—that I *have* influence.

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TO HIS MOTHER

Flu and I have had an offer from the Royal Society's expedition to be taken with them in a Government vessel, free of all expense, to see the eclipse from Etna in December. Tennyson is going, and it is rather tempting, but we shall not go. The majority on the Education Bill is a great relief; it will now, if William has tolerable luck, get through safely this session. I thought Gladstone's speech very good. I think William's powers of management will come out now for what remains to be done. I have felt for him much, and for my own part have been heartily glad I was not Secretary. Flu is gone to Laleham. She has sent Rowland the *Pall Mall* with an account of the Oxford theatre. My love to dearest old Mary and Fan. —Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

LONDON, *July* 18, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—On Sunday I was at Wotton with Dick, and had not a free half-hour. In the morning we were at church, then in the afternoon we walked over to Abinger, the place which the first Lord Abinger bought, and from which he took his title, and which has been bought by Farrer,[1] the Secretary to the Board of Trade, an old friend of mine. It is a beautiful

[1] Afterwards Lord Farrer.

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place, looking upon Leith Hill and Ewhurst windmill, and that great Greensand range which has such an incomparable view over Sussex to the South Downs. Then we came back and bathed, and at half-past six dined, and at half-past seven were sent by Evelyn in his carriage to Dorking. We got to London at a quarter past nine, and left the London Bridge station in one of the greatest crowds I ever saw, the fine weather having brought out the whole world, and not a cab to be got. We toiled in the heat through the crowd, carrying our luggage, but we had passed the Bank before we got a cab, and were hopelessly late for the ten o'clock train from Euston, so we had to drive all the way down to Harrow. Flu, Budge, and the little girls did not return till yesterday. Walter came and dined with us, looking well and seeming in good spirits, though I should not like the prospect of two months of London in this weather. Dick and I left the match at Lord's at five o'clock on Friday, when it was already perfectly clear that Harrow would be beaten. You know how Dick enjoys Wotton, which is truly beautiful at this season of the year, and where he has everything that a boy most likes. On Saturday evening I caught a trout of two pounds ten ounces—think of that as you look at the Rotha !—and another of two pounds six ounces. Evelyn has imported a herd of twenty reindeer from Lapland, and it was most interesting to see them. One of

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the fawns, who is an orphan, and brought up on goat's milk, Dick led with us all the way on our Sunday's walk to Abinger. Tell Fan that in one of the lanes we passed the hemlock growing at least twelve feet high, perfectly magnificent, and making one understand how it can be a tree. I hope you will tell me what rain you have had in last week. With us since Friday it has been real summer weather. To-day the public schools shoot at Wimbledon, and Budge and Dick are gone over in their uniform; Budge really does very well as an officer. But I think the school will be beaten in the shooting. The dinner to meet the Crown Princess was a little stiff, but she was very gracious when I was presented to her, and said she had read all my books. Tennyson was there, and very cordial. He wanted me to come on from Evelyn's to stay with him at his new place near Haslemere. I send you a letter, which you need not return; taken with the *Spectator*, it will give you a notion how various are the comments on my last article.[1] The question is, is the view there propounded *true?* I believe it is, and that it is important, because it places our use of the Bible and our employment of its language on a basis indestructibly solid. The Bishop of Manchester[2] told me it had been startlingly new to him, but the more he thought of it, the more he thought

[1] 'Puritanism and the Church of England,' *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1870.

[2] Dr. Fraser.

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it was true. Now I must go back to the school I have been inspecting this morning.

Love to dear Fan.—I am always your most affectionate M. A.

To Miss Arnold

HARROW, *October* 9, 1870.

MY DEAREST FAN—My letter this week must be to you, to convey to you all my love and good wishes for your birthday. You have a kind of *locum tenens* in Clough's poems for the book of Dr. Prior on the English plants, which is to be your real birthday present. As soon as the new edition is out, you shall have it.

Flu and the little girls will have told you of our expedition to Walton. We are now settled down here till the holidays, though few weeks will pass without my having to sleep at least one night away from home. As one's years increase, and the desire to fulfil certain projects while one has yet time becomes keener and more pressing, the interruption caused by the continual travelling about which inspection requires becomes trying. Only by much more rigorously laying out what I mean to do than formerly, and sticking much more rigorously than formerly to what is thus laid out, instead of going off on any new fancy or scheme that may turn up, can I hope to get along without self-dissatisfaction and constant

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impatience. The times are wonderful, and will be still more so; and one would not willingly lose by negligence, self-mismanagement, and want of patience what power one has of working in them and having influence on them. But the power of self-management and turning one's circumstances to the best account is the hardest power in the world to acquire; half the wasted lives one sees are due to the want of it. I have been feeling this very much lately, and the great thing is not to stop at feeling it, but to act as is requisite for one who strongly feels it.

I am interested in the Marquis Boyl, who is over here to attend to the Prince. He has served much in the army, and been both with the Prince's father and the King. The King's good points he seems to feel strongly, and says, what I believe is quite true, that the swaggering look his common portraits give him is not the least in his character, that he is perfectly simple and good-natured; at any rate, the Prince's father was, he says, charming. He evidently thinks that great difficulties will have to be got over at Rome; but the Italians are good politicians, and I think they will get over them. Their real danger is that their upper and richer class is so formed on the model of the upper and richer class in France, corrupted like them, and likely to prove, when any pinch comes, enervated too, like them. What there is below in Italy I do not know. One cannot clearly tell what there

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is below in France either, but events will show us this very soon. I am inclined to believe in a fund of virtue, and consequently of strength, somewhere or other in the great mass of the French nation, more than in that of the Italian. The extracts from the *Journal des Débats*, given in the *Times* of yesterday, were most interesting, but they looked rather black for Paris. The letter of Surgeon-Major Wyatt, on the other hand, also most interesting, was at the same time full of good promise for the defence and self-recovery. My love to dearest mamma. Do you think Rowland would be disposed to come here? You never mentioned the pennywort, and whether you have it in Westmorland. Once more many and sincere good wishes for the tenth. I remember you an hour or two old.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To his Mother

HARROW, *Tuesday* (*November* 8, 1870).

MY DEAREST MOTHER—On Sunday when I was going to write to you Gerald Slade arrived, and as we had not seen him since he went to Paris this time last year, I had to give up the afternoon to him. Yesterday I meant to have written to you from the Athenæum, but I had no sooner got there than I had first a Frenchman, a M. de Franqueville, who wanted to see

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me ; and then an American, a Dr. Parsons ; and when they had done, it was time to start for Harrow. Dr. Parsons was full of the veneration they had for papa in the United States generally, and in Boston particularly. On my way from the east of London to the Athenæum I called in Bond Street, but found Walter had started at eleven that morning. I should think his journey would be very interesting. He was to go by Harfleur, and from thence as straight as he could to Tours. I cannot myself believe in peace, because the people who are in possession of Paris lose their hold on affairs the moment the elections, which are the preliminary to peace, are held. They are not likely to give this up of their own free will, and I do not see who is to make them. I have just finished re-reading Bunsen's life, with great interest. The way he vitally connected different great branches of knowledge and made them all serve one object is truly German, but German of the best kind. His conclusions and ideas are nebulously expressed, and with too great a desire to draw everything to an Evangelical and Lutheran form of expression. But his meaning seems to me almost always right, and he was anticipating almost all the religious world is coming to. I had forgotten his dying directions to all belonging to him to keep up their connection with England ; this is very touching. The connection he gave to his different lines of study, and the ardour with which he

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followed them, are just what we want. It is incredible how much more Englishmen, even busy Englishmen, might study if they really chose to, and incredible how much more fruit they would get from what study they accomplished if they combined it and made it move towards one end. Above all is this the case with religious people. How much more might they get done than the Bible reading, which is now nearly all that they manage, and how much more profit they would get from this Bible reading if they combined it with other things, and other things with it. Thank you for the two notices. My expostulation with the Dissenters has rather diverted attention from the main essays, but the two things, the position of the Dissenters and the right reading of St. Paul and the New Testament, are closely connected; and I am convinced the general line I have taken as to the latter has a lucidity and inevitableness about it which will make it more and more prevail. Poor Mr. Healing is laid up with a feverish attack, so I have to work without an assistant. Budge is much higher again this fortnight. I believe Prince Amadeo goes to Spain after all. My love to Fan.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

HARROW, *Wednesday* (*November* 9, 1870).

MY DEAREST MOTHER—On Sunday Gerald Slade's arrival stopped my writing to you, and yesterday and the day before I was driven from morning to night. To-day it will be the same thing, so if I am to thank you for your letter it must be before I dress. It is a fog, and for the first time I cannot see at a quarter to seven, and have been obliged to light a candle. My getting up is rather governed by the daylight, but when it comes to not being able to see at seven o'clock I hope to go back to six o'clock again, and to use lights. To-day I am going first to South Kensington to hear the opening lecture of Huxley's course to ladies on Physical Science; there is much talk of introducing the elements of this in our elementary schools. Masters generally teach it very badly, and from book and by memory, just as they teach their geography and history. Very little good is thus done, and as the physical science people all say that this is the wrong way to teach their matters, and that no good is done by teaching them so, I want to hear Huxley with my own ears, before a class where he will be obliged to be extremely elementary. Then I go on to the Wesleyans at Westminster to lunch with Dr. Rigg, the Principal. Having both before and

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after lunch to be busy in the practising schools, I shall not get away till half-past four, and shall drive to Euston, doing a little shopping for Flu on the way, and arriving here only in time to get about half an hour's Greek reading before dinner. After dinner I am disposed to be sleepy if I attempt more than to talk to Flu, help the boys if they want help, and read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but I must try and mend in this respect. If I could do my School Reports in an evening it would be a great thing gained, and as they do not excite the brain, there is no reason why I should not. But the days slip away, and the many projects I have are no nearer their completion at the end of the week than they were at the beginning. So it is with us, and those who come after us, as Goethe says, will make just the same complaint. Yet, after all, it is absurd that all the best of my days should be taken up with matters which thousands of other people could do just as well as I, and that what I have a special turn for doing I should have no time for. I send you an unexpected note[1] from Kingsley, which well shows the generous and affectionate side of his disposition. I did not know he was reading *Culture and Anarchy*, or

[1] 'I have at last had time to read carefully your *Culture and Anarchy*, and here is my verdict, if you care for it: That it is an exceeding wise and true book, and likely, as such, to be little listened to this autumn, but to sink into the ground and die, and bear fruit next spring—when the spring comes.'—Charles Kingsley's *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 338.

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that he had not read it long ago. With Swinburne the favourite poet of the young men at Oxford and Cambridge, Huxley pounding away at the intelligent working man, and Newdigate applauding the German Education minister for his reactionary introduction of the narrowest Protestantism into the schools, and for thus sending psalm-singing soldiers into the field who win battles — between all these there is indeed much necessity for methods of insight and moderation.

Fan will have seen that the *Pall Mall* put straight what was amiss in the announcement of my refusing for the School Board. My love to dear old Susy and to John.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same

British and Foreign School Society,
Borough Road, London,
November 15, 1870.

My dearest Mother—I daresay I shall hear from you to-morrow, but I will write this afternoon while I have opportunity. It is a long, tedious business this week, hearing the students give specimen lessons at the Training Schools. There is little real utility in it, and a great deal of clap-trap, and that makes the expenditure of time the more disagreeable to me. However, I get a good many notes written, and odds and

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ends of things done. I have finished correcting the press of my *St. Paul and Protestantism* for the second edition. I shall send you the book, and I shall be glad you should have it in this second form, instead of in the first, for a good many things are brought out clearer, and the principal treatise is put directly after the preface, so that the book will no longer have the appearance of making that which was secondary—the part about the Dissenters—primary. You will have seen the *Guardian*, and the way they improve the occasion against the Dissenters is very amusing, and not at all unfair. My book and mode of criticism they could not like, and no church can like it, for it is a mode of treatment which inevitably brings to light the unnaturalness and artificiality of the mode they have themselves adopted, and which must be fatal to their mode in the end. I send you an interesting letter I have had from a man[1] who was one of the Rugby masters, and is now head of the Fettes College in Edinburgh. It is something to have had in one week two such letters as his and Kingsley's. You need not return the letter; on second thoughts, though, you may send both it and Kingsley's to K. I must go and see that dear old thing some day, but she is the wrong side of London for us, and it is not easy.

Dear old Dick had a happy birthday, though

[1] A. W. Potts (1834-1889).

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it was a whole school day. Amongst you all he is quite a rich boy, and the Prince gave him a racquet, as he gave Budge on his birthday a football, showing just discernment of what they would like, dear boy. He is in great spirits, delighted to be free for ever of Spain, for I think he dreaded it might come on again when he was older. Tell John I have a small venture in Turkish, Spanish, and Italian stocks, in order to quicken my interest in modern history. But what a time we have come to, and how truly we may say as we look round Europe, 'The fashion of this world passeth away.' The danger for this country is the utter absence of a policy in any of our public men. They have not even a notion of such a thing being possible, but look anxiously to the public mind and its wishes, and endeavour to comply with them. The public mind and its wishes being blind and uncertain things, our policy is blind and uncertain, and so we drift, and shall go on drifting. A man to rule the public, instead of being ruled by the public, is what our foreign policy wants, but this we are not likely to have at present. Tell Walter from me I am very glad he is taking lessons in French. He should do this with steady determination. Nothing is so useful as taking lessons when one is in the country itself, has opportunities of daily speaking, and already knows the language pretty well. I do not imagine you need be in the least anxious about

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him. It is curious how here every one seems pleased with the French success at Orleans.[1] We shall see what will come of it. I do not believe the end is just yet. . . . The *Times* generally has been poor, and old Russell[2] twaddling. It has been a great thing for the *Daily News*, which has increased its circulation immensely, and I am glad of it, for I like the paper. Now I must stop. My love to Susy and Fan, and to John, and remember me most kindly to his father and mother.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *December* 4, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—To-morrow I dine with the Literary Society and sleep in Waterloo Place, as Mr. George Smith kindly puts at my disposal his rooms over Smith and Elder's. The rooms are delightful, and the situation most convenient—at the bottom of Waterloo Place, and quite close to the Athenæum. My interview with the Income Tax Commissioners at Edgware the other day, who had assessed my profits at £1000 a year, on the plea that I was a most distinguished literary man, my works were mentioned everywhere and must have a wide

[1] Orleans was re-occupied by the French, November 9, 1870.
[2] W. H. Russell, war correspondent of the *Times*.

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circulation, would have amused you. 'You see before you, gentlemen,' I said, 'what you have often heard of, *an unpopular author*.' It was great fun, though going to Edgware was a bore. The assessment was finally cut down to £200 a year, and I told them I should have to write more articles to prevent my being a loser by submitting to even that assessment, upon which the Chairman politely said, 'Then the public will have reason to be much obliged to us.' I wrote to dear old Tom on his birthday, and I saw K. on Friday. The week after next I hope to dine with her. My love to Fan. I hope Rowland's cold is better.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *January* 31, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I send you also three or four letters which, as I know you like to see letters, you may as well read before they are burnt. I think I will have Max Müller's letter again. I do not know that I have anything in his handwriting, and I find that the desire gains upon me to have some one letter, at all events, to refresh my living impression of celebrated men I have known, in case they should depart before me. I am troubled at having absolutely nothing of Clough's except his name in one or

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two books. The one thing I had, a poem written in a letter, was asked for that it might be published, and has never been returned to me. The half-dozen letters of Sainte-Beuve's I have kept are a great pleasure to me. You will like to read dear Henry Bunsen.

It is an unspeakable relief to have the war, I suppose, over; but one may well look anxiously to see what is in the future for the changed Europe that we shall have. Immense as are her advantages and resources, it does not seem as if France *could* recover herself now as she did in 1815, or indeed could recover herself within our time at all. Whatever may be said of the harshness of such a sentence, it is yet true that her fall is mainly due to that want of a serious conception of righteousness and the need of it, the consequences of which so often show themselves in the world's history, and in regard to the Græco-Latin nations more particularly. The fall of Greece, the fall of Rome, the fall of the brilliant Italy of the fifteenth century, and now the fall of France, are all examples. Nothing gives more freshness and depth to one's reading of the Bible than the sense that this is so, and that this testimony is perpetually being borne to the book of righteousness, though the nation out of which it came was itself a political failure so utter and miserable.

The qualities of the French genius, their lucidity, directness of intellect, and social charm,

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must always make themselves felt, as the far higher qualities of the Greeks did and do. But it is quite a question whether the practical military and political career of France may not be now ending, not again to revive, as that of Greece did after the Macedonian Conquest.

I had written before breakfast down to the end of the last paragraph but one. Since that time I have dressed, breakfasted, and read dear old Tom's letter and yours. I am now at a Pupil-Teacher Examination in Covent Garden. How I wish I was disturbing that quiet which you and Fan set so much store by! I manage to skate daily, but it is partly in the dark, after my return home. They are proposing for me a *perfect* district: *Westminster*, and a small rural district round Harrow. And I have made no application, said not a single word! My love to Fan and Mary, dear things.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *February* 11, 1871.

MY DEAREST MAMMA—The house is all in confusion with preparing for the theatricals, and I am banished to my dressing-room, where I will first employ myself with writing to you. I am afraid they will not know their parts very well, but if they do, Budge's acting is sure to be

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good, and to see the Prince as Mrs. Bouncer will, at all events, be very amusing. Count dal Verme and the Abbé are coming down, and the two foreign governesses from Mrs. Goose's[1] are invited. I believe that is the whole audience except ourselves. The piece begins at half-past six, and will be over before eight, when we shall dine in my library while the children dance, and they will have supper there afterwards. The theatre and ballroom is the dining-room. . . .

Parliament seems to have opened stupidly, but so it often does when one expects it to open very interestingly. Disraeli's heavy pompous pounding seems to have been more wearisome than ever, and Gladstone's emotional verbiage much as usual. The old actors are worn out, and the public begins to tire of them; but the new actors do not yet appear. At the Athenæum yesterday I talked to the Bishop of Salisbury,[2] who asked for you; also to Vaughan, who did the same. Vaughan seems very well and happy, and really brimming with playfulness. To-day we have a sharp return of frost—the thermometer at 27. By the end of this week we shall have the French assembly at work. Did you read the French correspondent about that singular people this week? He said what has so often struck me, and what in one way or another I have more than once said about them.

[1] Mrs. Goose kept a school for young ladies at Harrow.
[2] Dr. Moberly.

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But this is a moment requiring more *root in themselves* than, alas, they have! My love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *March* 12, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am alone here to-day with the children, Flu having gone up yesterday afternoon with the Prince to stay till to-night with her sister, Mrs. Wood. Last night I had the four children to dine with me, and after dinner, when Budge was gone to his work, the three others begged me to read poetry to them, and I read them several things of Wordsworth's, and was pleased to see how greatly they enjoyed it. Lucy says she likes very few poets, but she likes Wordsworth. This evening I have promised to read them 'The Brothers,' which will have a special interest for Dick, because he has been up the Pillar, and seen the Pillar stone. The little girls and I went to church together this morning, and they are to read the psalms and lessons to me presently. Meanwhile we have been a walk to our lane again, and have found a number of white violets, to the great delight of Lucy and Nelly, who are as fond of wild flowers as even I could wish. This being an old place, the violets come up all over the grounds, even in little sheltered crannies

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of the gravel walk by a gate. Dick has discovered four more plants of the wild daffodil coming up, so now there are eleven; but they are on the north side of the hedge, unluckily, and I rather doubt these coming into flower. Things are coming forward most beautifully, and I have been pruning two favourite rose-trees to-day. I quite hope we shall be in good looks when you come. . . .

I send you two letters, as you like to see letters of this kind; one is from Sir Louis Mallet, of whom you know; the other is from John Morley,[1] the editor of the *Fortnightly*, who has several times attacked my things severely, but who has certainly learnt something from me, and knows it. But more than half the world can never frankly accept the person of whom they learn, but kick at the same time that they learn. You may burn the letters when you have read them. My love to dear Fan. What a day for Fox How, if your weather is like ours!—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *March* 20, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I send you an Edinburgh note, which may burn after it has shown you what faithful hearts are scattered about the

[1] Afterwards the Right Hon. J. Morley, M.P.

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world, and another from Deutsch, the Talmud man, which is worth keeping as an autograph, if Fan can muster energy to have the autograph book put in a proper state, and to go on with it. I find it very useful and interesting to know the signification of names, and had written to ask him whether *Jerusalem* meant 'the vision of peace' or 'the foundation of peace'; either meaning is beautiful, but I wished for the first, as the more beautiful. However, you will see what he says. I should have written to you yesterday, but was taken out for a walk by the little girls. Our white violets have spread and prospered, but one of the young Harrow masters has found them out, and has been unprincipled enough to carry off some plants, for which I gave it him well yesterday, catching him almost in the act, and coming away with his spoil. I know of but one clump of blue violets near Harrow, and that is kept well picked by village children. However, we found one or two in it, to the little girls' great delight. Tell Fan the daffodils respect themselves too much to blossom in our dull soil, and are all running to leaf without any flower.

What news from Paris![1] One hardly knows what to wish, except that the present generation of Frenchmen may pass clean away as soon as possible and be replaced by a better one. I am not

[1] A revolutionary outbreak, March 18, 1871; preceding the establishment of the Commune.

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sorry that the English sightseers who, with the national vulgarity, have begun to flock over to the show of fallen Paris and France, should be put to a little fright and inconvenience. One thing is certain, that miserable as it is for herself, there is no way by which France can make the rest of Europe so alarmed and uneasy as by a socialistic and red republic. It is a perpetual flag to the proletaire class everywhere—the class which makes all governments uneasy. I doubt whether the Departments will have the energy to coerce Paris; they would like to, but they have never done it yet.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
Tuesday, March 28, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The little girls and my walk with them are fatal to my Sunday letter, for I do not get back till five, or a quarter past, and then it is just time to go up to chapel. I had been on Saturday to the bank where our white violets grow, and found them very abundant. I gathered only half a dozen, that there might be a good harvest for the dear little girls; but on Sunday morning some one must have found them, for when we arrived in the afternoon there had been a clean sweep made, and two or three growing out in the field, and nearly

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hidden by the grass round them, were all we could find. But we had a delightful walk, and to find the immense promise of cowslips everywhere was a great consolation. Yesterday I was detained late into the afternoon by having to lunch in Hackney with some school managers I am now taking leave of. They are Independents. He is a great tradesman in Shoreditch, and the place and people were such as I should never have seen and known if I had not been an inspector, such as I have now seen and known in great abundance, and such as it is very good for one to have seen and known. There are great regrets in that large part of my district which I am leaving. My success has been due entirely to a naturally, I hope, humane manner, and then to the sense of my entire fairness. I shall be rather curious to see what will be my experience in dealing with clerical managers; they will certainly be less interesting, because so much more what one has been familiar with all one's life. But I imagine also they will be more inclined to expect to have the law a little strained in their favour, and less content with plain absolute fairness than the Nonconformist managers.

I have just been reading dear old Sir John Coleridge's[1] letter to Liddon. It a little wants drive and consecutiveness, but it is very amiable

[1] Sir John Taylor Coleridge, formerly one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. The letter dealt with ritual disputes.

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and pleasing. I like to think that I shall see you and dear Fan so soon. Since yesterday we have an east wind of the harshest March kind, and I tremble to think how detestable Dartmoor will be if it continues, and how impossible will be all fishing. Paris does not make me so angry as it does many people, because I do not think well enough of Thiers and the French upper class generally to think it very important they should win. What is certain is that all the seriousness, clear-mindedness, and settled purpose is hitherto on the side of the Reds. I suspect they will win, and we shall see for a time the three or four chief cities of France Socialistic free cities, in an attitude independent and hostile to the more backward and conservative country. Nothing, however, that any of them now make can stand. There is not virtue enough amongst any of them to make what may really endure.

I hope this will reach you before you leave Fox How. A good journey to you both. My love to dear Fan.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM, *April* 3, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I hoped to have been able to tell you something about a very agreeable mention of papa in the preface to

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Ihne's *History of Rome*—a new and very good history by a German,—but the book is not here yet. I shall hope to have seen it between now and when I meet you. In general the Germans are very supercilious about works of learning by modern Englishmen, and, indeed, are apt to omit the mention of them altogether. This makes Ihne's tribute the more valuable.

The wind has changed and a little rain has fallen. I hope enough will fall during this next week to fill the Darts, East and West. Tell dear old Edward I am very much looking forward to my visit. It is probable the Prince[1] and his gentlemen will come down to Plymouth for Saturday and Sunday. He is to see some of the most noteworthy places in England and Wales before he takes his departure, and the General proposed to fix Plymouth for Easter Sunday, because that would give them another glimpse of Dick and me. Term ends to-morrow, and the General, Count dal Verme, and the Abbé are all coming down to dine with us, and the Prince will return to town with them after dinner. That will really be his departure from us as our inmate, and very much we shall miss him. The King of Italy has given me the Order of Commander of the Crown of Italy, which will be an agreeable remembrance of this connection, which has been so perfectly successful. No British subject may

[1] The Duke of Genoa.

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wear foreign orders in England, but when Fan travels in Italy with me and Fanny Lucy she will see me, if I go out to dinner, brilliant with the decoration at my button-hole. It is also proposed to make me a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, but this last distinction I intend respectfully to decline.

We had Signor Cadorna, the Italian Minister, down to dine with us on Saturday, and the Butlers came to meet him. Dear old Budge has been doing much better this term, and I think he will get his remove. Dick has been kept out of school by one or two bad colds, and this makes his total of marks low. He talks greatly of seeing you all, and I think did not much want the Prince and his suite to come, lest it should be an obstacle to unmixed family enjoyment. Tell dear Edward I shall probably write to him on Wednesday about ordering rooms for the Prince's party at the hotel. I do think Plymouth is a place to show to foreigners. They have already seen Portsmouth. They will then visit Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and York, leaving Oxford for a future visit, as it is now vacation there. I wish you could see the photograph book Flu is giving to the Prince, in dark blue morocco—the Harrow colour—with the Harrow arms, and the photographs of all the Harrow masters, the Byron House family, the school celebrities, and so on. Now I must stop. Love to my two

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dear children, and believe me, your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL, *May* 31, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was rather expecting a letter from you, and now it turns out you were expecting a letter from me, so I will at any rate not let you, now you have written, wait for an answer. It was delightful having you at Harrow, and there seemed no reason—and as far as I can see, *was* none—why it should not have gone on for ever. I have had a number of letters since you went that you would have liked to see. I send one that came this morning from old Henry Dunn, an Independent, and a great interpreter of the Apocalypse, who was for many years Secretary to the British and Foreign School Society. You may burn it when you have read it. I will send you a letter from a Nottingham newspaper editor, if I can lay my hand upon it. I have been asked to take the chair at a meeting to give away prizes at Manchester and to make an address, and Manchester is one of the places where I mean some day to hold forth, but I cannot do it at present. I saw the *Spectator*,[1] but the commendations and

[1] 'Friendship's Garland,' the *Spectator*, May 20, 1871.

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objections one meets with are so various that I have ended by not much attending to any of them, but saying, as I told Edward, with St. Paul, 'He that judgeth me is the Lord.' P——'s verses always seem to me to want any real reason for existing, but so too, I daresay, to a great many people do mine.

The Paris convulsion is an explosion of that fixed resolve of the working class to count for something and *live*, which is destined to make itself so much felt in the coming time, and to disturb so much which dreamed it would last for ever. It is the French working man's clearly putting his resolve before himself and acting upon it, while the working man elsewhere is in a haze about it, that makes France such a focus for the revolutionists of all Europe. There is no person or thing, as you say, to give one any satisfaction when one regards France at present; yet probably she is by no means, as might be expected, on the way to lose all her importance and influence in the world.

I have come in to dine with George Smith, in order to meet old Charles Lever, who wrote *Jack Hinton* and all those books, and is now Consul at Spezzia. I shall go back to-night. On Saturday afternoon I go to Oxford, returning on Monday to dine at home and depart again with Holmes for Chenies. He takes me in his carriage. At Chenies I sleep two nights; perhaps I should have felt the refreshment of

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the excursion more if I had made it in complete solitude, or with only Dick. You will have heard that Budge has got his remove, to our great pleasure, and may now, if he does well, be in the Sixth after the summer. The upper forms are the forms where a boy gets real benefit, and it will make a very great difference as to my keeping him at Harrow now that he has got this remove. Tell Fan, with my love, Mr. Gibson says our plant is, he is almost sure, the *Sium angustifolium;* but my letter was two or three days in reaching him, as he was absent from home, and the specimen hard to make out without the flower. M. A.

To the Same

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
WHITEHALL, *June* 11, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Fan's delightful letter has come this morning to tell us of your safe arrival at Fox How, and to make us all talk of the dear place. It is sad to think of the dry streams, but what a comfort to hope that your water-supply is now permanently safe. I always think of you here, now that you like the place and know it so well. The dryness begins to make itself felt in the ground, though the green remains and the grass crop is heavy, owing to the rains in May and the cold since. To-day

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it is warm, but the rain will not come. I have just been out with Lucy and Nelly to clear some superfluous apricots from the trees. We gather a stray strawberry or two, but they have not done well this year, and we shall have but few. Then there has been an alarm of the pigs in the garden, and there were the pretty little fellows trotting about among the beds. They are so small that they can get through the iron fence when let out into the field, and they must not be let out till they are bigger. The whole family has been engaged in driving them back, and with much laughter this has at last been accomplished. Now Flu and I and the two little girls are going to see old Mrs. Butler[1] at Julian Hill, then I shall take a short walk by myself and come back to work. The weather at Chenies was gloomy and dismal, but in the fishing I did very well, getting eleven brace the first day, and twelve brace the second, not counting the many small ones I threw in. All I kept were of about half a pound and upwards. I know the river well, and the fishing is so undeniably good that trout are always to be caught unless one's own awkwardness hinders. I had a Harrow master there to fish with me each day, to their great pleasure, and I was very glad to be able to get this pleasure for them. Now my next fishing will be at Evelyn's. I send you his letter, as you are mentioned in it.

[1] Widow of Dr. George Butler, formerly Head Master of Harrow.

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You may burn it. Budge has just come in with the news that he has gone up in his new form during his first fortnight from 40*th* to 14*th*. I think he will write to you in answer to your letter. He is enchanted at his rise, and if he holds anything like this place, it will make him sure of the Sixth Form after the summer, and my plans about removing him will have to be changed.

We had the four children to dinner yesterday to celebrate our anniversary. It seems only a year or two ago we were married. It has been a great happiness ever since my marriage that you all took so to Fanny Lucy, and she to you. Flu and I dine to-morrow with the Bensons in London, and on Wednesday I dine with the Bagehots at Richmond. Things go on in a blundering fashion in the House, but if the Ballot Bill is really pushed this Session, William is sure to do it well. What a blessing that things are really getting quiet again in France! I cannot but think the Comte de Chambord their best chance. He would wound fewer *vanities* than any one else, and that is a great thing in France. My love to dear Fan.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

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To the Same

BELL' ALP, *Sunday, August* 18, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—We have had not a word from any of you since the telegram which told us of the children's arrival at Windermere. I think there must be a letter at Lauterbrunnen, and I shall write and tell the postmaster to send it on to us at Bern. I think too there *may* be a letter at Thun. On getting this, will you write to us at the Grand Hotel, Paris, where we shall be on Saturday, and then we shall get news of you to a recent date. I am not without hope a letter from you may reach us here to-day. Flu found a letter from her sister, Mrs. Benson, but from no one else. We are resting here to-day, our first rest, and very pleasant it is. For the first time we meet several people we know, and whom you know by name, at any rate—Mr. Brodrick[1] and Mr. Roundell;[2] George Sumner,[3] who was with me at Balliol, a son of the Bishop of Winchester, and his wife and grown-up family; a daughter of Dr. Wynter, the President of St. John's, newly married, and her husband and sisters. There are other English besides, and the hotel is quite full; but there are not very many English in Switzerland compared with

[1] The Hon. G. C. Brodrick, afterwards Warden of Merton.
[2] C. S. Roundell, afterwards M.P.
[3] Afterwards Bishop of Guildford.

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the number to be seen here in some years. It is Germans one meets with everywhere, and no doubt they like to go abroad and show themselves after their great successes. Going to Thun, and afterwards at Interlaken, we met a newly-married Viennese couple, very good-looking and pleasing, who were much taken with Dick and his good mien; but in general the Germans are uninteresting people of the middle-class type. French there are none. Flu will have told you of our wonderfully interesting visit to the ruins of Paris. The ruin was far greater than I had any notion of, but the natural tendency of Paris to gaiety and splendour is indestructible, and the place is fast on the way to have all its old fascinations over again. The French are certainly much subdued, and that improves them greatly as to external manner; within, I fancy they deceive themselves and feed themselves on nonsense as much as ever. Crossing the Jura was delightful, and coming down the Val de Motiers Travers, where Rousseau lived for some time. I admire the Jura more every time I see it, and all its streams are clear and beautiful—not like the snow water of the Alpine rivers. They will have told you that I met my old guide at Thun, and have taken him with us. A guide is not absolutely necessary over the much-travelled passes we have followed, but he is the greatest possible convenience as an attendant, hiring

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ponies and carriages, arranging luggage, and so on. Ours is now nearly sixty years old, well known for his pleasantness and respectability, and received at all the inns as an old friend. Dick has become great friends with him. Perhaps the Wengern Alp pleased me somewhat less than in old years, but it is too much beset with tourists, beggars, and places of entertainment. In one respect we were lucky—we saw the grandest avalanche from the Jungfrau I have ever seen in my life, and I have seen many. To see and hear an avalanche is something quite unique. A bed of snow and ice is quietly lodged above a great precipice, you hear a sound of thunder, and see a great bank break off and pour like a waterfall down the precipice for several minutes, while clouds of snow-smoke rise like the vapour of a waterfall. The Grimsel I had never seen before, though I had twice meant to cross it. We had rain and some thunder on the top. I had pushed on, and left them all far behind, as I thought, but through the mist I heard the voice of Dick, who had seen me aloft, and insisted on following me instead of remaining with his companions at the Hospice. We had got over the summit, and were perfectly drenched, when I thought that Flu would probably not leave the Hospice in the rain, and would be uneasy about us, so back we turned, but near the top we met her. She gets on very well, though there are places where

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she sees a great descent below her which make her nervous. We have been to the service, and meanwhile the post has come in, and brought us a delightful budget from you all. I am so very glad dear old Budge gets on so well with you all, and he has written a most pleasant and *newsy* letter to Dick. Hearing from Fox How has overcome all Dick's continental interests, and made him desire to set off at once, and travel night and day to that blissful place. But we shall hold to our plan; to-morrow Leukerbad, Tuesday the Gemmi, Wednesday back to Thun, on Thursday to Bern, on Friday to Paris, travelling all night, and arriving in Paris on Saturday morning, on Sunday to England, and on Monday, the 21st, I hope to Fox How, so as to be with you by dinner time. I think it is as much absence as Flu could bear, though she enjoys her tour, on the whole. I myself feel more and more the deep satisfaction dear papa always felt in coming to Fox How even from the Continent; but I am one of the true likers of the Continent, as he too was, and when I look out of the window and see the Simplon route zigzagging up on the other side of the valley towards Italy, I cannot help sighing to think I cannot follow it. The Valais is itself a sort of foretaste—a rude foretaste—of Italy: the villages high on the hills, and the white churches, one to every cluster of houses; and religion, such as it is, entering into the whole life of the people, so

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unlike the Protestant cantons. But I must not begin about this, nor about the flowers, though you must tell dear Fan there is not half an hour in which they do not make me think of her. The abiding impression, however, is that the Westmorland vegetation is thoroughly Alpine. Most of the plants are the same, and spread in the same proportion; but there are more varieties here, and richer in colour and larger in form. Then there are one or two marked plants which we decidedly have not; chiefly the rhododendron, the great gentian, and a large purple umbelliferous plant, also a peculiar thistle. But on this subject too I could go on for ever. I calculate this will reach you on the 17th, so if you write at once to the Grand Hotel, that will be just right. Now I must stop, for the post-man goes back again to Brieg almost directly. We look directly from our window to the Matterhorn and the yet greater Mischabel, a name which sounds as if the Hebrew race had been in these valleys. This morning everything was clear and brilliant, but now it is cloudy. The air is like champagne. I bear the walking very well, and Dick does capitally. My love to all.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL, *September* 25, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER— . . . To lose six days has been a serious matter to me just now, when I have this Birmingham lecture[1] on my hands. I have been able to read a good deal and make some preparation for it, and also I have carried the second part of *Literature and Dogma*[2] through the press, and given it the form I finally wished; so I have not been quite idle. But I have a good deal before me in the next few weeks. How delightful it is to hear of you all keeping such an affectionate regret of our party, after having had them such a very long time! We were all very low at first coming back, and my spirits, which generally are not slow to rally, were kept down by toothache. But we continually talk of you, and with the children Fox How is always the favourable end of every comparison. Their feelings to that dear place, its inmates, and its mode of life, are a constant pleasure to me. We find the cow quite as pretty as we expected, and the calf was such a beauty that I was inclined to rear it, but the experts were against me, and said we should have no milk if we did keep it, so

[1] 'A Persian Passion-Play,' delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, October 16, 1871.

[2] In the *Cornhill Magazine*, October 1871.

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I consented to let it be sold. You get next to nothing for a calf at this age, because the risk of bringing it up without its mother at this season of the year, and the race being used to another climate, is supposed to be so great. Our stable arrangements are very good, and it is a satisfaction to see the stable utilised. Poor Blacky, the cat, has had an accident in our absence, its hip having been injured, probably by a stone. He can only go on three legs, but he seems happy, so I will not have him killed, and Flu and Nelly will probably take him to the bonesetter at Watford. Toss more beautiful and bustling than ever. The two pigs are grown very large and handsome, and Peter Wood advises us to fatten them and kill our own bacon. We consume a great deal of bacon, and Flu complains that it is dear and not good, so there is much to be said for killing our own; but she does not seem to like the idea. Your ham is excellent. The Woods came on Saturday, and stay, I hope, till Wednesday. . . . Now I must stop. Let me have full accounts of you all, and tell Fan to go on writing. We like to hear all you can tell us. Our peaches were splendid, but there were too few of them. We have a very respectable crop of pears, but they are not yet fully ripe. How is Susy? Kiss her, Fan, and Francie for me. Tell Francie we have battledores and shuttlecocks waiting for her in my room at Byron House.

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God bless you, my dearest mother.—Ever your most affectionate M. A.

What a horrid fall in Great Westerns!

To the Same

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL (*October* 17, 1871).

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have just come back from Birmingham, where the lecture went off very well. I was the guest of the Kekewiches, who said they knew you. He always reminded me of Tom, and I like her and her children too. We had a dinner-party of Members of the Council of the Institute, and I heard there would be a very full audience at the Masonic Hall, where the lecture was held; and so there was—they say nine hundred people, and nearly two hundred turned away. They received me very well, and I discoursed to them for an hour and twenty minutes, and made a short speech in answer to a vote of thanks afterwards. I am glad I did not take their money, as it made me quite indifferent about pleasing them so as I gave them a lecture which satisfied myself; and I did pretty well satisfy myself, though preparing the lecture bothered me a good deal. A *résumé* of it is given in the Birmingham paper to-day, but it is rather a hash, and I would sooner you should wait to see the lecture in its true shape in the *Cornhill*

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in December. When I arrived I had time for a walk before dinner along the Hagley Road, which I once knew so well; and oh, how superior is that red sandstone country, with its hollies and dingles, to our clay country about Harrow! I went on and on till I got to high ground, and could see Bromsgrove Lickie,[1] with its true mountain outline, fading in the evening light. The Council insisted on paying my journey, as they said that even Dickens, who, as their President, took no money for his addresses, always had his journey paid. I refused at first, but Kekewich produced the two guineas this morning, and said the Council had sent them, and I was not to be allowed to go without them. After Oxford, where there are comparatively so few people, and what there are overdone with lectures and languid in their interest, an audience such as a place like Birmingham gives you is very animating. I shall some day try Manchester also, and perhaps Glasgow. What was said about papa by the proposer and seconder of the vote of thanks to me was just what you would have liked, and in my response I disclaimed the title of *Doctor*, which they were giving me all round.

Two brothers, well-known local people, called Mathews, were at the dinner; it shows how high the feeling runs that one of them is for the League,[2] another against it. The League have a

[1] A range of hills.

[2] The Education League, to promote Secular Education.

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meeting to-night in the very Masonic Hall where I lectured. I should like to have been there. It is curious how agreeable to them is an agitation such as that they are getting up about school fees. So dull are their lives, and so narrow is their natural circle, that these agitations are stimulating and refreshing to them in the highest degree; and that is really one reason why a movement of the kind is so vital and so hard to meet. The Liberal party being what it is, and English public life being what it is, if the clergy and the denominational schools make the slightest blunder, or give the least opening to the enemy, they are lost. If the clergy are exceptionally judicious and reasonable, and if untoward accidents do not occur, it may be possible to make head against the Millite and Mialite coalition. But things in England being what they are, I am glad to work indirectly by literature rather than directly by politics.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same

THE LODGE, MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE,
November 12, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Here we came on Friday, in bitter cold weather, and a very cold place this is. But I am glad to be here. The place is very striking, and interests me the more as a decided offspring of Rugby. It has many

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merits I did not know of: the college, I learn, was the old inn, but I did not know that this inn was the old home of the Hertford family, a house built by Inigo Jones, and in a style I particularly like and admire. The old garden, bowling-green, sward, and yew-trees still subsist, and give an air to the place of age and of style beyond anything that Harrow or Rugby can show. Everything else is new, but has been well built, to match with the great house which forms the centre. The chapel I like better than Harrow, because it is a regular college chapel, with the arrangements of one, and not like Harrow—a church with a chancel. The church of the town, with a grand old tower, groups with the college buildings, and adds to their effect. The Farrars have a delightful house, and the garden goes down to the river Kennet, a genuine chalk-stream, like the Itchen. To the south of the valley where Marlborough lies there stretches away Salisbury plain; to the north are the Marlborough downs all the way to Swindon; to the east is Savernake Forest, where Flu and I have been walking with Farrar this afternoon —a glorious forest, reaching five miles in each direction, full of oaks, beeches, birches, and thorns, with the high fern of a deep red all through it, and at every twenty yards groups of deer in the fern. It is a delightful place. Young Tennyson, Tennyson's son, breakfasted with us yesterday, and walked all about the

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place with me afterwards. I like him very much; he has a queer look of his father. This morning Farrar preached in the chapel. We dine at six, and there is chapel again at half-past seven or eight. Yesterday and Friday we dined at half-past seven, and had parties of the masters and their wives. To-morrow in the middle of the day we return. The two little girls are enchanted with their visit; you know how fond they were of Mrs. Farrar's three elder little girls, who are the prettiest and liveliest children in the world; and the younger ones, of whom there are many, tapering down in size and age to the recent baby, are very attractive children too. I think Farrar is very happy here, and I myself would sooner have this house and £2000 a year with no boarders than I would have double the income with a houseful of boarders. I think I told you I am going to repeat my lecture at Leamington, and possibly at Oxford also. At any rate, I am going to dine and sleep at the Henry Smiths' on my way from Leamington, so I shall see dear old Tom. I heard from the Prince[1] this morning, but I am afraid his English is beginning to get a little less easy to him.

I have written till no one but a short-sighted man could see at all, and now I must stop. Love to dear Fan.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

[1] The Duke of Genoa.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

HARROW, *November* 28, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I daresay I shall have a letter from you this morning, but I write before it can be here, in the early hours. I have been a good deal at home lately going through the returns for the new Act. I make my inspector of returns come down here at ten, and I go through the papers with him till luncheon; he lunches with us, and we take a half-hour's turn to see the football, and then work again till the omnibus takes him away at half-past four. He has done his work very well, and likes all the bustle and business of communicating with school managers on all sorts of matters, and they also like much to be so communicated with. I like to set my man in motion, lay out for him the range of the information I want, suffer him to get it in his own way, and at whatever length best suits him and the managers, hear his story, and then decide on the recommendation to be made. There are a few points of real difficulty sometimes in making a recommendation, and here I think I am useful. There is no difficulty in all the rest; others can do it quite as well as I can, and I am glad not to spend myself upon it. It is, however, what I have generally been spent upon for the last twenty years so far as public education is concerned.

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TO HIS MOTHER

I have just been called to the door by the sweet voice of Toss, whose morning proceedings are wonderful. She sleeps— She has just jumped on my lap, and her beautiful tail has made this smudge, but I have put her down again. I was going to say that she sleeps on an arm-chair before the drawing-room fire; descends the moment she hears the servants about in the morning and makes them let her out; comes back and enters Flu's room with Eliza regularly at half-past seven. Then she comes to my door and gives a mew, and then, especially if I let her in and go on writing or reading without taking notice of her, there is a real demonstration of affection for five minutes such as never again occurs in the day. She purrs, she walks round and round me, she jumps in my lap, she turns to me and rubs her head and nose against my chin; she opens her mouth and raps her pretty white teeth against my pen; then she will jump down, settle herself down by the fire, and never show any more affection all day. . . . I forget whether I have written to you since Leamington. It was a much less interesting audience than the Birmingham one, but I read, I think, much better, and indeed a great part of the lecture I spoke without looking at my notes. I think you will be interested by the lecture when you read it in the *Cornhill*. I have finally refused to address the London Clergy at Sion College, but I think it likely I

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may address the South London Working Men's Institute on the *Church of England*. That will be a curious experiment. I had rather not begin with a very large audience, such as one would have if one addressed working men in Birmingham or Manchester. I would rather see first with 200 or 300 how I get on, and how they receive what I say. M. A.

This time three years ago we were just preparing to take dear little Tom to Laleham.

To Lady de Rothschild

HARROW, *December* 8, 1871.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I am very unworthy of so much good music, but it will enchant Dick, and I always like to see Mademoiselle Molique, and still more do I always like to see *you*. However, on the 20th I *cannot* come; I shall be in the middle of the examination for certificates at one of the London Mining Schools. Will it do if we come on the 21st? I *think* I could catch the six o'clock train on the afternoon of that day. Then we would stay the 22nd with you, and return here on the 23rd, for the 24th is my birthday, and I must not be away from home on it.

On Saturday I am going to Hampden to *shoot!* I was once very fond of it, but have now fallen quite out of practice; however, Grant Duff

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insists upon it, and I am sure to be delighted when I find myself in the woods.

The Baroness Meyer has desired me to say to the Grant Duffs that she wants to make acquaintance with them. Do you know them, or shall I say the same for you? He is very accomplished and intelligent, and she is not only intelligent, but very pretty and pleasing besides. And at Hampden they are not very distant neighbours of yours. My kindest regards at Aston Clinton. —Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S.—Write me a line to Hampden, please.

To his Mother

HAMPDEN, *Tuesday, December* 12, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—First let me thank you for your note and say that I would rather have a book for my birthday present than the ring you speak of; and there is a book lately published in Germany, a Bible in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Luther's German, which costs just £1, and is a miracle of cheapness at that price, which would be the very thing.

I am here at this interesting old place, from which John Hampden went up to London with his escort of freeholders, and the great hall has a bench running all round the wall, on which, no doubt, the freeholders sate. It is an immense

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rambling old place in the midst of the Chiltern Hills, with exquisite woods, vistas, and single trees; very lovely its woods joining those of another similar place—Chequers. The present representative of the family cannot afford to live here, and Grant Duff has taken it for three years, and will probably stay much longer, as he very much likes it and it suits his children. He asked me several times to come here in the spring and summer, but I could not come. In spring when the beeches are coming out, or in autumn when they are turning colour, the place must be at its perfection. The shooting is very good. I shot yesterday, and did nothing but miss, I am so out of practice; and no doubt I shall do nothing but miss to-morrow, but there is nobody to be annoyed by it, so it does not matter, and the being out is a great amusement to me. Poor Mrs. Grant Duff has been dangerously ill since they came back from abroad, and is still confined to her room. We go and see her at five o'clock tea, and again for an hour after dinner. Sir John Lubbock is here, whom I like very much. . . . I go away to-morrow afternoon, and shall get home to dinner. On the 21st I am going to Aston Clinton with Dicky till the evening of the 23rd. Mme. Norman Neruda, the violinist, will be there, and Dick will so much like it that as Lady de R. kindly asked him to go with me, I could not refuse. Sir John Lubbock

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is near me, and his room is hung with tapestry and haunted. One of the family committed suicide there. Sir John Lubbock was put there rather than I, because as a man of science he is supposed to be exempt from all superstitious fears.

Grant Duff heard from the Duke of Argyll to-day that yesterday afternoon he received a telegram from the Queen to send to the Viceroy of India to the effect that the doctors were somewhat more hopeful about the Prince of Wales.[1] This looks promising, and if to-morrow's papers do not announce his death, there will be a turn in people's minds, and we shall expect him to live. His illness and the feeling it excites very much strengthen the Crown.

I think it is very natural you should like to get out, but perhaps it is safer you should remain at home in this weather. I think much more of the trial of cold to people of a certain age than of the trial of fatigue, for as to fatigue, nature will not let them reach it without warning them, but as to cold there is no such protection. So though I countenanced your expedition to your firs, I do not think I countenance your visit to the Wheatley Balmes. Now I must stop or I shall be quite frozen. Love to Fan.—
Your ever most affectionate M. A.

[1] It was announced, November 23, 1871, that the Prince of Wales was suffering from typhoid fever.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
WHITEHALL, *December* 23, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I waited till to-day that I might hear of your progress, and Fan's account this morning is, I suppose, to be considered decidedly good, only I shall be anxious to hear that all cough and oppression are quiet again.

Now I must send you all my best possible wishes for Christmas and thank you all for your letters and wishes for my birthday. You in particular and Fan and Rowland for your presents. The book I shall order when I go to London on Wednesday. I think I told you what it is, an incredibly cheap and well-edited edition of the Bible in the original Hebrew and in three famous versions—the Greek, the Latin Vulgate, and Luther's German. I have made progress enough in Hebrew to want a Hebrew Bible, and the Greek text has been so much improved by recent editors that I am glad to have the Greek text as it is now received instead of the old inaccurate edition I had at Rugby. The Vulgate Latin will not now be mended, but even of this, the Papal Bible, and approved as the one sound version by the Council of Trent, the good edition is printed not at Rome but at Frankfort! It is a noble version, the

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Latin, the one which, next to our own, most gives the accent and impressiveness of the original. It is curious how much less, for the Old Testament, the Greek gives this. The fatal thing about ours is that it so often spoils a chapter (in the Old Testament) by making sheer nonsense of one or two verses, and so throwing the reader out. You see how your present has carried me on.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same

HARROW, *January* 14, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The sun is shining in at my window so brightly that I can hardly write. How unlike the darkness of the Sunday that I passed last week in the 'climes beyond the solar road'! But it was delightful to visit those climes and their inhabitants, and most of all because, after all I had heard of your coughing and weakness, I should never have believed how entirely you were your own dear self unless I had seen you with my eyes. K. will have told you of our pleasant day at Wharfeside. Very pleasant it was, and Flu was none the worse for her journey to London, nor for the theatricals. . . . I am going to-morrow to Lord Chesham's to meet Disraeli. I found Lady Chesham's letter here on my return,

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urging me to go; and though I very much wanted to stay and work in quiet here this week, I thought I should be sorry afterwards if I did not go, just at the approach of the Session, and with the Conservatives in a state of hope and joy. I shall return here after breakfast on Tuesday. I found your present here on my return, and yesterday morning I unpacked it, and I cannot tell you what pleasure I had in examining it—reading the prefaces and looking at this and that famous passage. It is a miracle of cheapness, and it is said to be almost entirely without errors of the press; this is the third edition, and it has been sifted so carefully. It will bind very well in five large volumes. The possession of it will very much stimulate my attention to Hebrew. I have found too a presentation copy of the new edition of Sir John Lubbock's *Pre-Historic Man*. This is a subject which is always tempting, and I shall read the book, I hope, this year. I have been to church alone with Lucy this morning, and now I am going to take a walk with her and Rover. The boys do not come down till the holidays end. I quite reckon on seeing Edward, tell him. My love to dear K., Edward, and Fan; I think you have no more with you now. You will like having the Stanleys. I should like to be at home for their visit.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To the Same

HARROW, *Sunday, January* 21, 1872.

MY DEAREST MAMMA—To-morrow I begin inspecting again, and I look round at my room and my books with sorrow to think how little I shall see of them. I read in your Bible every day, and it gives me great pleasure. In Isaiah xlvii., where Babylon is reproached for her hardness to Israel, 'upon the ancient hast thou heavily laid thy yoke,' ancient is said to mean 'poor old Israel.' I had my doubts whether it did not mean rather the chosen *eternal* people of God, as at Isaiah xliv. 7, 'since I appointed the *ancient* people,' where the meaning of ancient is certainly this. Yesterday I looked for myself at the Hebrew, and found that in the two passages the word is, in the Hebrew, not the same; but in the second passage it is a word meaning *everlasting*, and in the first it is a word meaning *old;* and this sets the question at rest. I tell you this to show you by an example in what a real way your present is of use and instruction to me.

I met that famous Jew, Dizzy, on Monday, and he was very amiable; what strikes one most when one sees him at a place like Latimer, where he wishes to be agreeable, is how very pleasant and amiable he is. He expressed great pleasure at meeting me, and talked to me a

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good deal. He said very few characteristic things; his reason for not having a speech this recess: 'The ministers were so busy going about apologising for their failures that he thought it a pity to distract public attention from the proceeding,' was one of them. He told me he really did not know whether the Collier scandal[1] would be brought forward in the House of Commons; his own opinion was that the Lords was the right place. He said that the Liberals had never yet been able to get on without a Whig for their head, and he did not believe they at present could get on without one: Gladstone was not a Whig, but a sort of Radical, and there was no Whig forthcoming; Lord Granville had not weight enough, etc. From another source I heard that Dale of Birmingham says the Dissenters really wish to see the Government out of office; they think that in opposition they can make their own terms with them and get the command of the party; and moreover that there are some very difficult and unpopular bills to pass, such as a Licensing Bill, of which a Tory Government had better have the unpopularity than a Liberal Government. What is curious in Dizzy is his great knowledge about county families and their history; I really think not from anything servile, but because it interests him

[1] Concerning the elevation of the Attorney-General to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

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in bearing on English life, politics, and society. It was a small party: Lord Ebury and his daughter, Lady Westminster and her son, and Vernon Harcourt. Old Lady Beaconsfield was there, and in great force; I am asked to dine at the Admiralty with the Goschens on Wednesday, and on Friday to go to the Meyer Rothschilds at Mentmore till Monday, but I shall do neither the one nor the other. If Flu's cold does not get better I shall take her on Wednesday to the sea for a few days. My love to Rowland. Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

Matthew Arnold's second son, Trevenen William (referred to in these Letters as 'Budge'), died at Harrow, February 16, 1872, aged eighteen years.

He was thus commemorated by the Rev. E. M. Young, then a Master at Harrow, and the Rev. H. G. Robinson, Prebendary of York:—

In Obitum
Pueri Dilectissimi
T. W. A.

Heu, geniale caput! cum vix adoleverat aetas,
Cui subiit nostrum te quoque posse rapi?
Te levitate pedum, firmo te robore ovantem,
Heredemque tuae deliciasque domus?
Nam neque prospiciens, ut frater amabilis, ictum
Tarda languebas in tua fata mora;
Nec messem, velut ille, ferens maturus opimam
Sponte dabas falci, quae legerentur, opes.

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TRANSLATION

At socios inter notissimus unus, amicus
Nulli, quin penitus diligereris, eras :
Quem regum ille nepos fidum sibi sensit Achaten,
Nec puduit teneris saepe dedisse manus.
Idem aliquid vultuque hilari salibusque valebas,
Plus tamen ingenii simplicitate tui ;
Quippe puer germanus eras, nec seria rerum
Frons tua norat adhuc praeposuisse iocis.
At libris si forte vacans laudisque paternae
Et sancti fueris commonefactus avi,
Te quoque crediderim toties optasse merendo
Dignum aliquid tantae stirpe dedisse domus.
Dis aliter visum—iam ludi finis agendi,
Pensi finis adest : talia linque, puer !
Non opus humanis, ut iam doceare, magistris,
Praemia, ni fallor, nostra minoris habes.
Est aliquid te nosse tamen, si pariete ab illo,
Nomen ubi posthac triste legere tuis,
Discet ovans aetate puer nec pulchra iuventa
Membra nec ingenium mite vetare mori.

E. M. Y.

Ah, kindly youth ! of foot so fleet and light,
So frankly joyous in thy growing might,
Heir of a name to live in time's long tide,
A mother's darling, and a father's pride ;
How could we think to see thee snatched away
In the fair dawn of manhood's opening day ?
Not like thy well-loved brother's fate was thine,
Long to anticipate the stroke divine,
From far to watch it as serene he lay,
And slowly languish from the world away ;
Not thine, like him so early ripe, to yield
Some gathered firstfruits of a harvest field ;
But thine to be amongst thy comrades true,
Well known of all, and loved by all who knew.
The generous scion[1] of a kingly line
Gave thee his faith and prized the gift of thine ;

[1] The Duke of Genoa.

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TO HIS MOTHER

And childhood's sportive arts and simple glee
Wooed thy regard and were not scorned by thee.
Winning that playful wit, that gay, bright smile,
More winning still that soul untouched by guile;
A soul that loved the light, nor recked to stray
Amidst the gloom of life's more serious way.
Yet well we deem that in thy studious hour,
When roused by some bright page high hopes had power,
To thy young soul diviner promptings came,
Thoughts of a father's praise, a grandsire's name,
And woke the proud resolve to win the meed
Of some befitting work or worthy deed.
It might not be—for thee life's game is done,
Life's task is ended, rest thee now, fair son!
No need for thee of human teachers more,
Thine a diviner school, a loftier lore.
Small is thy count of earthly contests now,
Of crowns that wreathe an earthly victor's brow.
Yet to have known thee will not be in vain
If, while he marks in yonder sacred fane
Thy name's sad record on the storied wall,
Some mirthful playmate shall this truth recall:—
Nor comely form, nor kindly heart can save
From Death's quick summons and an early grave.

H. G. R.

To his Mother

HARROW, *February* 18, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I do not know that I shall write much, but I must tell you what pleasure it gave us to have your letter and Fan's this morning. When I wrote last Sunday there was not even a trace of illness to be seen in

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Budge, though I hear now he had been much knocked up by running a mile very fast the day before; but he was entirely himself all Saturday and Sunday, and indeed particularly gay. When I came home on Monday evening Flu told me that Budge had gone to bed with a bad cold and toothache. I saw him three times that evening and found him very sick and miserable. I concluded he had a bilious attack, such as I often used to have when a boy, and that he had a cold with it. So it went on, headache taking the place of toothache, and I cannot say I was the least uneasy. But, when Victorine called to us on Friday morning and I found him light-headed wandering about the room, I was very uneasy; he knew me, however, and said, 'Ah! papa!' but I went off at once for Dr. Tonge, the doctor who lives nearest. When I came back he seemed dropping into a heavy doze. I had to go very early to London, and he seemed in the same heavy doze when I left him. The rest you have heard; when I saw him again at 2 P.M. all the doctors were there, besides Hutton, who had come down with me; and it was clear there was no hope. He never showed the least spark of consciousness, till his breathing ceased with a sort of deep sigh. How fond you were of him, and how I like to recall this! He looks beautiful, and my main feeling about him is, I am glad to say, what I have put in one of my poems, the 'Fragment of

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a Dejaneira.'[1] William Forster has just come. Walter has written a very feeling and kind letter. Love to Fan and to Rowland.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Wyndham Slade

HARROW, *Wednesday, February* 21, 1872.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—Your kind note carried me back to the day when we stood in the crowd at Boulogne with those two little boys, both of them now gone. Mrs. Arnold liked having your dear wife's letter, who always noticed Budge so much. You will have heard that, having been in perfect health up to that time, he seemed last Monday week to have taken a chill and to have a bilious cold. He had much sickness and headache, but the doctors treated it as a very ordinary case; and even on Thursday night, when lightheadedness came on, they still treated it as an ordinary case, till on Friday morning the lightheadedness suddenly changed into a kind of torpor, congestion of the brain and lungs set in

[1] But him, on whom, in the prime
Of life, with vigour undimm'd,
With unspent mind, and a soul
Unworn, undebased, undecay'd,
Mournfully grating, the gates
Of the city of death have for ever closed—
Him, I count *him* well-starr'd.

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rapidly, and at five in the afternoon he was dead.—Affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

He is buried to-morrow at Laleham, by his two brothers.

To his Mother

HARROW, *Sunday, February* 25, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I like to hear from you and Fan and to think how Fox How will always be associated with my poor Budge to us, but I can hardly bear to write about him. Fan's letters give me so much pleasure, as those from the dear Quillinans. I send you one or two others that I think would have given Budge himself pleasure: one from Coleridge, whose position at the Bar he greatly admired and often talked of, and one from George Grove at the Crystal Palace, whom he used to like to go and visit. But Flu will make a selection for you.

Everything here reminds me of him so much. He made no pretensions about liking flowers or anything else, but he was the one who really cared how the garden was laid out, and kept asking his mamma questions what she was having done about the beds; then he never passed a morning without giving an eye all round the place, seeing how the animals were getting on, what the gardener was doing, and so on.

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TO THE REV. E. M. YOUNG

I do not think we shall stop here beyond Christmas. It is possible we may take Aunt Susanna's house at Laleham. A vault has been made, and the three brothers are together, and I am better pleased myself, although if Budge had not died I could not have borne to disturb the other two.

Poor old Mrs. Butler, Dr. Butler's mother, died last night. In her last wanderings she kept talking of 'those poor parents,' for we had been much in her mind—Budge was so well known to all here. I cannot write his name without stopping to look at it in stupefaction at his not being alive.

You will have been pleased at Tom's boy[1] having done so well.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Rev. E. M. Young

HARROW, *Saturday, March* 2, 1872.

MY DEAR YOUNG—Your verses[2] give me very great pleasure, and I think they are, besides, very pleasing in themselves. Nothing will ever eradicate from me the feeling of the greater subtleness and adequateness, for a topic of this kind, of Latin Elegiacs than of any other description of verse. I wish you would send me

[1] Matthew Arnold's nephew, W. T. Arnold, elected Scholar of University College, Oxford, February 24, 1872.

[2] See p. 285.

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a few more copies. I am not quite sure whether, in the expression *libris vacans*, libris is meant for the ablative or the dative; whether you mean 'though withdrawn from books' or 'in his hour for books.'—With many and sincere thanks, I am always yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To William Steward[1]

HARROW, *May* 8, 1872.

DEAR SIR—I have read your essay[2] through with much interest. It has both intelligence and patience, the two qualities which for dealing with social questions are most needed. I agree least with your remarks on education. Too much time is wasted over grammar, but it is true, as Goethe said, that no man who knows only his own language knows even that. And as to useful knowledge, a single line of poetry, working in the mind, may produce more thoughts and lead to more light, which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance (to take your own instance) with the processes of digestion. However, your overestimate, as I think it, of what is called 'useful' knowledge is common to you with many. The merit of such pages as your pages 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 is shared with

[1] A working-man at Bedford.

[2] On 'Hindrances to the Advancement and Contentment of the Working Classes,' quoted in the preface to *Literature and Dogma*.

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you by but few of those who write and speak on the matters there treated, and I value it very highly.—Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same

HARROW, *May* 30, 1872.

DEAR SIR—I have read your letter with much interest, and am pleased to find how much agreement there is between us. I entirely agree with you that its Tory and squirearchical connection has been and is of the greatest disservice to the Church of England.

I am sending you a little book,[1] which will show you that I am trying to help popular education in an untried, but, as I think, an important sort of a way. Do not trouble yourself to thank me for the book, unless anything occurs to you with respect to its design.—Very faithfully yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George de Bunsen

HARROW, *June* 10, 1872.

MY DEAR BUNSEN—Many thanks for your letters,—your two letters. I had not expected you to write about my great loss when it

[1] *A Bible-Reading for Schools.* 1872.

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happened, or even to hear of it, for these losses hardly reach the outer world, though they reach and affect deeply one's own life; but I liked to have your kind and feeling words, now that an opportunity for saying them offered itself.

Your pamphlet about the Seminaries, and still more your letter, gave me the information I most wanted. Two points occur to me: 1. Are Seminarists at the end of their first or of their second year course taken away to be schoolmasters, if there is pressure; or is this quite against the rule? 2. 'Der Eintritt in den Schuldienst steht den nicht seminarisch vorgebildeten Lehrern ebenso offen, wie den Seminar-Abiturienten.' I particularly want to know in what proportion non-seminarists are employed, and on what conditions? Have they to undergo the leaving examination of the Seminary before they are admitted to posts as teachers?

Samuelson says, I am told, that it is now common in Prussia for youths to get private preparation where and how they like from sixteen to nineteen, and at nineteen to enter the profession of public teaching in the popular schools, no question as to their religion or religious instruction having ever been asked. Can this be so?

I have told Macmillan to send you a little book of mine, because it is an attempt in

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which I think your dear father would have taken an interest. What *literary* interest the little book has is rather special, for readers of the English Bible, but you have enough *English* in you to make you not insensible even to this. Its educational interest is more general. Into the education of the people there comes, with us at any rate, absolutely nothing *grand;* now there is a fatal omission (*alles grandioses bildet*, as Goethe says), and my little book is an attempt to remedy it. I am afraid it will be used first in schools of a higher kind, but I am not without hope it will reach the *Volksschule* at last.—All affectionate wishes for you and yours.—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To William Steward

HARROW, *June* 11, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR—I must write one line of thanks to you for your interesting letter. I should be very sorry to think that masterpieces of our English literature, such as a play of Shakespeare, or Milton's *Comus*, which you mention, would never be read in our popular schools; but I think they will be read all the better, and with the more appreciation, if there is some such basis as that which this Bible reading proposes to give. And, after

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all, Isaiah is immensely superior to Milton's *Comus*, in all the more essential qualities of a literary production, even as literature. — Truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès [1]

BYRON HOUSE, HARROW, MIDDLESEX,
September 20, 1872.

CHER MONSIEUR—Votre lettre arriva pendant que je voyageais en Suisse ; rentré chez moi, je me hâte de vous en rémercier bien sincèrement. On attache toujours du prix à un suffrage inattendu ; et puis, je venais de suivre dans les journaux le compte rendu de vos débats au synode, et de la lutte si courageusement soutenue par vous et par vos amis ; celà me fit parcourir votre lettre avec un intérêt tout particulier. Votre sympathie me flatte et m'honore ; mais vous vous trompez en pensant que mes armes eussent pu vous être utiles dans un conflit comme celui que vous venez de subir. Au contraire, vous êtes plus avancés que nous ; je ne poursuis que de loin et par des voies purement littéraires une réforme religieuse que vous abordez plus franchement. Dire en face, et au milieu d'une assemblée religieuse, au parti soi-disant orthodoxe, des vérités telles qu'il lui a fallu écouter

[1] A French Pasteur.

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de la bouche de vous et de vos amis, c'est ce qu'on n'oserait pas ici. Du moment qu'on l'osera, un pas énorme aura été fait ; à present, devant le gros public et la majorité religieuse, la minorité libérale du clergé est tenue à parler avec une grande réserve, à ménager beaucoup ses adversaires, à ne faire qu'effleurer les questions vitales, à n'attaquer de front que des parties minimes du dogme suranné que toutes nos églises, même celles des dissidents, subissent encore. En même temps, il faut le dire, on réussit à tenir en échec les sections violentes de la majorité, à les empêcher de la dominer et de lui imposer une politique rétrograde. C'est beaucoup ; mais ce n'est pas assez pour familiariser les esprits avec l'idée, si nécessaire pourtant, d'une véritable révolution à accomplir dans leurs croyances religieuses. En France et en Allemagne les églises Protestantes ont acquis cette idée, et elle les possède, bien qu'elles n'arrivent pas encore à y voir clair. Dans tout celà, elles me paraissent, je le répète, plus avancées que les nôtres ; en revanche nous avons, je crois, une bien plus grande masse d'esprits s'occupant sérieusement de religion, masse dont le mouvement sera un jour très fort, et il commence, ce mouvement.

Le Dean Stanley est le chef très brillant et très adroit de la minorité libérale du clergé anglican. Mieux que personne, il a l'instinct de la politique qu'il faut suivre, politique très

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réservée pour le fond des doctrines, très ferme pour tout le reste, et bien décidée à ne pas se laisser effrayer. Si vous viendrez en Angleterre, je serai charmé de vous mettre en relations avec lui ; de sa part aussi, il sera heureux de vous connaître. Ne vous attendez point, cependant, à trouver ici une école théologique de quelque valeur ; nous n'avons rien de pareil à votre école de Strasbourg. Cette critique des Actes que vous demandez, vous la trouverez chez vous plutôt qu'ici. En parlant de St-Paul, je n'ai pas parlé en théologien, mais en homme de lettres mécontent de la très mauvaise critique littéraire qu'on appliquait à un grand esprit ; si j'avais parlé en théologien, on ne m'eût pas écouté. Je vous enverrai un petit travail sur Isaïe que je viens de publier, et qui réussit assez bien ; il vous fera apprécier le caractère tout littéraire et tout lointain de mes tentatives dans ce grand champ de la réforme religieuse. J'aurai, j'espére, un jour le plaisir de vous serrer la main et de causer avec vous sur toutes ces choses ; en attendant, agréez, cher Monsieur, mes vifs remercîments, et l'expression des sentiments d'estime cordiale avec lesquels je suis—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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TO HIS MOTHER

To his Mother

Monday, December 23, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It is all settled about my holiday; another inspector has been officially entrusted with my district from February to the end of May, and it really seems almost too good to be true. But Rydal will be a very pleasant episode first. On Saturday I had an agreeable dinner at the Coleridges', though Henry Taylor is not very interesting; he talks too slow and is a little pompous. But Boxall was there, and Fergusson the architect, and Wm. Spring Rice, and Sir Frederick Elliot—all people I like. The house is quite beautiful, and the library has received the last improvements since I saw it. Yesterday morning I went down to Belgravia and heard Wilkinson;[1] he is a very powerful preacher from his being himself so *possessed.* But it was a very striking sermon—on missions[2] and the *Times* article upon them. The notion was that we are corrupting here from over-vitality, too much life crowded up in too narrow a room, and that the best remedy was to return to the old gospel injunction—go and preach

[1] The Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, Vicar of St Peter's, Eaton Square; afterwards Bishop of Truro, and of St. Andrews.

[2] December 20, 1872, was observed as a Day of Intercession for Missions, and this observance was satirised by the *Times* next day.

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the gospel to every creature. This was in answer to the common objection—begin with your heathen masses at home. He despaired of home, he said; he had at first thought it was the right place to begin, but he now saw the will of God was not so; and then came pictures of the life of the poor in London, and of 'society' in London, and of the Church in England, all fermenting and corrupting, he said, from too much vitality being jammed up together in too narrow a space; the only remedy was to disperse into missions. We ought all to wish to go, and to bring up our children to wish to go. His triumph was when he met the natural question—why don't *you* go then? He had wished to go, he said, prayed to go; he still hoped to go, but was not yet suffered; he thought it was because of the sins of his youth and that he was not found worthy; and he compared himself to Moses not allowed because of his faults to enter the Holy Land himself, only permitted to send Joshua. You see what awful risk he ran here of being unreal, even absurd; and he came out triumphant. He was so evidently sincere, more than sincere, burnt up with sorrow, that he carried every one with him, and half the church was in tears. I do not much believe in good being done by a man unless he can give *light*, and Wilkinson's fire is very turbid; but his power of heating,

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penetrating, and agitating is extraordinary. He has no merit of voice; only one tone, a loud and clear, but rather harsh one. I saw Henry Coleridge for a few minutes; the first time for years. I thought he would never have let my hand go; at last he said—'Matt!!—I expected to see a white-headed old man.' I said that my white hairs were all internal. He himself is greatly aged; he is very like his father. Love to all.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

HARROW, *Christmas Day*, 1872.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—On the day of the Jewish and Princely Ball[1] I shall be in Westmorland, whither I go the day after to-morrow, to stay till the 15th proximo.

I read your address[2] with real admiration of its briskness and brightness; the redaction so good; a *résumé*, and so much to be resumed, and such danger of falling into the catalogue style, and this danger perfectly escaped.

As to the Liberals, I believe that the wish and intention of the best and most intelligent of them is as you say; but what they actually manage to get done is very often not 'as reason

[1] At Aston Clinton.
[2] To the electors of the Elgin Burghs.

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would,' but as violent and ignorant influences in the mass of their party will; and I cannot look upon it as a triumph of reason, though it passes as one of the triumphs of the Liberal party.

We shall not start for the Continent earlier than the first week in February, and before that time I shall see you and bring the little red book.[1]

You do not mention Mrs. Grant Duff's health, so I hope and trust she is well again. A happy Christmas to you and yours. I hope you told Mrs. Grant Duff how enchanted I was with her two youngest.—Ever sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès

MENTON, *Mars* 16, 1873.

MON CHER MONSIEUR—Votre lettre me trouve en voyage et au moment de repartir; il faut cependant que je vous adresse un mot de remercîment. Je voudrais savoir aussi, si, par hasard, vous vous trouverez à Paris du 15 mai au premier juin; cette quinzaine de jours j'espère pouvoir la passer à Paris avant de rentrer en Angleterre; j'ai fort peu de chance de venir à Havre, et je crains que vous n'ayez, bien qu'un peu anglomane, aucune intention bien arrêtée

[1] A Hesiod, with manuscript notes.

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de visiter l'Angleterre. Vers le 15 mai donc, veuillez, mon cher monsieur, m'adresser un mot à l'hôtel Chatham, à Paris, pour me dire si je pouvais avoir le grand plaisir de vous voir à mon passage.

Je n'ai pas voulu dire que la littérature chez nous n'avait pas ses coudées franches lorsqu'il s'agissait de chose religieuse ; ce que j'affirme, c'est qu'aucun corps religieux, aucune réunion religieuse n'aurait pas, chez nous, traiter les questions de dogme avec la franchise qu'a montrée votre synode. C'est en quoi vous avez sur nous un avantage, selon moi, considérable ; en revanche, nous avons le gros public qui s'émeut pour ces questions religieuses, qui s'en mêle, qui veut les voir vidés au fond ; c'est beaucoup, et à cet égard vous aurez, je crois, quelque chose à nous envier. Mon livre nouveau,[1] par exemple ; il n'y a qu'un mois qu'il est publié, et déjà il en est à sa troisième édition. C'est grâce à son sujet et à l'intérêt que le public y prend : car, en général, tout ce qui vient de moi s'écoule très lentement. On me dit qu'il est fort attaqué, ce qui n'est jamais un mal pour un tel ouvrage ; mais j'ai défendu de m'envoyer aucune revue, voulant me distraire autant que possible, pendant les quelques semaines que je pourrai donner à l'Italie, de toutes les affaires de ma vie habituelle. Cela est cause que la seule

[1] *Literature and Dogma : an Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible.* 1873.

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critique de mon livre que j'ai reçue c'est votre lettre si pleine d'adhésion et de sympathie ; j'en suis bien reconnaissant ; depuis votre précédente lettre, et la lecture de votre discours au synode, vous êtes des trois ou quatre personnes dont le suffrage, dans ces questions de critique religieuse, m'est le plus précieux.—Believe me, most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother

ROME, HÔTEL D'ITALIE,
VIA DELLE QUATTRO FONTANE,
Sunday, March 30, 1873.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have not yet had an answer to my last letter to you, but you have been very good about writing. We found one letter from you when we arrived, and another has come since. We have also very good news of dear Dick. There is a letter from him this morning, dated the 25th ; he is full of the thought of coming to us. We left Mentone yesterday, Saturday, week, on a rainy morning, but it soon cleared, and we had the most beautiful journey possible along the Riviera. Occasionally for ten miles one would like to have the slower mode of travelling with horses, but, on the whole, the railroad is a gain. But the superiority of this western Riviera, which I had not seen before, over the eastern Riviera, is very great, and the whole way from Savona to

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Genoa is as beautiful as a dream, Genoa and its tall white lighthouse and the mountains behind and beyond it being visible all the way. At Genoa we went to an excellent inn, the same I was at before, the Hotel Veder; but our day had been tiring, for the sea had in one place washed the line away, and at the end of a tunnel, in the dark, we had all to get out, and, carrying all our cloaks and small parcels, to make our way up a bank to the high road, along the high road for some three hundred yards, and then down another bank to a new train, which was waiting for us on the Genoa side of the Abyss. Sunday was a beautiful morning, and Flu and the children were charmed with Genoa. We went to the English service, and then to the public gardens, from which the view is so beautiful; in the afternoon we drove out to the Cemetery. The mountains interested us the more because immediately round Genoa they look just about the height of our Westmorland mountains, and are really not much higher; they are also bare nearly to the foot, as ours are, and not unlike in shape. The colour is the great difference. The next morning the two little girls and I drove to the Church of Santa Maria di Carignano, from the top of which there is a celebrated view of Genoa. It was the first tower they had been up, but the steps are the broad, easy steps of Italy, not the dark, narrow staircase of a Gothic tower. They were as much enchanted as their dear

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grandpapa's grandchildren ought to have been, and we could have stayed there for ever. The Mediterranean was quite calm, with ships moving gently in all directions over it, and all the Riviera by which we had come was before us, just a few lines and spots of snow on the upper part of the mountains. Then we went to get money, to take tickets, to lunch at the famous Café, and finally to one of the palaces as a specimen of the rest, the one where the pictures are best. I had seen all the palaces, and knew it would tire my companions to death to go the round in one day. We dined at the five o'clock *table d'hôte*, and at seven in the evening we started for Rome. We have circular tickets, which oblige us to be at Milan in forty days from our leaving Genoa, but give us entire freedom as to where we stop, and how long, and we gain immensely by paying all in one sum at once. We decided to give up Naples, partly because of the expense of extending our journey, partly because it leaves something to be done hereafter, mostly, however, because of the accounts we hear of fever and sickness at Naples. The little girls have hitherto been so well, and the pleasure of our journey so depends on their being well, that I do not wish to run any risk. Our tickets enable us to go to Venice if we like, but I think we shall stay three weeks here and a fortnight at Florence; and that, with a day at Bologna and another at Ravenna, will exhaust

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our time. We must be at Milan on the 2nd of May, then we shall have ten days for the Italian lakes. At Alessandria (to go back to our journey), about nine at night, we had to change trains, and as there was a crowd, we paid something extra and got a coupé, thus ensuring being by ourselves, and the children had a good night, and did not wake till we were descending the Apennines upon the wide valley of Florence. At Florence we washed and breakfasted at the station, and in less than an hour were off in another coupé for Rome. This day was delightful. Our coupé went forwards, and so we could see everything. We went by Arezzo, Lake Trasimeno, Perugia, Assisi, Spoleto, Terni —all new country to me. The weather glorious and the day never to be forgotten. At Orte, where the Nar joins the Tiber, we got into the Campagna sort of country, and the flowers in the low, wooded hills here were something wonderful. Tell Fan the only drawback in Rome is that one longs to be out in the country among the flowers at this best of all seasons for them. We wound round Soracte, and came into the true Campagna, and reached Rome about six, great bunches of narcissus in the fields of deep rich grass accompanying us up to the very walls of Rome. We went first to the Costanzi, but have moved here, to a new hotel, on the top of the Quirinal Hill, where we are very comfortable. You may imagine how often I think of

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papa here. About Rome I must write again, but here one ought neither to write nor to read, but to use one's eyes perpetually, and then to write and read after one has left Rome and gone somewhere where eyes are less wanted. We are going now to the Aventine, then the English burial-ground, then the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way. It is delightful to see how my trio enjoy it. The Storys (the American sculptor) are particularly kind. They are close by in the Barberini Palace.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Miss Arnold

ROME, *April* 17, 1873.

MY DEAREST FAN—I must manage to write you a few lines, though we hear next to nothing from home, and are so hard driven with sight-seeing here that it is very hard to write. We had a few lines from mamma yesterday, which told us that by the middle of this week you would be at the Forsters'. I wrote a long letter to Jane, and begged her to let G. Smith and the Council Office know of my address here; but I conclude she had left London for the Easter holidays when my letter arrived. If you write by the post of the 23rd to the *poste restante* at Florence your letters will reach us in time. If you write two or three days later, write to the

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Hotel Cavour, Milan. But on the 2nd of May we shall go to Turin with Dick, and shall go through the tunnel with him. At Culoz we shall probably turn aside to Geneva while he proceeds to Paris, but it is possible we may all return to Paris together, the travelling with so large a party is so overwhelmingly expensive. Then after three or four days in Paris, Flu and the little girls would return. I should stay in Paris a week longer to see a number of people I want to see. But our journey has been well worth doing, if only for the sake of this month at Rome, and we shall get a clear week in Florence besides. I am trying to put down notes of what I see in Rome, which will enable me to fix it to some extent in my memory; but one sees far too much—and yet that is inevitable. Imagine our day the day before yesterday. We started at ten, under a Roman sun, for the Farnesina Palace, which is open only on the 1st and 15th of the month. It has some wonderful frescoes designed by Raphael of the story of Cupid and Psyche, and of that of Galatea. The next palace to it has also splendid gardens stretching up the Janiculan Hill, and a great picture gallery besides. Among the pictures is the famous Herodias with John the Baptist's head, from which is the engraving in the Bible picture book we used to look at when we were children. This is the Corsini Palace. Well, after we had screwed our heads off with looking

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up at the ceilings of the Farnesina, we went to the Corsini, and went through its great gallery —most interesting, but very exhausting. Then Dick and I went up to the top of the gardens, while Flu and the girls stayed in a great shadowed walk of evergreen oaks below. Then we drove to the Piazza before St. Peter's, and lunched at a dirty, abominable restaurant. Then in the portico of St. Peter's we met Victorine by appointment, and split into two parties, one going to the statues in the Vatican Museum, the other to the pictures. I went to the statues, and I could go there for ever, but the more they interest one, the more it takes out of one to look at them. Then the children went to the Capitol to go up the tower and see the view, while Flu and I drove to the Ponte Molle, and home by the Porta del Popolo. Then I went to call on Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, who has been very kind to us, and who is now suffering from an attack of fever. I sate a long time with him, because he liked it. I was to have gone to the Duke of Sermoneta's afterwards, but was really too much done up. The children, however, drove with Victorine to the Coliseum to see the moon rise, which I have seen under better circumstances in June. Here was a day! Yesterday made amends. We went by train to Frascati, with the snowy Apennines as clear as possible on our left. At Frascati we got donkeys for Flu and the girls, and started for

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Tusculum. Tusculum stands on a point of the Alban range, related to the rest of the range, as the Low Man of Skiddaw is to Skiddaw. Directly we got clear of the villas we got into wood, and directly we got into the wood a feast of flowers began. The first I noticed was the dentaria; I think it is the *Dentaria*, a pale lilac flower, with little buttons or teeth; it is rare in England, but grows in a wood near Uxbridge. Then came magnificent butterfly orchises, then the *Anemone Hepatica*, and a white anemone to match it. Then the cyclamen, the purple one, covering all the ground. Then the Star of Bethlehem—but I really cannot go on. I sent you the Star of Bethlehem and a sort of orchis, which grows everywhere here. Mr. Ball will tell you what it is. I have found it in white as well as in red, but it grows all over the Campagna. Our road was delightful—a convent here, a villa there, avenues of ilex and stone pine, then the brushwood, with its endless flowers, and then lawns of grass mixed with the wood, grass as green now as the greenest fields in England. Then a bit of broad slab pavement from the Roman times coming into the track, and masses of Roman brickwork standing about on the turf. Finally, above this, a beautifully preserved stone theatre, and above that the top of the mountain point, with a cross built by the pupils of the English Jesuits' College just below, and the remains of

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the old citadel of Tusculum emerging from the ground. The Alban Hill in front, with the sea coming in beyond the flat Campagna below, was really like the side of Black Combe on a warm, sunny day, with wind and flying white clouds, and the Irish Sea coming in all along the horizon. The unlike thing was Rome in the middle of the Campagna, and the lovely Italian towns rising from the mountain, with their domes and towers, and the massive convents, and here and there a cypress. It was quite delicious. We came down to a late lunch at Frascati, and I went afterwards to the Aldobrandini Villa for the view from its terraces. Storm-mist as black as ink covered Rome and all that part of the Campagna, but the light on the sea and on the Tiber, as you caught snatches of it on its way through the Campagna near the sea, was perfect. We got back rather late for dinner, and paid a call afterwards, and then I was really too tired to go to a party of Germans at the Archæological Institute on the Capitol, the Institute to which papa belonged. This morning we started for St. Peter's to go up the dome, but arrived too late. It closes at ten, and I thought it closed at eleven. Then we took Dicky to the Pantheon and the beautiful Church of the Minerva, where is Michael Angelo's 'Christ,' one of the three representations of Christ I most like; then to the Capitol. I saw as

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much of the statues as the children would let me see, then I was dragged off to see the famous bronze wolf. But I saw too the famous Consular Tables which interested papa so much, the beautifully preserved remains of the identical marble tables with the names of the Consuls which covered the walls of the portico under the Senate House, and which are the most authentic Roman history extant. Then we lunched at Spillmann's; but then the rain came on furiously, and has prevented us from going to San Clemente, a triple church, pagan at the bottom, primitive Christian in the middle, mediæval at the top, which Father Mulhooly, the prior of the Irish Dominicans, was to show us. To-night Flu and I dine with the Baylys. He once wrote for the *Times*, and was afterwards Governor of the Bahamas. After dinner we go to Lady Paget's reception. The Pagets have been very kind to us, and so has Lady Ashburton, who is here. To-morrow, if it is fine, we are going to Tivoli. Now I must stop, for I am going with old Parker of Oxford, the archæologist, to see the Mamertine prisons before I dress for dinner. They show you the cell where St. Peter was confined, but, at any rate, they are remains of the original prisons of republican Rome. Love to all.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

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TO WALTER ARNOLD

To his Brother, Walter Arnold

MENAGGIO, *May* 5, 1873.

MY DEAR WALTER—I always meant to write to you from these parts, because we have so often talked of them, and you were often in my mind when I settled to go to Bellaggio rather than Cadenabbia, where I went before. Well, to Bellaggio we telegraphed on Friday from the Hotel Cavour at Milan, and the hotel people at Milan said we were sure of rooms. You must know the crush in Italy is awful, just the same as in summer; whether it is the Vienna exhibition or what it is I do not know, but the fact is so. The crowd may be a little more select, but it is equally a crowd. Friday was a heavenly day in Milan, but Saturday was cold and dull. We had a regular trainful to Como, and on the steamer we were packed like herrings in a barrel, just the summer work over again. It was beautiful, but as our lakes are beautiful, gray and cold, and with an unpleasant ruffling wind which strengthened as the evening advanced. A great many passengers left us at Cadenabbia, but more still were bound for Bellaggio. As we neared this place, what was my horror to see the Gran Bretagna covered with scaffolding and evidently uninhabitable! We landed in a boat crammed with anxious passengers. On landing we heard that the Villa

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Serbelloni was choke full, so the only thing was to make a bolt for the Hotel Gessizani, the other hotel, and a very second-rate one. I was nearly first, and got the five beds I wanted, but it was dismal to find oneself in dull rooms at a bad inn in cloudy weather when one had reckoned on charming rooms at a first-rate inn in Italian weather. As we sate at dinner the rain came on, and all night it rained furiously. But the next morning we had the benefit of this in the snowy mountains, which looked like the high Alps. It was fine weather again, but the wind cold and violent; however, after breakfast, I had a most exquisite morning on the promontory covered by the grounds of the Villa Serbelloni. I had never been to the top of it before, and did not know how beautifully it commanded the view, and then the Monte S. Primo, the mountain between Bellaggio and Como, was fairly vested with the purest snow from one end to the other, as if it had been the range of Mont Blanc. But the woods at this season! the lily of the valley everywhere, but not yet perfectly in flower; the helleborine, a beautiful white flower, which we had at Dorking; Solomon's seal, which I have never yet seen except in gardens; the dark purple columbine, and the lovely Star of Bethlehem, which fills the same place in the woods and fields now which the grass of Parnassus fills later in the year. After lunch I took another turn,

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in the opposite direction, to the Villa Melzi, and up the great steps to the Villa Giulia. Here I was pleased to find the cowslip growing in great abundance: the true English cowslip, but not with as sweet a smell as ours. The blue of the lake was beautiful in the wind, but the wind was very cold. At half-past five we left for this place, and here we have found the most charming hotel, and a position on the lake which seems to me better than either Cadenabbia or Bellaggio. It was bitterly cold last night, but in the night the wind fell; to-day is without a cloud, and the beautiful lake looks its real self. We had meant to go on to Lugano, but it is impossible to tear oneself away. As I sit writing in the garden under a magnolia I look across to Varenna in the sun, and the 'Sour-milk Gill' coming into the lake close by it; and the grand jagged line of mountains that bound the lake towards Colico, almost snowless in August, stand glittering now like the Oberland range. You never saw anything so calculated to make you drunk; and the grass is long and fresh everywhere, and the trees just in leaf: not an atom of the dusty and parched look which comes on later in the year. . . . At Florence I saw the Princess Alice again. I was marking some favourite pictures in the catalogue, at a last visit to the Pitti, when I heard some one behind me say: 'So Mr. Matthew Arnold is making notes on the pictures'; and I turned round and saw

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the Princess. She introduced me to Prince Louis, who was with her, and her suite fell back, and we stood and talked for at least twenty minutes. When I thought they were fairly gone, she ran back again to ask if I had seen Lord Russell's book.[1] I said I had not, but that it would probably be nothing more than a sort of model religion of the British and Foreign School Society, and rather old-fashioned for modern requirements. Upon which she ran back laughing to Prince Louis, saying: 'He says Lord Russell's new religion is sure to be old-fashioned!' I was so much asked out at Florence that I was glad to get away; the weather, too, was detestable; but the place I still thought, particularly on the last morning when I went up alone, early, to my old favourite post at Bellosguardo, the most perfectly beautiful under heaven. . . . I wish you would look in in Fenchurch Street on George Smith (I think 136 is the number, but you will easily find out), and tell him I now give up hearing from him, but all he has got for me had better go to the Athenæum, where I shall find it at my return. Tell him that as a proof of the indestructible sweetness of my disposition, and of my viewing his conduct with sorrow rather than with anger, I send him the enclosed trifle[2] for the *Cornhill*,

[1] *The Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe*, by John, Earl Russell. 1873.

[2] 'New Rome,' *Cornhill Magazine*, June 1873.

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which I think rather good; and verses I do not often bestow on the public now. Write to me yourself at Hotel Chatham, Paris; a good, newsy, succulent letter. The female part of the family, who write volumes to one another, have treated us very shabbily in the way of letters, but I hope I have learnt like the Apostle, 'in whatever state I am therewith to be content.' Good-bye, my dear old boy; kindest remembrances to your wife and her sister. I hope we shall soon see you after we get back.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

In 1873 Matthew Arnold quitted Harrow, and went to live at Cobham, Surrey. Here he rented from Mr. Leaf of Pains Hill a house called 'Pains Hill Cottage,' which was his home during the rest of his life.

To John Sulman[1]

COBHAM, *June* 29, 1873.

DEAR SIR—Let me thank you for your kind note, and let me say to you at the same time that your own methods with your Sunday School children are probably better than any that I could teach you. Even supposing that I have discerned a truer way of apprehending the Bible

[1] A Sunday School teacher.

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than the old one, yet the discernment of this, and the successful employment of it in teaching children, by no means go necessarily together. Those who have best handled the Bible when teaching it according to the old lights to children will handle it best also when teaching it according to the new, if they receive them. And many of those who disapprove the old methods of interpreting Scripture may well envy the devotedness, affection, and skill with which the adherents of these old methods have applied themselves, and do still apply themselves, to meeting and satisfying the religious sense of children. Do not let us doubt, however, but that this may be as successfully and more truly done with the new methods.—Believe me, dear sir, truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
Août 15, 1873.

MON CHER MONSIEUR — Votre lettre m'a trouvé en pleine tournée d'inspection ; je profite du premier moment des vacances pour y répondre. Oui, j'ai été forcé de hâter mon retour en Angleterre, et j'ai un peu devancé, à Paris, le jour fixé pour mon passage ; c'est pourquoi, à mon grand regret, je ne vous ai pas vu ; je priai Scherer de vous faire mes excuses et

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de vous exprimer mes regrets. Maintenant, je tâcherai de répondre à vos questions. Seulement, ie ne parlerai pas politique ; vous me demandez ce que je pense de votre gouvernement de combat, et je dirai seulement que M. Thiers m'a toujours été fort antipathique, et que je serais enclin à lui préférer le Maréchal MacMahon et M. de Broglie ; ceux-ci, par le caractère et par l'honêteté, m'inspirant plus de confiance que celui-là par son esprit. Je n'ai pas encore lu l'ouvrage de M. Hillebrand, et je n'aime pas trop les jugemens portés sur votre nation par des Allemands. Au fond, le Français est un Irlandais ; soit, mais un Irlandais *latinisé*, et avec cela, on établit contre les deux hommes une différence profonde. Pour ne toucher qu'à un seul point, mais un point bien important—la chasteté. Le Celte pur, l'Irlandais, est chaste ; le Celte latinisé, le Français, est tout autre chose. Selon Ste-Beuve, Proudhon disait que 'la France était tournée toute entière vers la fornication ;' et c'est là, en effet, votre plaie ; or, à cet égard, l'Irlande offre aux autres pays un exemple vraiment admirable, ses fautes sont ailleurs.

Vous avez bien goût, je crois, de vous abonner à la *Contemporary Review*, mais je vous engage à supprimer l'*Inquirer* et de mettre à son place le *Spectator*. L'*Inquirer* a un public bien restreint, il est écrit par des 'Unitarians' et il circule parmi les 'Unitarians ;' or, la secte

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des 'Unitarians' est numériquement peu importante, et leur journal est plus ou moins un journal de côterie. Le *Spectator* a des côtés faibles dont vous vous aperçevrez bien vite, mais c'est un journal écrit en vue du grand public et lu par le grand public ; en même temps, il s'occupe beaucoup de choses religieuses, qu'il traite d'un esprit large et libéral. Certainement, il faut lire la vie de Wesley, par Southey : d'abord, Southey est un esprit supérieur et juge bien, quoiqu'en disent les Méthodistes, Wesley et l'ensemble du mouvement Wesleyen ; après cela, il a des dons de style et de récit vraiment éminents, et que, dans votre qualité de Français, vous saurez apprécier. Sur Cavour, la seule monographie anglaise que je connaisse est celle d'Edward Dicey, publiée par Macmillan ; elle est plutôt un bon article de journal qu'une monographie longuement travaillée et satisfaisante. Vous connaissez sans doute l'ouvrage du Comte Arrivabene ? Quant à la séparation de l'Église et de l'État, je ne vois pas de quelle manière, pour vos maux ou pour les nôtres, ce remède pourrait être bon à quelque chose. Chez nous, pour empêcher l'Église de travailler à ses vraies fins, on a déjà assez d'obstacles dans le mouvement des intérêts matériels et mondains qui nous sollicitent sans cesse ; ajoutez-y l'esprit de Secte, et l'Église aura, moins encore qu'à présent, la liberté d'esprit pour s'occuper des choses divines et éternelles. Chez les nations de race latine

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le danger est tout autre : si la religion n'était plus d'aucune façon une chose établie, reconnue par l'État, je craindrai de voir, d'un côté, des côteries dévotes, étroites et superstitieuses ; de l'autre, une masse de nation entièrement dure et matérialiste. Pour en sortir, il vous faudrait, comme à l'ancien monde romain, le déluge et les barbares ! 'Makes for righteousness' cela veut dire *favorise* la justice, *donne gain de cause à* la justice. Mon livre a été fort critiqué, mais il produit son effet ; la plupart des articles de revue s'occupent de billevesées ; seule, une revue hollandaise, *Le Journal théologique* de Leyden, a traité à fond le livre et la thèse qui y est soutenue. S'il paraît quelque chose de bon là-dessus dans les organes du Protestantisme français, vous me rendrez un vrai service en m'en avertissant.

Adieu, mon cher Monsieur ; continuez, je vous prie, à m'écrire de temps en temps ; votre sympathie a été pour moi un véritable encouragement—un de mes meilleurs !—Tout à vous,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

SIX-MILE BOTTOM, NEWMARKET,
September 17, 1873.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—One line to say that I will come to you on Monday with great

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pleasure, to stay till Thursday. Dick, whom you so kindly invite, is back at Harrow. Mrs. Arnold is at Lord Charles Russell's at Woburn, but she will write to Mrs. Grant Duff and answer for herself. I do hope she will be able to come with me. Hall asks me to say that if you are disengaged for any days between October 1st and 10th he would be delighted to see you here to meet Tourgueneff, whose visit here has been postponed till then. He hopes you will excuse his inviting you by my pen, but he cannot get to his own writing-table, which I have insisted on occupying. The shooting here is superb, and I am shooting if possible worse than I did at Hampden; but this last year I shall go on blazing away, and then abandon for ever the vain attempt to mingle in the sports of the Barbarians. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff.—Yours ever sincerely, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Lady de Rothschild

COBHAM, SURREY,
October 11, 1873.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I ought to have thanked you sooner for your kind note. In these last days I have often thought how greatly I should have liked you to have seen

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and known my mother.[1] There is a little notice of her in this week's *Guardian* which I should like you to look at. It is very well done, and very true. I have not the paper here, or I would send it. But I will send you a sermon, or part of a sermon, which the Dean of Durham preached about her last Sunday, and which is now being printed. She had a clearness and fairness of mind, an interest in things, and a power of appreciating what might not be in her own line, which were very remarkable, and which remained with her to the very end of her life. To my great regret, I cannot find a letter she wrote me this last spring after my book[2] had been published. It was a wonderful letter. I can think of no woman in the prime of life, brought up and surrounded as my mother was, and with my mother's sincere personal convictions, who could have written it; and in a woman past eighty it was something astonishing. I have a beautiful letter to-day from Dean Stanley, written from Florence; he says, 'What to me was so impressive was not merely that she rose instead of sinking under the blow[3] which we all feared would crush her, but that she retained the life-long reverence for your father's greatness, without a blind attempt to rest in the form and letter of his words.'

[1] Mrs. Arnold of Fox How died September 30, 1873, aged eighty-two.

[2] *Literature and Dogma.*

[3] The sudden death of Dr. Arnold, 1842.

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This is exactly true. To many who knew my father her death will be the end of a period, and deeply felt accordingly. And to me and her children how much more must it be this! My thanks and very kind regards to Sir Anthony and your daughters.—I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

WESLEYAN TRAINING COLLEGE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.,
November 4, 1873.

MY DEAREST FAN—While my sixty pupil-teachers sit at work before me I may as well write the letter to you which ought to have been written on Sunday or yesterday. But Sunday was a day of callers and calls, and yesterday I was at Tottenham inspecting, and only got back to London just in time to pick up Fanny Lucy and return to Cobham.

I saw the *Record:* it was like eating its words for the *Record* to put in such a notice after what it had said about papa. I thought the notice very pleasingly done, but a little too lengthy and wordy. I want to see the *Rock*, which contains, *apropos* of dearest mamma's death, an attack upon papa; but I have not yet been able to get it.

And so you are again at Fox How. That is well, if you are able to bear it. It will be a

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long time before you feel of your grief, as you look out on the hills and the fern and the trees and the waters,

> It seems an idle thing, which could not live
> Where meditation was—

and yet that is undoubtedly the right thing to feel, and that the thought of dearest mamma should be simply a happy memory and not a gnawing regret. But one cannot say that dear old Wordsworth succeeded in complying with his own teaching when he lost Dora. Perhaps he was too old and had not his strength and spirits enough left to him. But he was right in his preaching for all that, and not in his practice. I like to think that you so deeply feel the beauty of that beloved country, that it will be a real help and solace for you, however you make use of it: whether precisely in the way Wordsworth would have meant, or in some other of your own.

I have also a curious letter from the State of Maine in America, from a young man who wished to tell me that a friend of his, lately dead, had been especially fond of my poem 'A Wish,' and often had it read to him in his last illness. They were both—the writer and his friend—of a class too poor to buy books, and had met with the poem in a newspaper.

If I were you, my dear Fan, I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to

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have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you. Desultory reading is a mere anodyne; regular reading, well chosen, is restoring and edifying. My love to dear Rowland.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
December 5, 1873.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—*Cobham, Surrey*, will find me. The cottage we have got there is called *Pains Hill Cottage*, which I tell you, that when you come and see us in the fine days of next year you may have no difficulty. The country is beautiful—more beautiful even than the Chilterns, because it has heather and pines, while the trees of other kinds, in the valley of the Mole, where we are, are really magnificent. And St. George's Hill, hill and wood of I know not how many acres, practically quite open, is a continual pleasure. We are planting and improving about our cottage as if it were our own, and we had a hundred years to live there; its great merit is that it must

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have had nearly one hundred years of life already, and is surrounded by great old trees—not the raw new sort of villa one has generally to take if one wants a small house near London. I am miserable, because I have to-morrow to make an address[1] to the Association of Westminster Teachers. I found they would be mortified if I refused, but I am so little used to speaking that the prospect quite upsets me. Think of me with pity about four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I have a preface to write to a new edition of my Report on the German Schools, and a new preface to write to *Literature and Dogma*, which is coming to its fourth edition; this is what occupies me at present. How I wish I could come and see you! But I must not think of it at present. After Christmas I hope to be in London for three months, in a house that has been lent us at Brompton; but I suppose you will perversely stay all that time at Aston Clinton. Believe me always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster

ATHENÆUM CLUB (*February* 1874).

MY DEAREST K.—I passed through Eccleston Square to-day, and seeing the house was not shut

[1] 'A Speech at Westminster,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1874.

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up, I rang. B. told me William had only gone this morning, and Stansfeld has since told me he dined with Goschen last night. I am sorry I did not see him. Tell him if he comes up again I wish he would let us know. I have just heard that both Liberals are in for the West Riding. I am very glad Stirling-Maxwell has won Perthshire. What a total scattering![1] Some of your people—the Scotch particularly—take it rather seriously. I said to Grant Duff that the whole country seemed to be finding Liberalism the interesting and attractive thing I had long called it, and he did not half like it. I do not affect to be sorry at the change; the Liberal party, it seemed to me, had no body of just, clear, well-ordered thought upon politics, and were only superior to the Conservative in not having for their rule of conduct merely the negative instinct against change; now they will have to examine their minds and find what they really want and mean to try for. I read the *Nonconformist* with much interest now, because there will be a great attempt to reconstruct the Liberal party on the Nonconformist platform, and from the Nonconformists knowing their objects clearly, and the Liberal party in general not knowing theirs, the attempt has some chances in its favour; but I do not think it will succeed, and still less that mere secularist radicalism will succeed, but the

[1] The General Election, resulting in the defeat of the Liberal Government.

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Liberal party will really, I think, find a new basis. To watch how all this goes will be very interesting. Meanwhile I grieve to think how *time* is against men like William who came into public life late. I was talking about this to Walpole yesterday, and I don't see how one can give Disraeli less than five or six years, unless he commits some signal folly, which I don't think he will. And it is even possible, if he and Lord Derby do well, that the present turn of things may last longer still, and give them a second Conservative Parliament; but say it does not, but the nation wants more movement and swings back again to Liberalism by the time this parliament is out, five or six years is a long time for Cardwell, and even for William. However, we will not speculate on the future. I am very glad both Houses of Parliament are the same way, and that the majority is a compact one; it gives a feeling of solidity such as we have not had for many a day. Write and tell me as soon as you have settled about coming to London. I am delighted to be here and freed from long daily journeys, though I am obliged to dine out more than I like. I dine to-night with Jodrell to meet Goldwin Smith, who was with Gladstone yesterday, and says that Gladstone talked earnestly about politics for a little, but then Strauss's name was mentioned, and he went off like a man possessed, and could not be brought back again.
—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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TO LADY DE ROTHSCHILD

To Lady de Rothschild

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
Saturday (*February* 1874).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Many thanks for your kind note. I cannot but think Baron Lionel[1] will be rather relieved to be out of Parliament at this moment, the party too being so heavily beaten. What a beating it is! You know that Liberalism did not seem to me quite the beautiful and admirable thing it does to the Liberal party in general, and I am not sorry a new stage in its growth should commence, and that the party should be driven to examine itself, and to see how much real stuff it has in its mind and how much clap-trap. I do hope I shall see you in London before Easter, when we shall go back to our country cottage. My kindest regards to the invalid, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
LONDON, *April* 1, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR—To such a reader of English as you are it is ridiculous for me to write in

[1] Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P. for the City of London 1847-1874.

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French, so I shall drop that injudicious habit. I am no longer living at Harrow; we have a cottage in Surrey, in one of the prettiest parts of England, and for four months in the winter we come to London. My best address is at this club, as a week never passes without my coming here. All you say about the condition of the Protestant Church in France interests me greatly. To multiply divisions by forming a new Protestant Church and giving it a share in Church property is not an attractive plan in my eyes; but your old Protestant Church may be so inflexible and intolerable that no other course is open to you. From the first, French Protestantism had too much of the sectarian and narrow character which Protestant Dissent has with us, and this will probably be in the end fatal to your Protestantism as a religious organisation, as it will be fatal to Protestant Dissent in this country. You will see what I have said about these matters in the preface to a book I have just sent you. My ideal would be, for Catholic countries, the development of something like old Catholicism, retaining as much as possible of old religious services and usages, but becoming more and more liberal in spirit. And your Protestant Church I should like to see disposing itself to meet half-way a Catholic movement of this kind, and to ally itself with it. Can you not work at importing something of this broad, tolerant, and patient spirit into

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your official Protestantism, instead of violently severing your connection with it, even if it desires this itself? In your Government I do not much interest myself, though I do not even now feel inclined to judge the Duc de Broglie as harshly as you do. Serious politics are really not to the taste of your people; what they like is the *game* of politics with its intrigues and sterile agitations, and no simple solution would give them any pleasure. This is the price you pay for the entire breach of continuity in your history made by the Revolution. You ask about the English elections; they are really explained by the love of plain and simple proceedings in Government which is natural here, where the sense of continuity is stronger than in any other country. The Gladstone Ministry was straining itself to imagine and invent all kinds of reforms; it had no clear ideas, it had done what it had been set to do, it was not dignified in its foreign policy, and many of its members were pragmatical and dictatorial. The country expressed its liking for 'the old ways,' for the present at any rate, and turned to the Conservatives. The party which has lost most by the recent elections is the party of the political Dissenters. What follies the Church may commit one can never tell; but if the Church is prudent, and the Government gives it the reforms it requires, Protestant Dissent is doomed, in my opinion, to a rapid decline in this country.

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I do not think Mr. Henslow's book is worth your troubling yourself much with. Hepworth Dixon's book on Penn is interesting; but if those times interest you, read Burnet's *History of his own Time*, a contemporary and most instructive book, which might well give you matter for a lecture. I am bringing out the fourth edition of my *Literature and Dogma*. A French army surgeon writes to me from Algeria that he has translated the book, and proposes to send a specimen of his translation to see if I will consent to his publishing it. What do you think about the publication of the book in French, supposing it to be well translated? In the *Contemporary Review* I am going to pass in review the principal objections which have been brought against my book. I think the discussion of the evidence respecting the Fourth Gospel and its character, in reply to the Tübingen critics, will interest you. I fear there is no chance of my visiting Havre at present, but now is the season when London has most attractions for foreigners. —Believe me, my dear sir, ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
October 2, 1874.

MY DEAREST FAN—You may believe that I thought of you and of Fox How, and of

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all the past, on Wednesday.[1] We call it the past, but how much one retains of it; and then it is not really the dead past, but a part of the living present. And this is especially true of that central personage of our past—dearest mamma. We retain so much of her, she is so often in our thoughts, that she does not really pass away from us. She constantly comes into my mind. Some words of Gull[2] in to-day's *Times* about what we hope and believe, which are almost word for word what I have said, made me think as I read them that I should have pointed that out to mamma. Then I took up the *Blackwood* article on School Board Religion, and found the Jews spoken of as a people who, with all their faults, had yet had so near a sense of 'the Eternal Power that makes for righteousness,' and then that the Bible had the merit of putting such a mass of people in contact with so much 'of the best that has been thought and said in the world,' and again I thought how I should have liked to call dearest mamma's notice to this. It will more and more become evident how entirely religious is the work I have done in *Literature and Dogma*. The enemies of religion see this well enough already. It is odd that while I was in my recent article blaming a new book, *Supernatural*

[1] The first anniversary of their mother's death.

[2] Address by Sir William Gull to the Medical School of Guy's Hospital.

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Religion, for being purely negative in its Bible criticism, Morley in the *Fortnightly* was praising the book for this very thing, which he says is all we want at present, and contrasting my book unfavourably with it as not insisting enough on the negative side and on disproof. I am amused to see Strahan's handbill stuck in all the magazines and book-stalls, announcing Gladstone and me as his two attractions this month. But no one knows better than I do how little of a popular author I am; but the thing is, I gradually produce a real effect, and the public acquires a kind of obscure interest in me as this gets to be perceived.

I have been two nights splendidly put up at G. Smith's, and shall be two nights there next week. I like now to dine anywhere rather than at a club, and G. Smith has a capital billiard table, and after dinner we play billiards, which I like very much, and it suits me. To-day has been a furious wet morning, but our weather was beautiful up to Wednesday night, and now it is clearing again. It is the exceptionalness of cheerful sunshine that is the trying thing in Westmorland. One might have all the rain without murmuring if one had brighter weather in the intervals. However, I wish I was there now—this is a very favourite season of mine. But I am going down to Cobham. I shall dine with the Leafs, and play billiards afterwards, for they, too, have a billiard table. To-morrow

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I think I shall go down to Hastings, as it seems stupid to be sticking at Cobham when they are so easily reached, and the Monday morning fast train gets me to my schools sooner than I can get to them from Cobham. Dick is to go up[1] in about a fortnight. I think he will pass, but I shall not allow myself to be grievously vexed if he does not. I have been delighted to find an excellent library here. Dugald Stewart left his library, a very good one, to his brother, who was an officer in the army, and this brother left it to the United Service Club, who built a fine room for it. How delicious and civilised a thing is a library! I run up and down the ladders to the shelves and bring a rather unwonted movement to this part of the Club, I think. Now I must stop, and with love to Rowland, I am always, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild

COBHAM, *November* 6, 1874.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—Many thanks for your kind congratulations on Dick's entrance at Balliol. He must have worked with his tutor better than he worked at Harrow, and I hope he will now turn Oxford to some good account, though at present, as is perhaps natural,

[1] To Balliol.

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we hear a great deal of football, the river, and breakfast parties, and hardly a word about reading. I saw Leonard Montefiore [1] for a few minutes when I was at Oxford. I hope he will see something of Dick, for he has a really active mind, and it is contact with active minds that Dick wants. Every one is very kind to him.

I do not see how it will be possible for me, *beschooled* as I am, to visit you at Aston Clinton before Christmas. I know I have promised. Why should not you compromise the matter by letting me come to dine with you in London some day when you are staying up here, you and your daughter Constance, and then we might go together to see *Hamlet*, which I much want to see? My Lucy puts such pressure on me to take her, that if I wait much longer I shall give way; but I do not want to take her till we are settled in town after Christmas. And meanwhile I want to go myself, and to go with you and your daughter Constance will be the very thing I should like. Do think of it! Any day in the week after next, except Saturday.

You must read my metaphysics in this last *Contemporary*. My first and last appearance in that field of metaphysics, where you, I know, are no stranger.—Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[1] Lady de Rothschild's nephew, Leonard Abraham Montefiore, a publicist of singular promise, died September 6, 1879, aged twenty-six.

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TO MISS ARNOLD

To Miss Arnold

COBHAM, *Sunday* (*November* 1874).

MY DEAREST FAN—I send you Jowett's letter, which turned up in a sorting of letters and papers to-day. You may burn it when you have read it. . . . In case I publish a cheap edition of *Literature and Dogma*, which I am not disposed to do at present, I shall very likely cut out all which is not directly essential to the argument of the book. I write in the manner which is natural to me; the manner has, no doubt, its weak points. But ponderous works produce no effect; the religious world which complains of me would not read me if I treated my subject as they say it ought to be treated, and I want them, indeed, to read me as little as they please, but I do not mean them to prescribe a mode of treatment of my subject to me which would lead to my being wholly ineffective both with them and with every one else. For it is my belief, at any rate, that I give something positive, which to a great many people may be of the very greatest comfort and service. And this is in part an answer to what you say about treating with lightness what is matter of life and death to so many people. There is a levity which is altogether evil; but to treat miracles and the common anthropomorphic ideas of God as what one may lose and yet keep one's hope, courage,

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and joy, as what are not really matters of life and death in the keeping or losing of them, this is desirable and necessary, if one holds, as I do, that the common anthropomorphic ideas of God and the reliance on miracles must and will inevitably pass away. This I say not to pain you, but to make my position clear to you. When I see the conviction of the ablest and most serious men round me that a great change must come, a great plunge must be taken, I think it well, I must say, instead of simply dilating, as both the religious and the anti-religious world are fond of doing, on the plunge's utterness, tremendousness, and awfulness, to show mankind that it need not be in terror and despair, that everything essential to its progress stands firm and unchanged.

However, the two concluding parts of my 'Review of Objections' will be in general conservative, and directed against negative criticism of the Bible, both German and of home production, although, of course, I do not mean to say that the subject will be treated from the point of view of the ordinary defenders of the Bible against innovators.

We have had much dining out this last week, and it is a comfort to think that this week we shall be quiet. Dr. Hooker has asked me to dine with him at the annual dinner of the Royal Society on St. Andrew's Day. I shall like it very much. The Royal Society is our one

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truly great Society, a sort of Institute. You know that Hooker is President. I like him very much. We have had a day of rain, and it looks bad for to-morrow. We were to have gone with the Buxtons in their brake to see the foxhounds meet on Ripley Common—a pretty sight for the little girls; but Mrs. Buxton is prevented going, and the weather will probably be bad.—Your ever affectionate M. A.

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